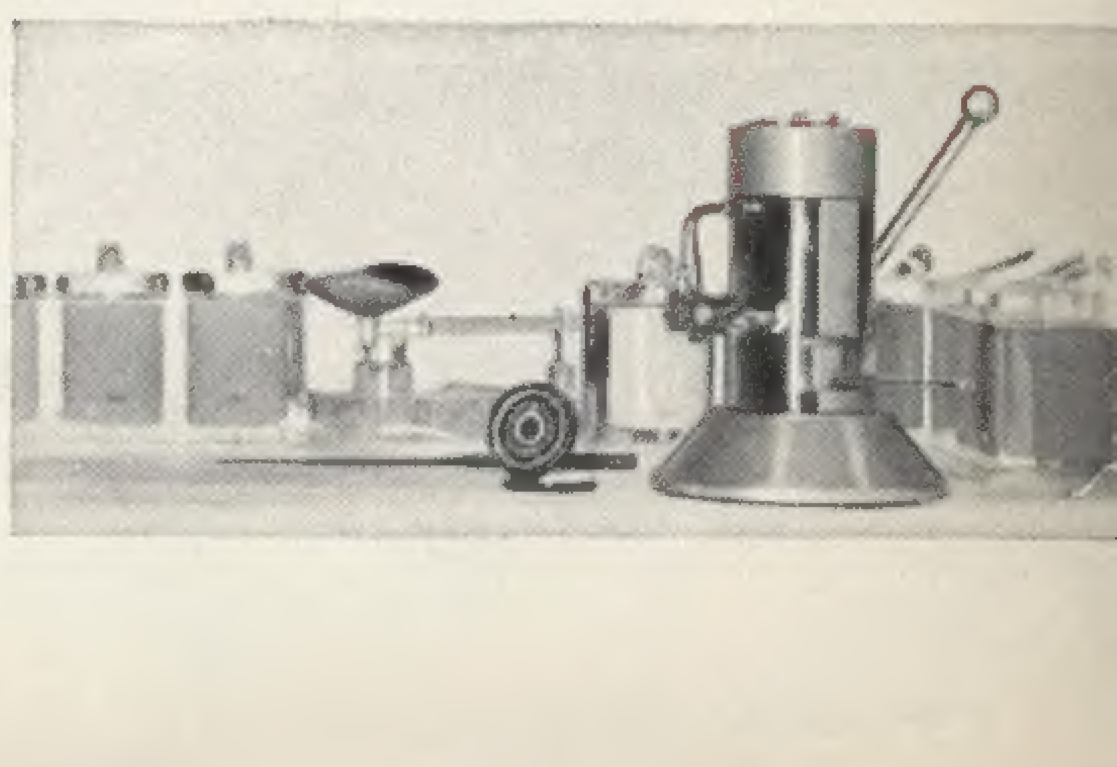
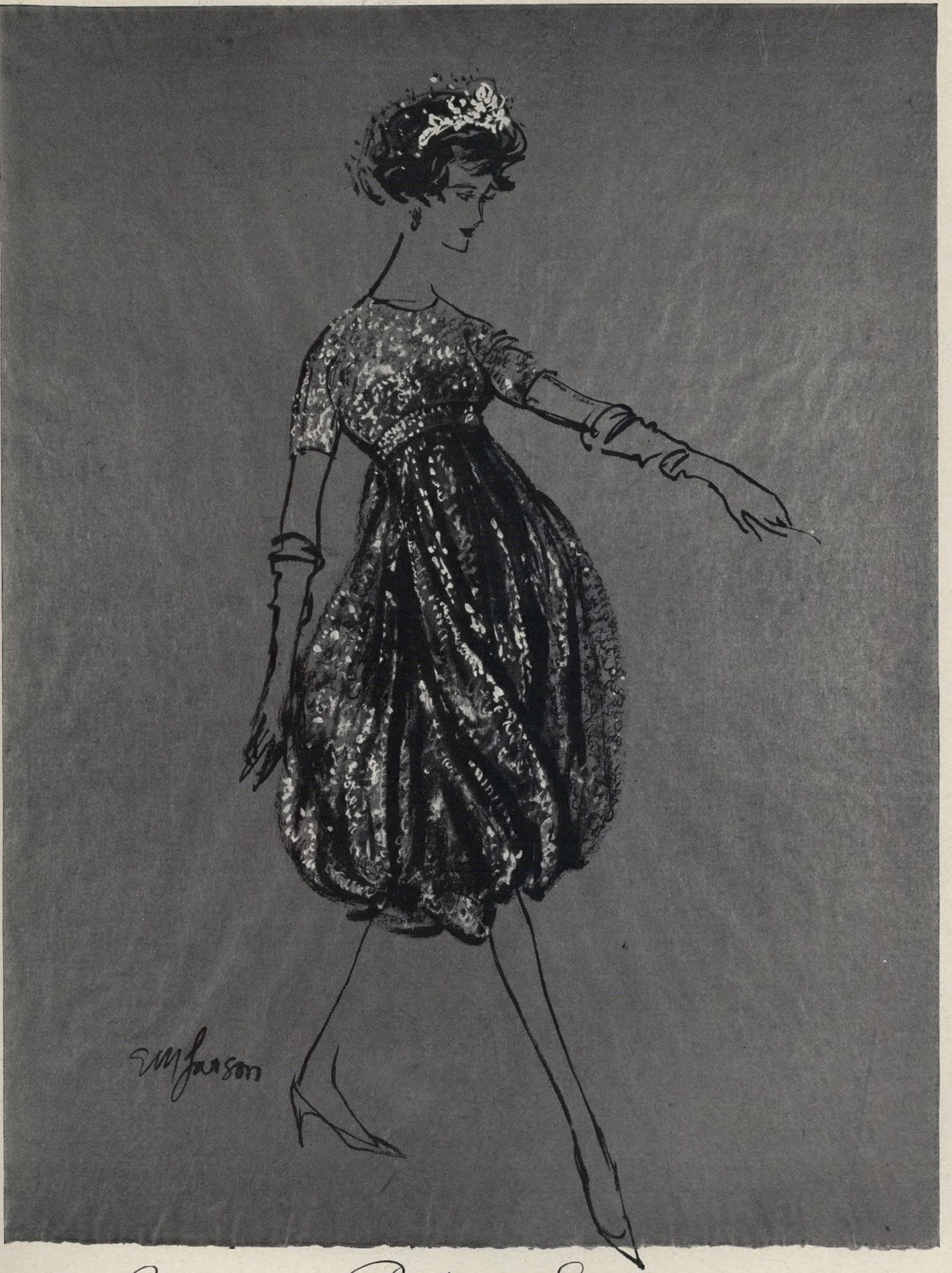
VOGUE

60c
OCTOBER 15

Your beauty in a new light... face powder hand-blended for you alone, while our skilled consultant counsels you on all your beauty needs. Made-to-order powder pressed in a compact, $2; or boxed loose, $1.50, $2.50. Plus tax. At favored department and specialty stores.

Charles of the Ritz





Moving-Picture Story $290

...with an Empire theme, as outlined by Samuel Winston.
The after-dark plot here unfolds a silk twinkling, gently moving cloud
that floats over a slim, curving silk satin under-dress.
The secret of the cloud—a new Mylar film yarn, woven on
lace looms in France. In charcoal or burgundy, sizes 8 to 14.
Misses' Dresses, Fourth Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
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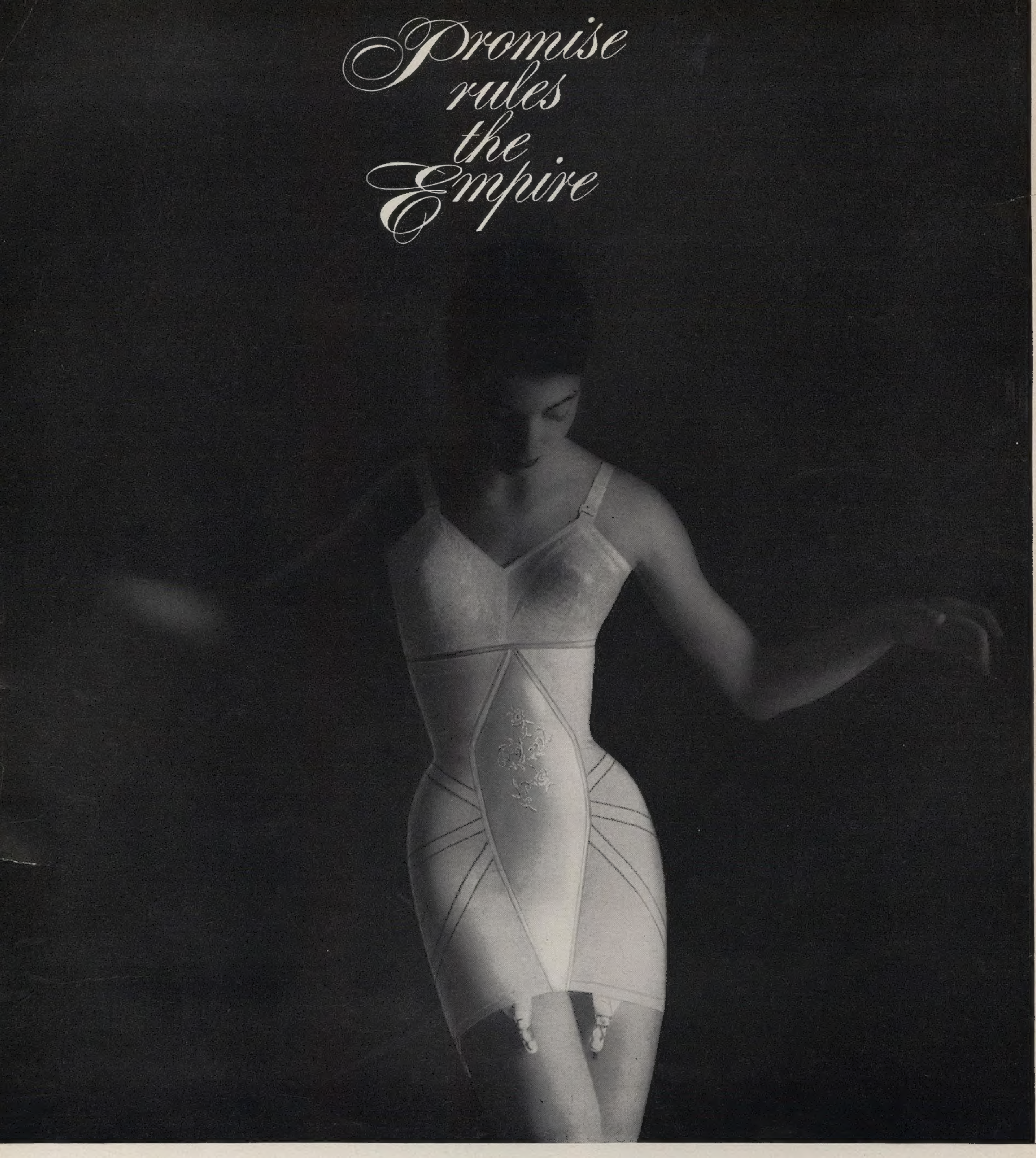

The Empire reigns as the silhouette of the season! And only PROMISE ... with famed BIABAND® control ... soars four full inches above the waist to custom-mold your contours for this flattering—though demanding—new look! So, before you see yourself in any of these excitingly feminine, high waist designs ... shape yourself for them with PROMISE. Beyond question, the perfect choice for today's most celebrated fashion. In straight, average and full hip developments; waist sized from 26 to 38. Nylon, 15.00; satin elastic or dacron, 16.50.

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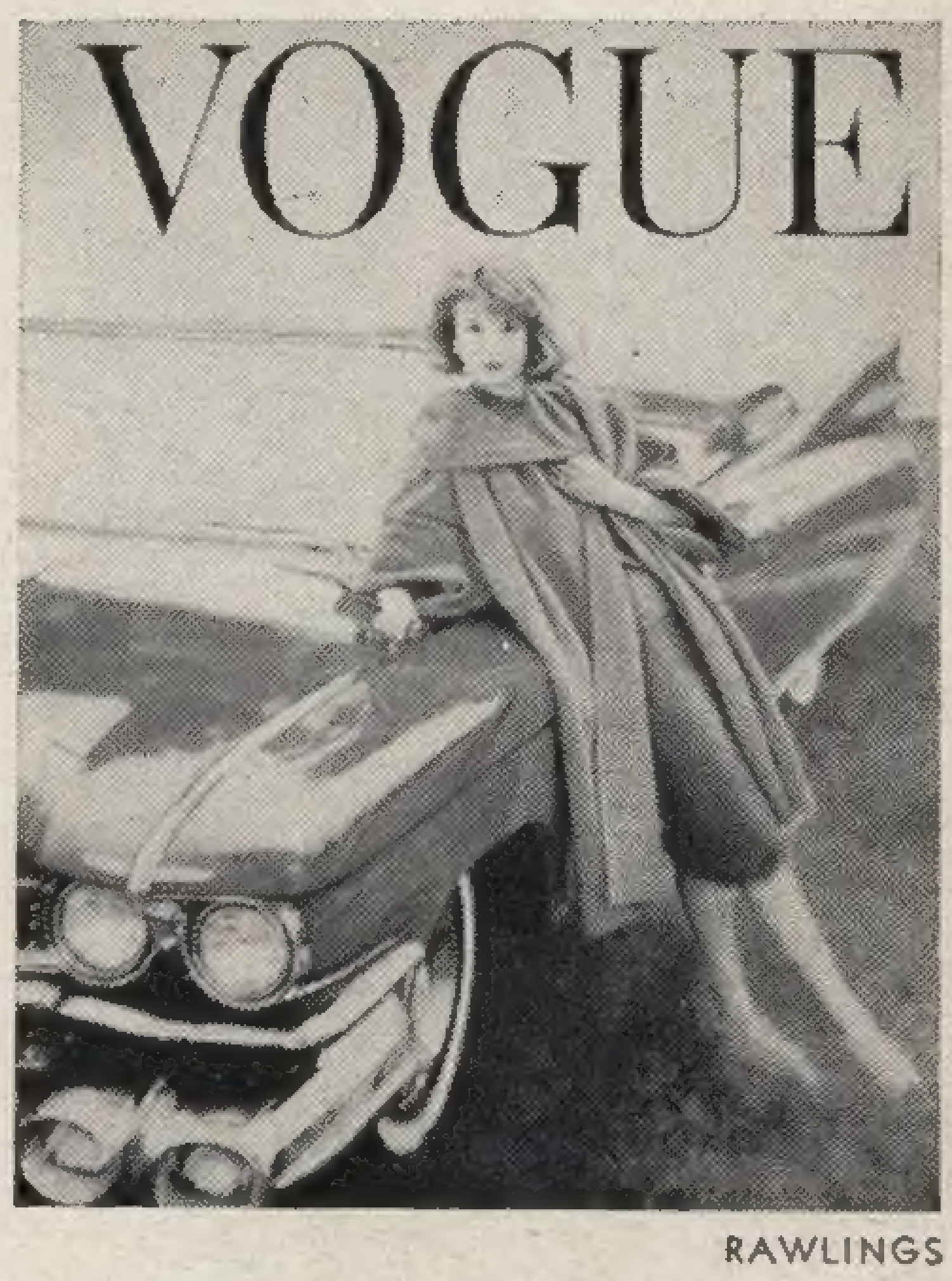
VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British **I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH** Publisher

OCTOBER 15, 1958

COVER


RAWLINGS

Fresh and untimid colour idea: this bright pink blanket coat, worn in the country over cinnamon mohair. Principle: one handsome colour won't be squelched by another that's also handsome—and imaginative. The red-headed car: a 1959 Cadillac convertible with imagination of its own—a device called "Cruise Control" maintains a pre-set speed, relieves a tired accelerator-foot. Coat of El Elegant cashmere by Country Tweeds; about $135. Knitted pull-over and skirt by Heatherton; $75. Altman's. Found: The Missing Pink, a lipstick coup by DuBarry. Coat and lipstick at Altman's; Rich's; Stix, Baer & Fuller.

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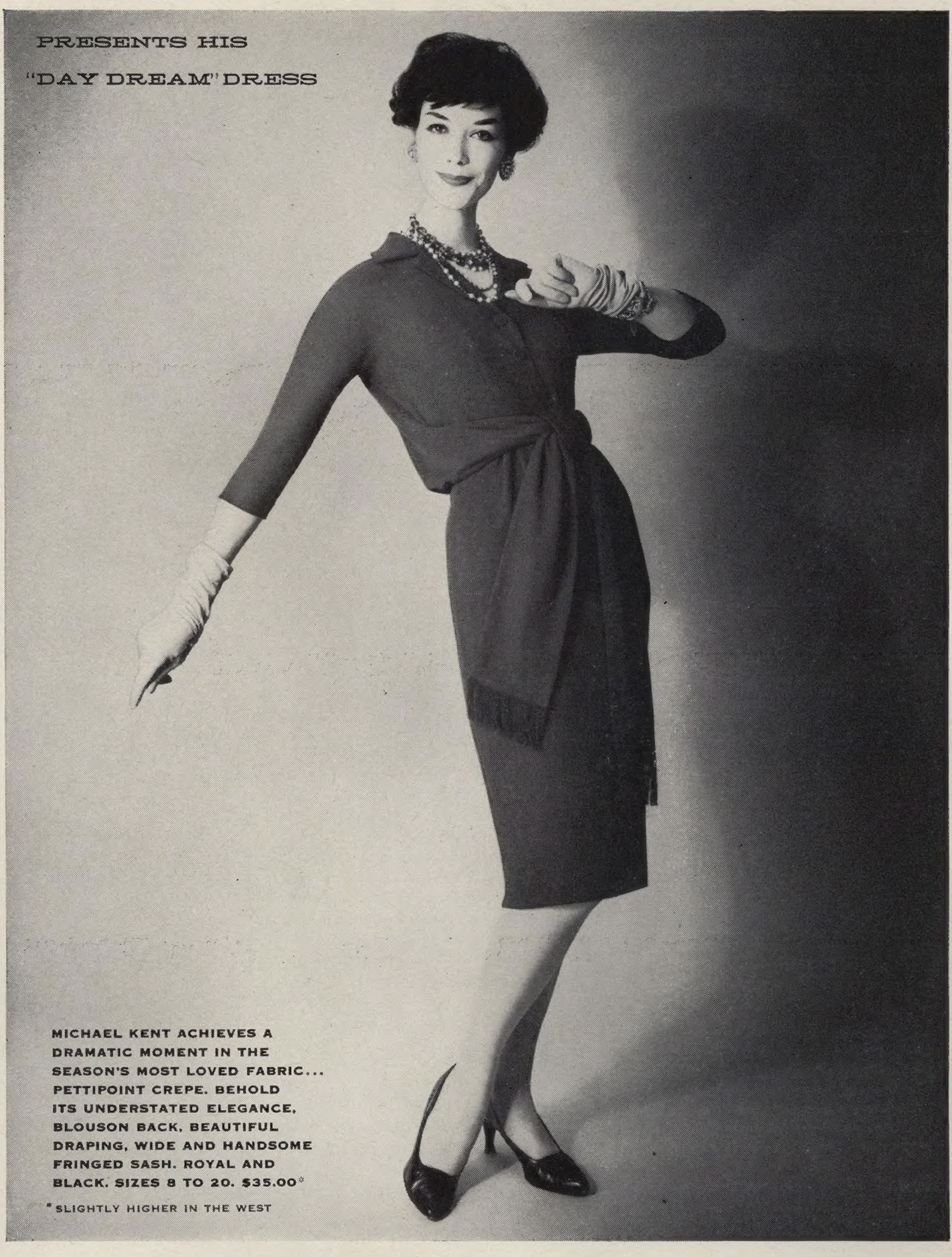

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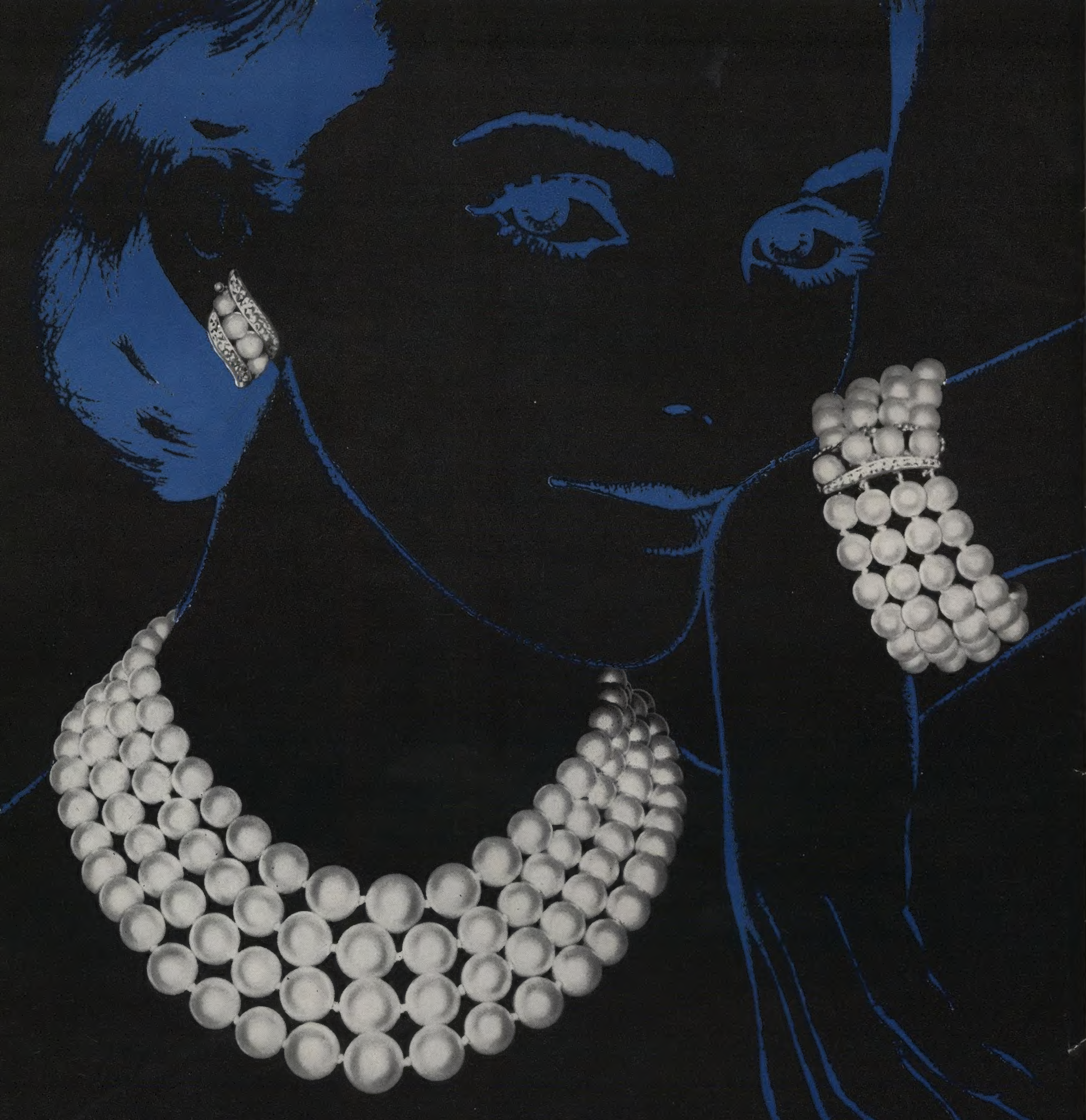

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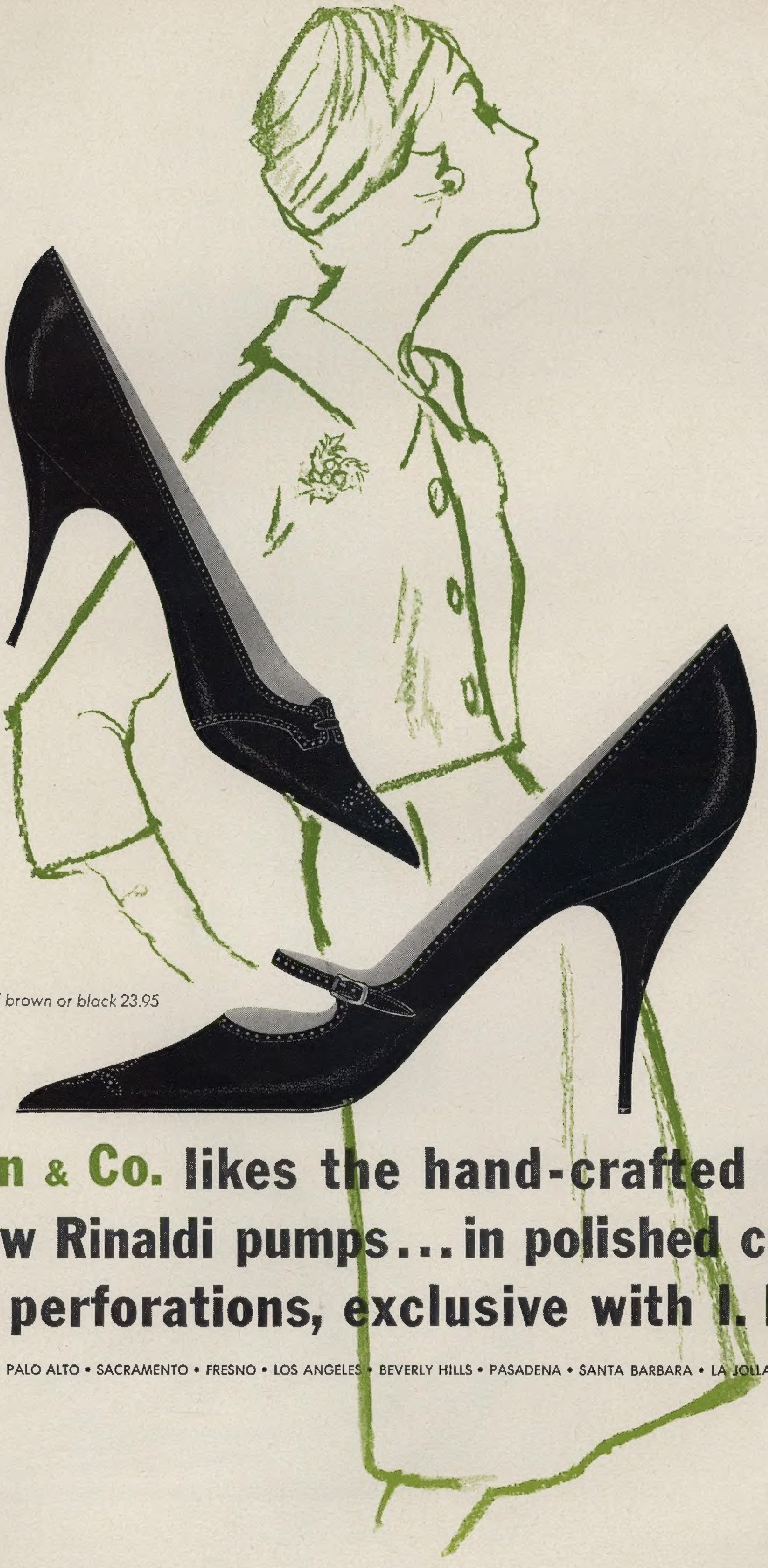

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the young point of view in shoes

Suit by Handelsman & Raiffe.

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AZURENE brand, EMBA* natural pale grey mutation mink . . .

designed by Constantino of CHRISTIE BROS., New York

*Trade-mark MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

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Lip Brillante and Nail Cristallo

by Princess Marcella Borghese

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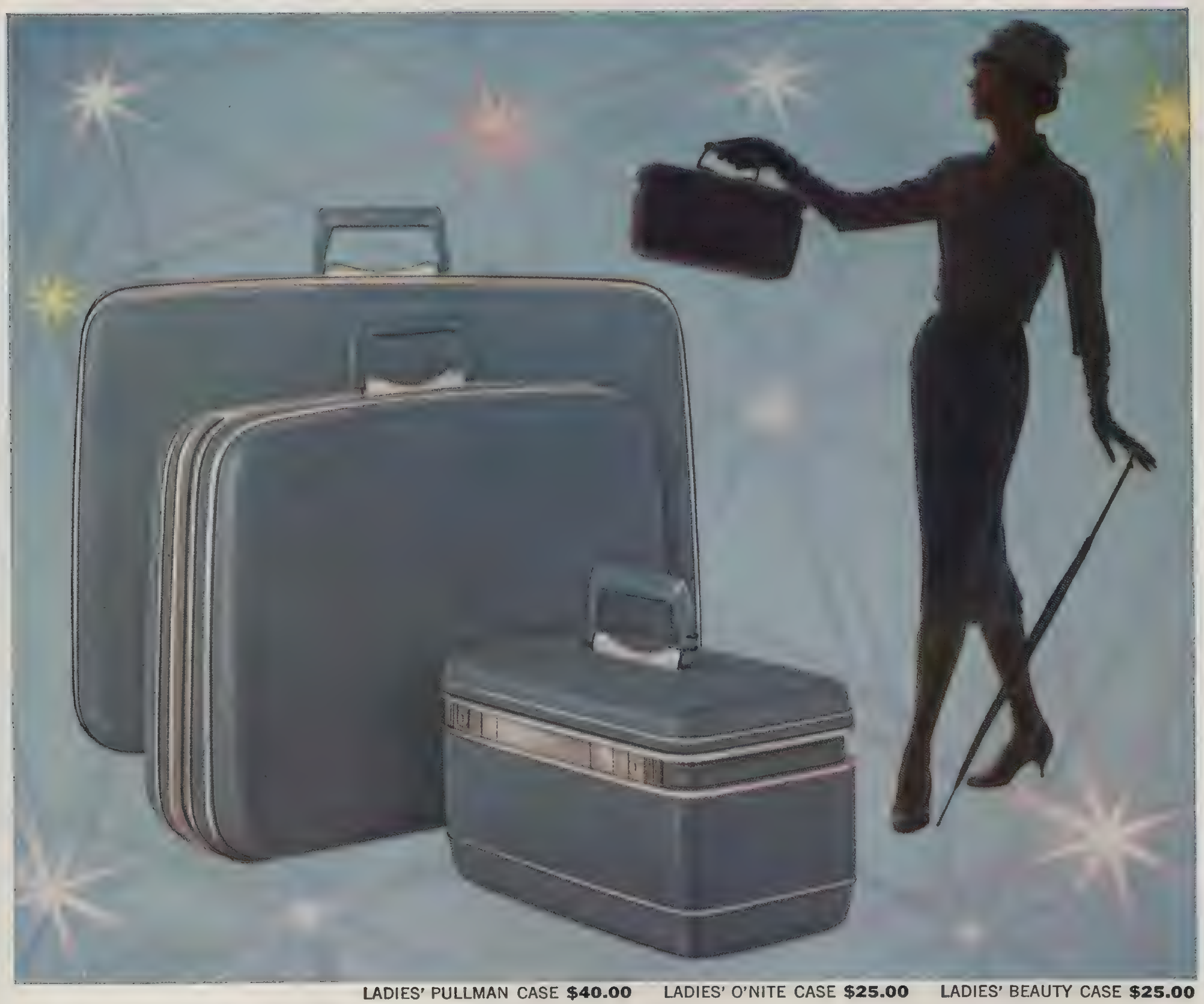

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Samsonite *Silhouette*

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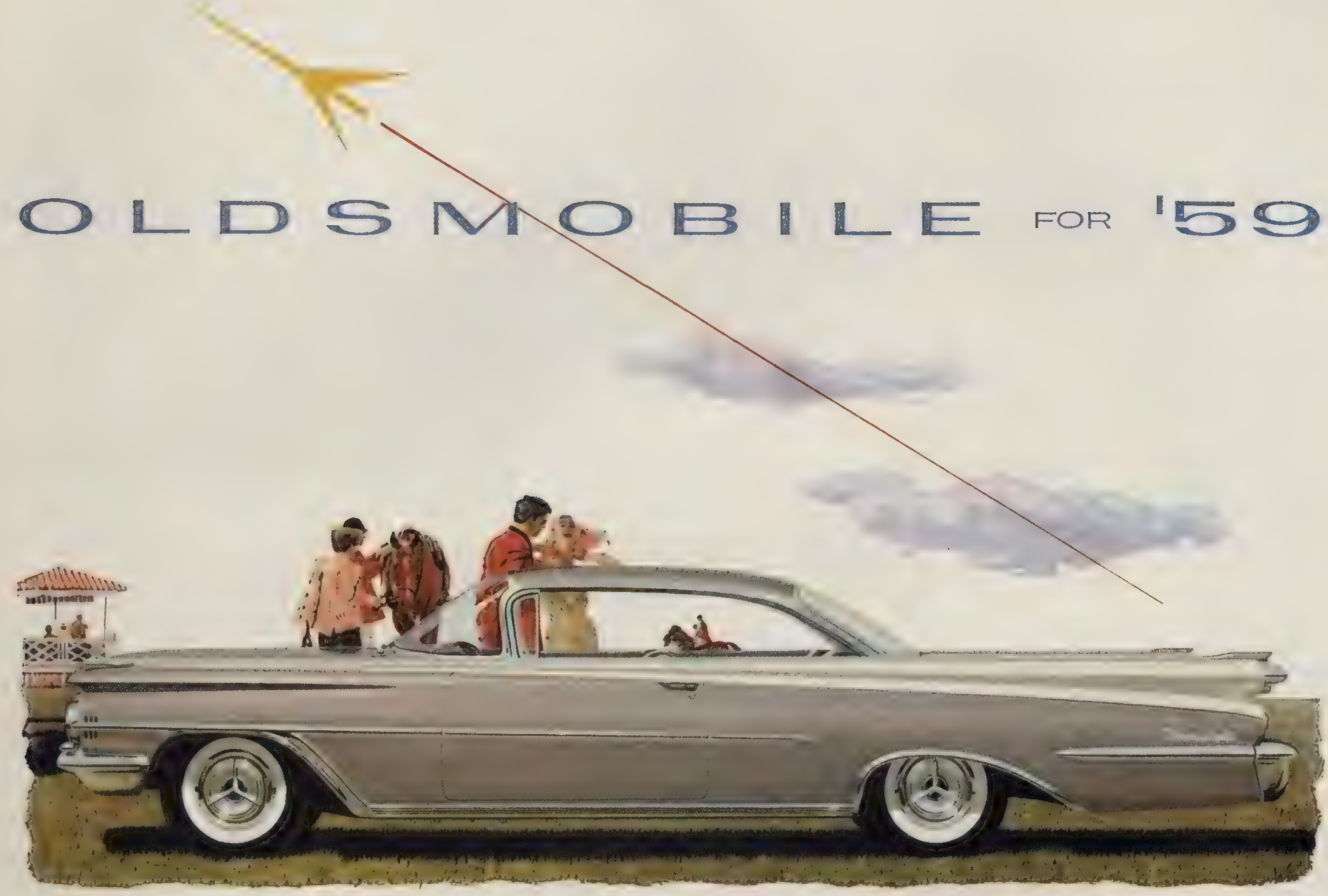

Oldsmobile's 1959 Ninety-Eight Holiday SceniCoupe
. . . with rear window of tinted, heat-resistant glass.

The car that conquers "Inner" Space!

You wished for it! You asked for it! It's here! Wonderful new spaciousness . . . everywhere . . . in the new Ninety-Eight by Olds! Even your outlook is bigger . . . from vistas of glass that accent a rakish new "Linear Look." Here, too, you command the hushed quiet of the most responsive Rocket Engine of all. Here's new luxury . . . in lines . . . looks . . . action! See the '59 Ninety-Eight by Olds . . . at your dealer's.

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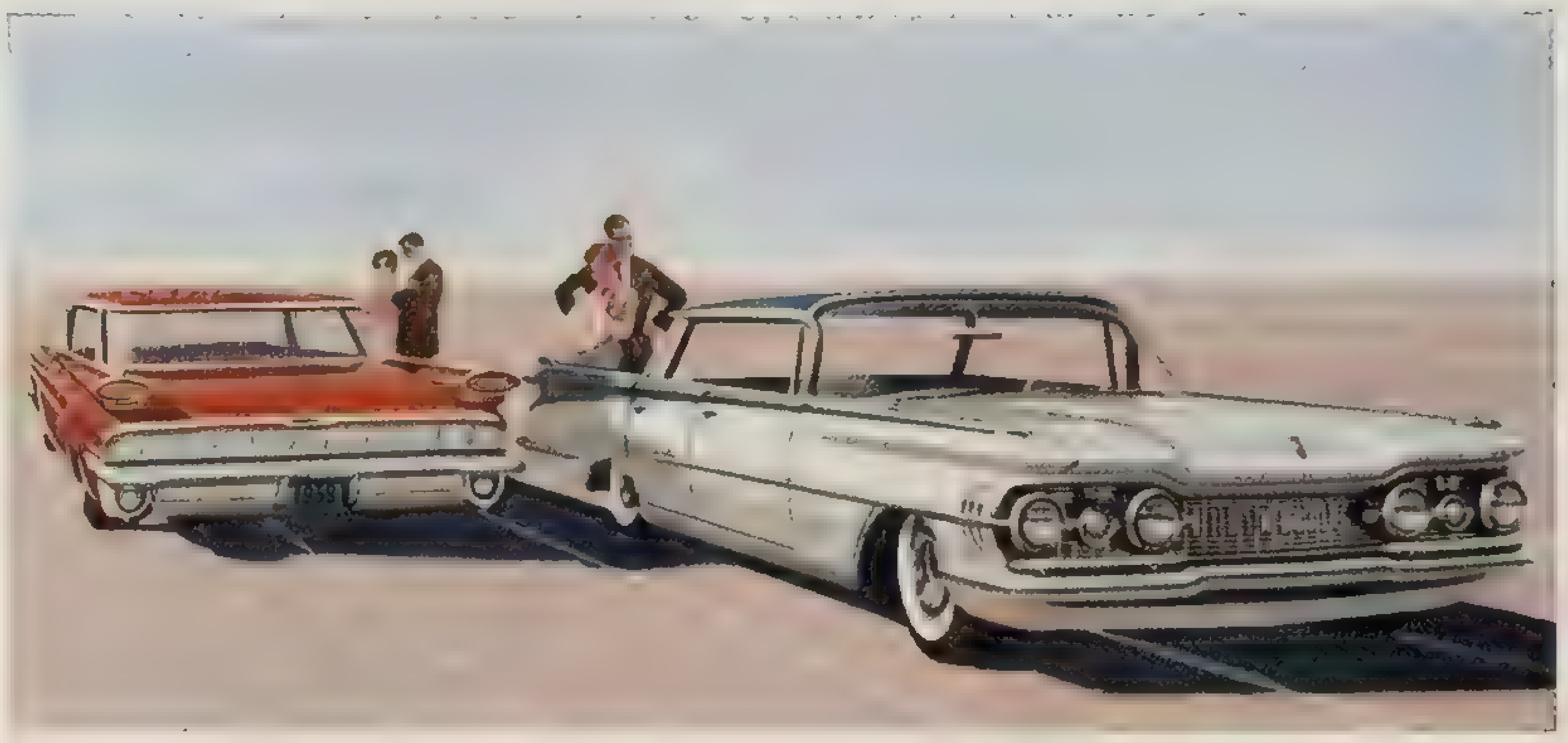

1959 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Holiday SportSedan—a 4-door family model with the flair and fun of a sports car . . . highlighted by a wrap-around rear window and the sweeping Vista-Panoramic Windshield.

Discover the added values in OLDSmobility . . . at your local quality dealer's!

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du MAURIER KING SIZE

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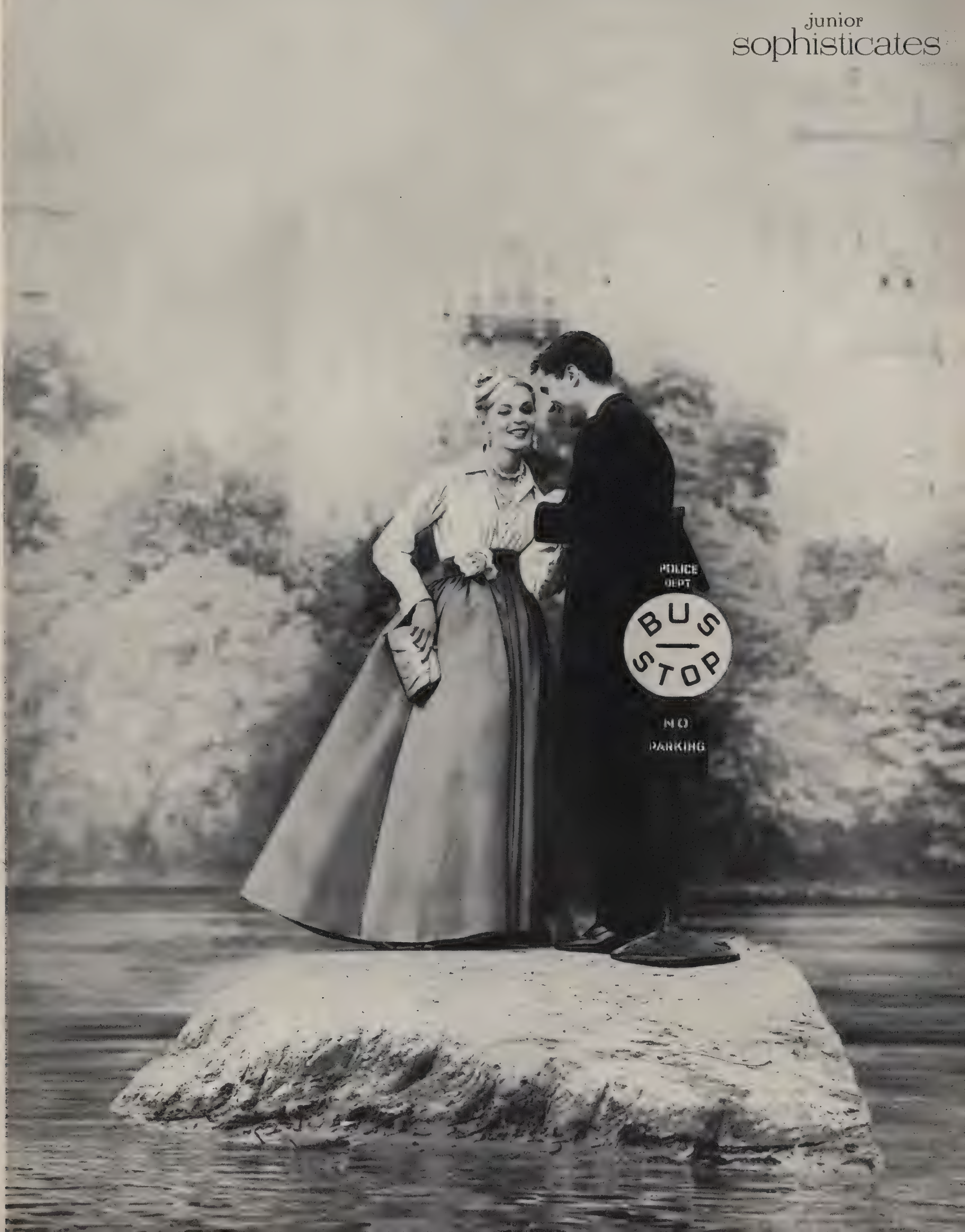

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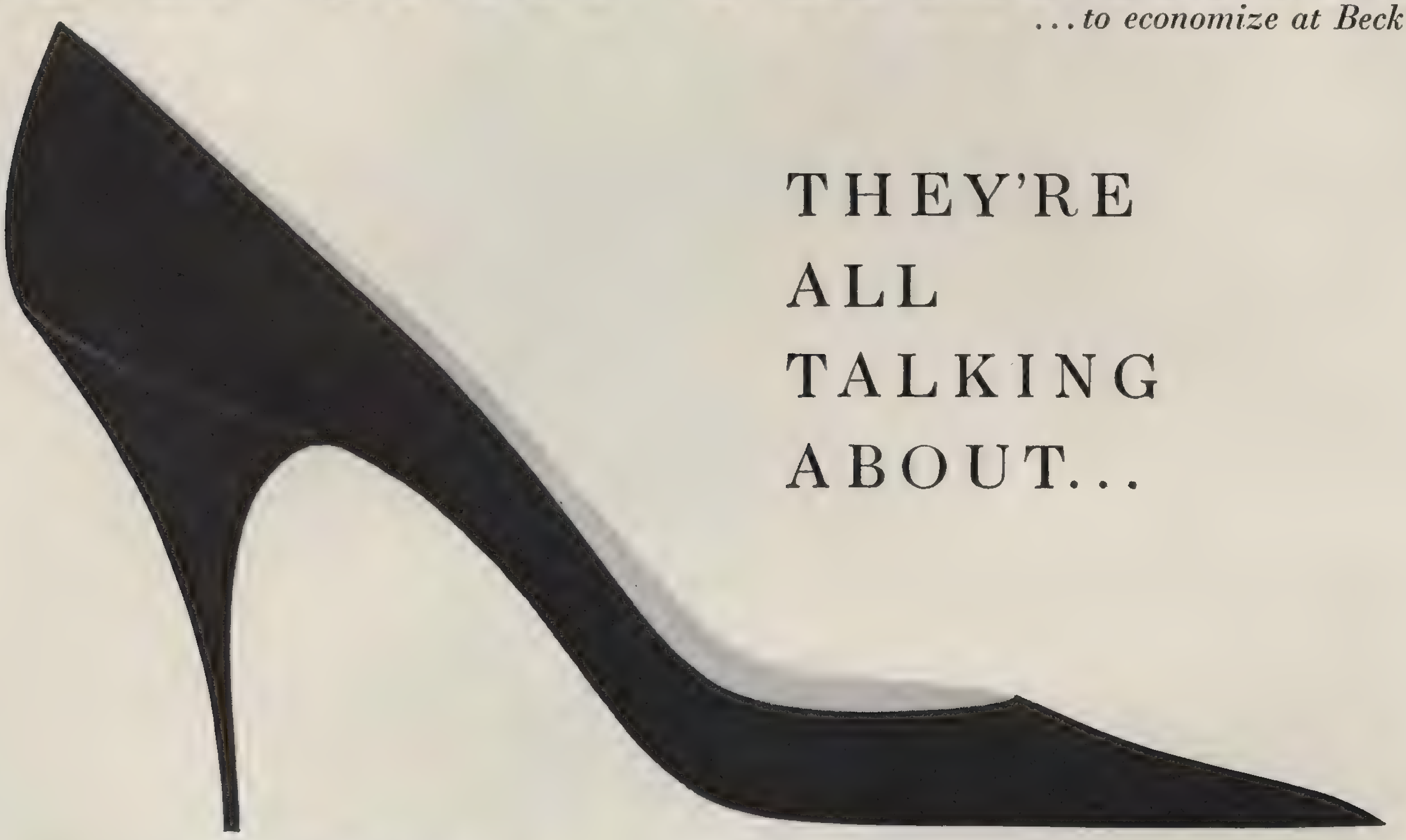
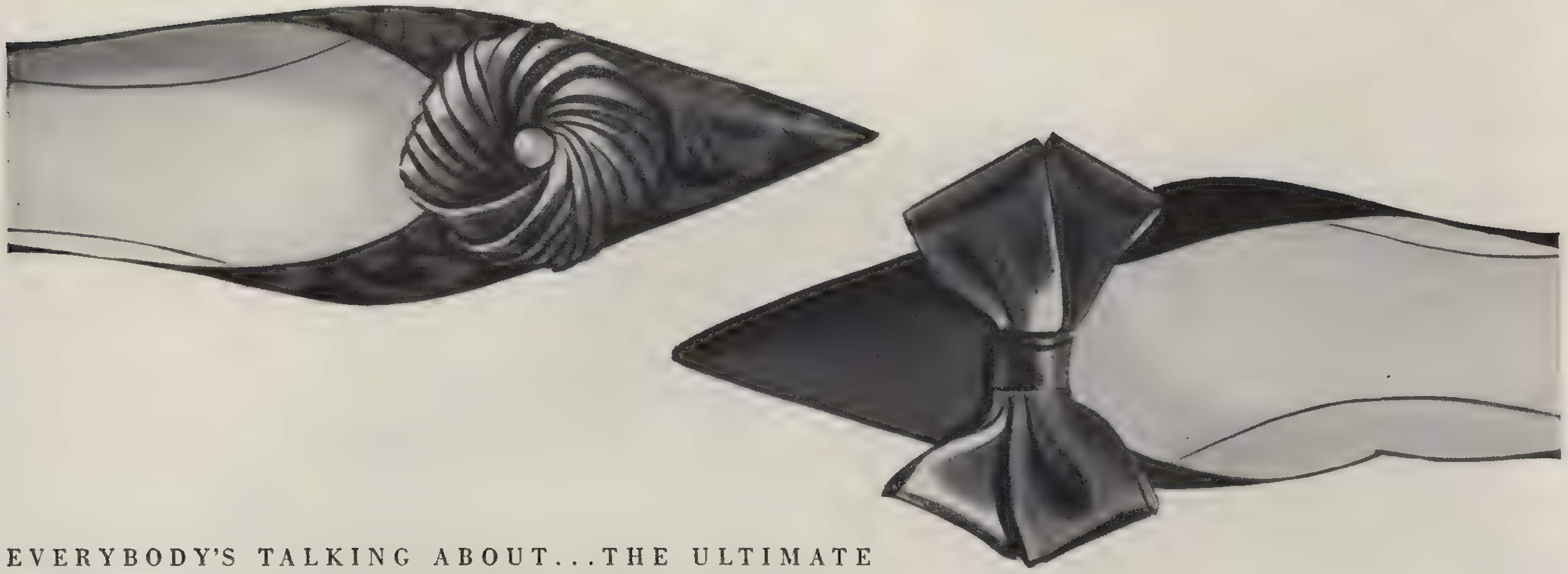


THEY'RE
ALL
TALKING
ABOUT...



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three times the wear in every pair

style five-thirty, extra strong with no seams to worry about
your size and color, short, medium, long. $1.35 at all good stores:

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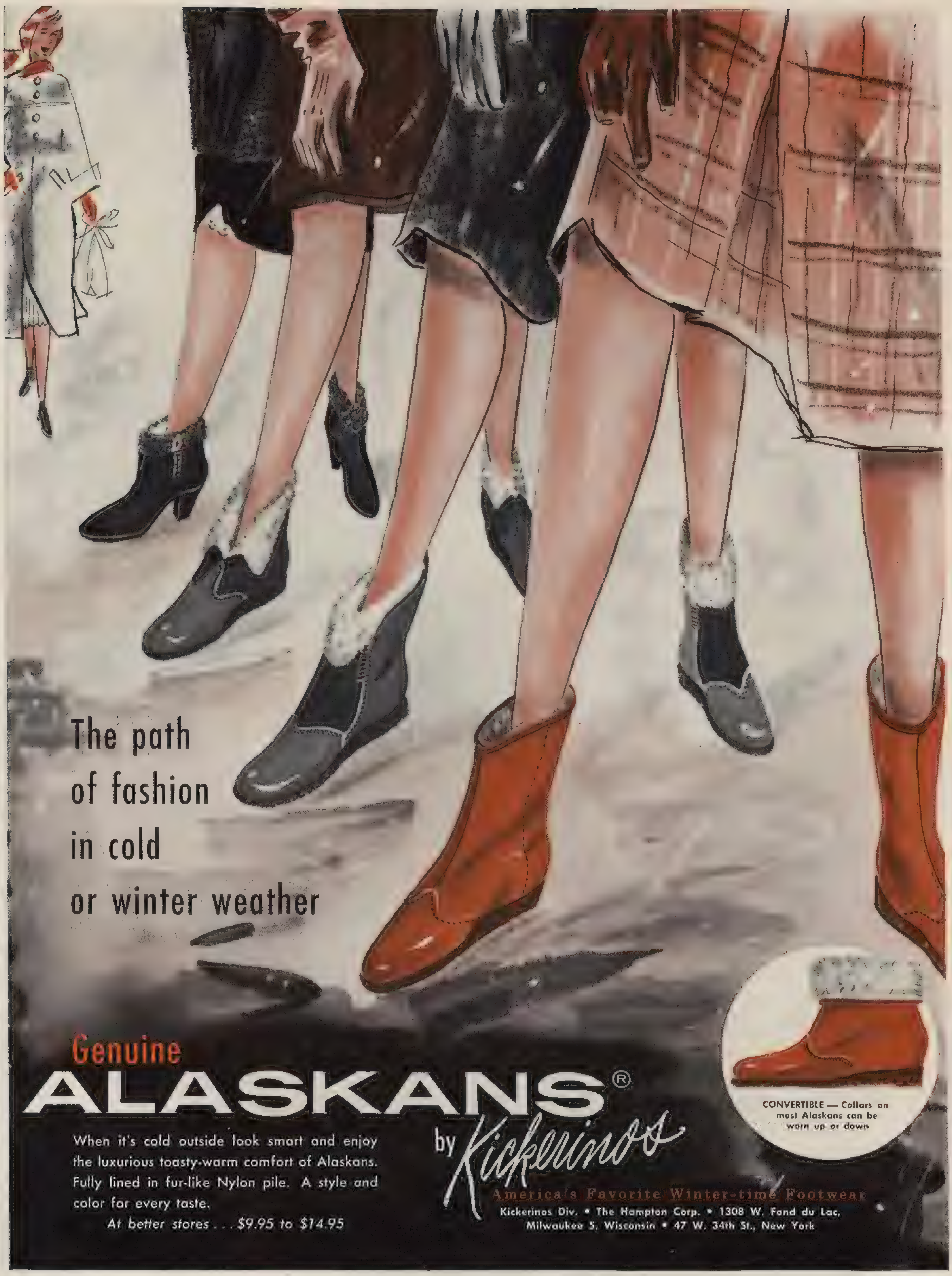
to look your best—buy the best



The path
of fashion
in cold
or winter weather

Genuine
ALASKANS®

When it's cold outside look smart and enjoy the luxurious toasty-warm comfort of Alaskans. Fully lined in fur-like Nylon pile. A style and color for every taste.

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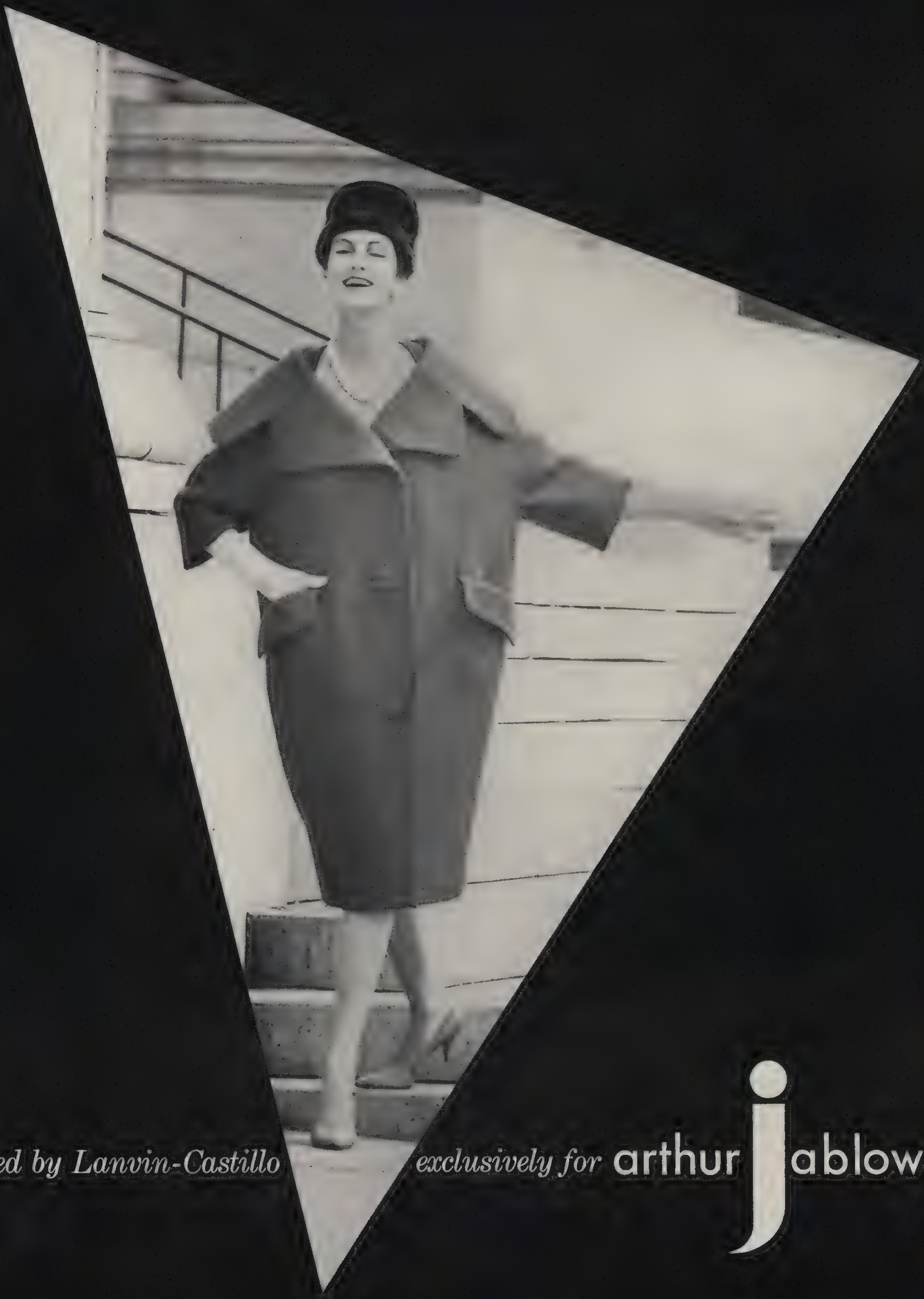

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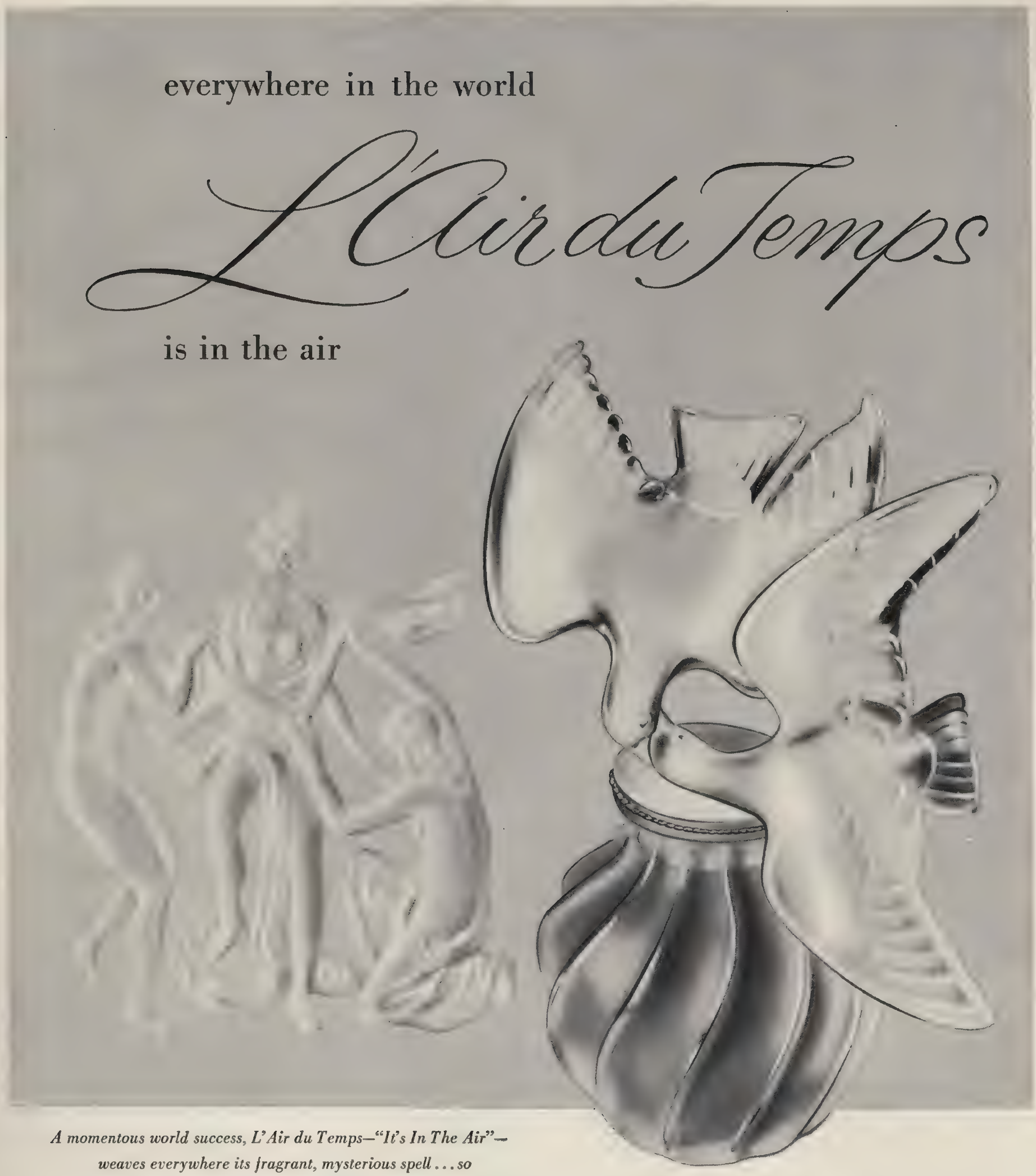
L'Air du Temps

is in the air



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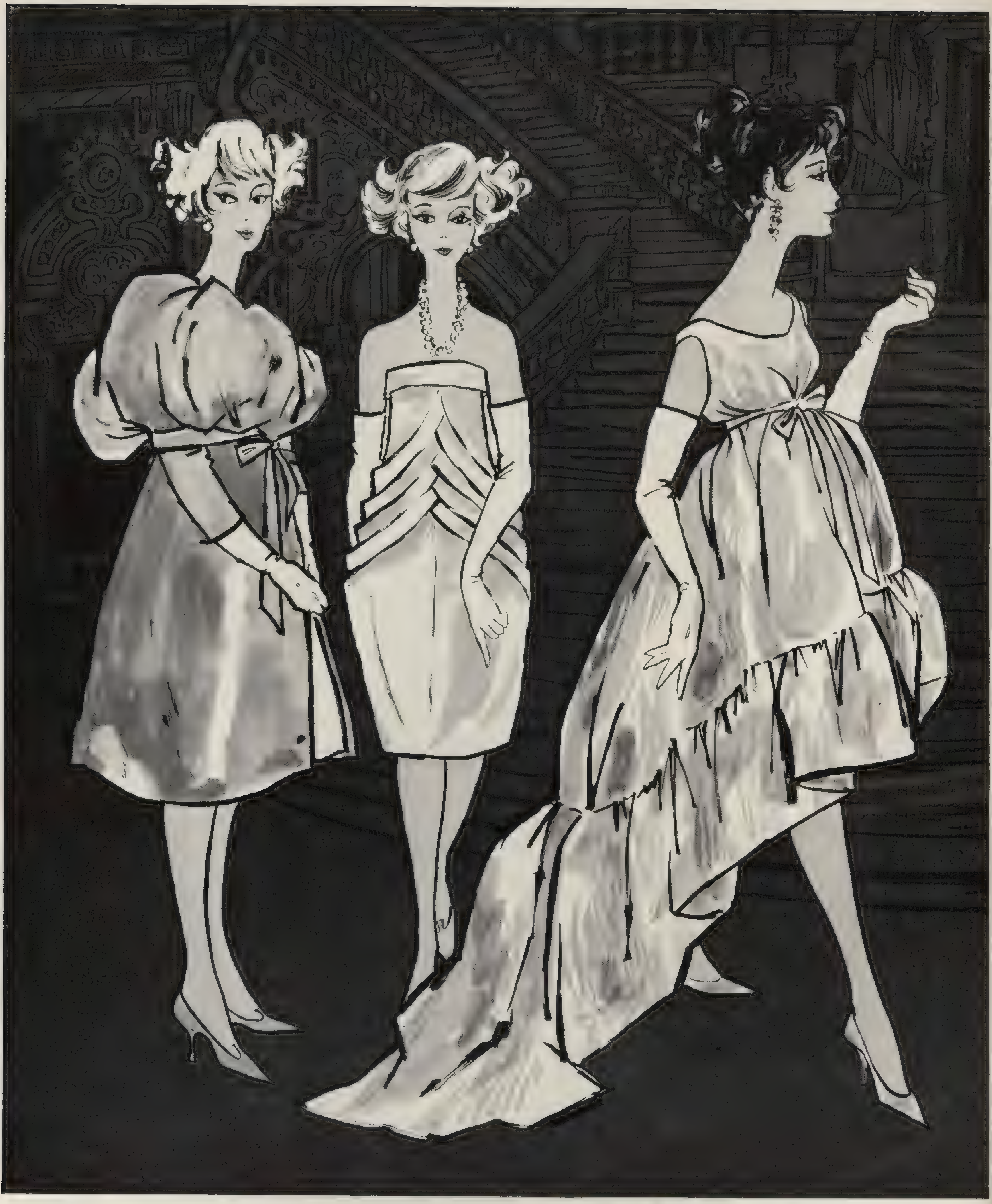
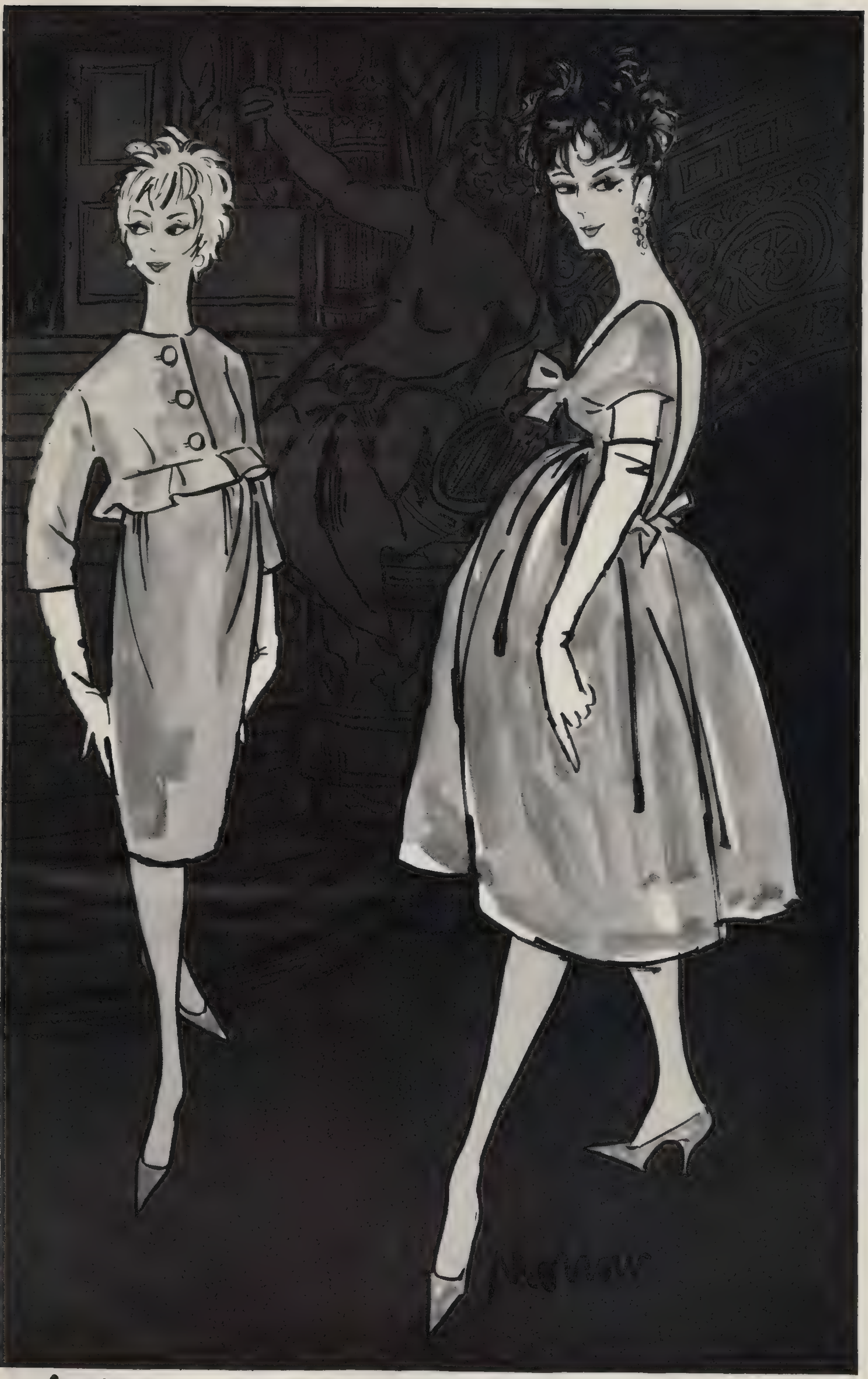


Cardin Evening coat and gown available together or singly. Copied by Sylvan Rich for Martini-Designed in William Rose Rayon and silk satin.

Balenciaga Formal gown available with or without train. Copied by Mignon in Couleur Rayon and Acetate moiré.



Laroche Dinner-theatre suit with bared dress under the flounced jacket. Copied by Hannah Troy in Onondaga Rayon and Acetate Crepe.

Givenchy Short formal dress with square-scoop back. Copied by Sylvan Rich in William Rose Rayon and silk satin for Martini-Designed.

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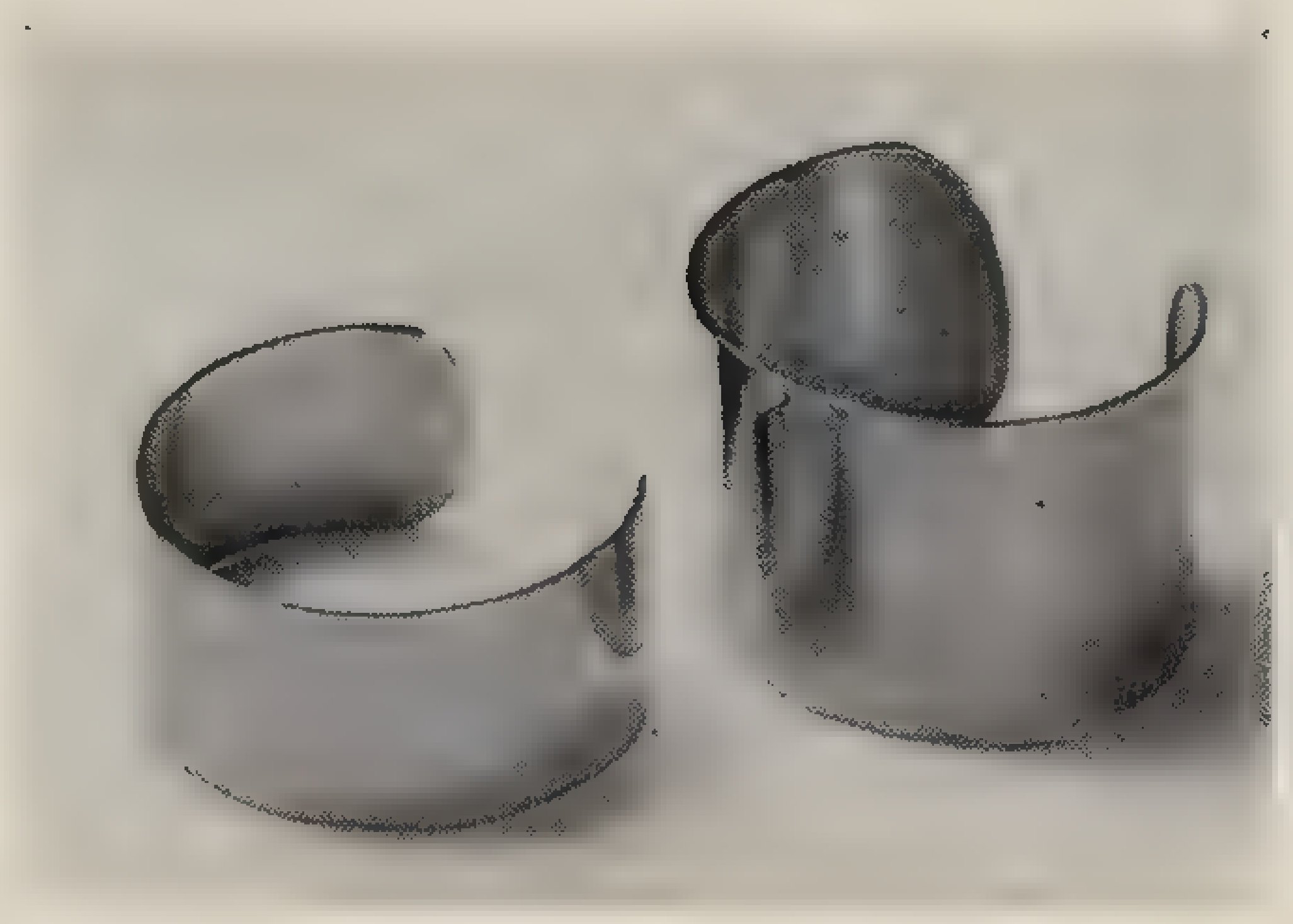
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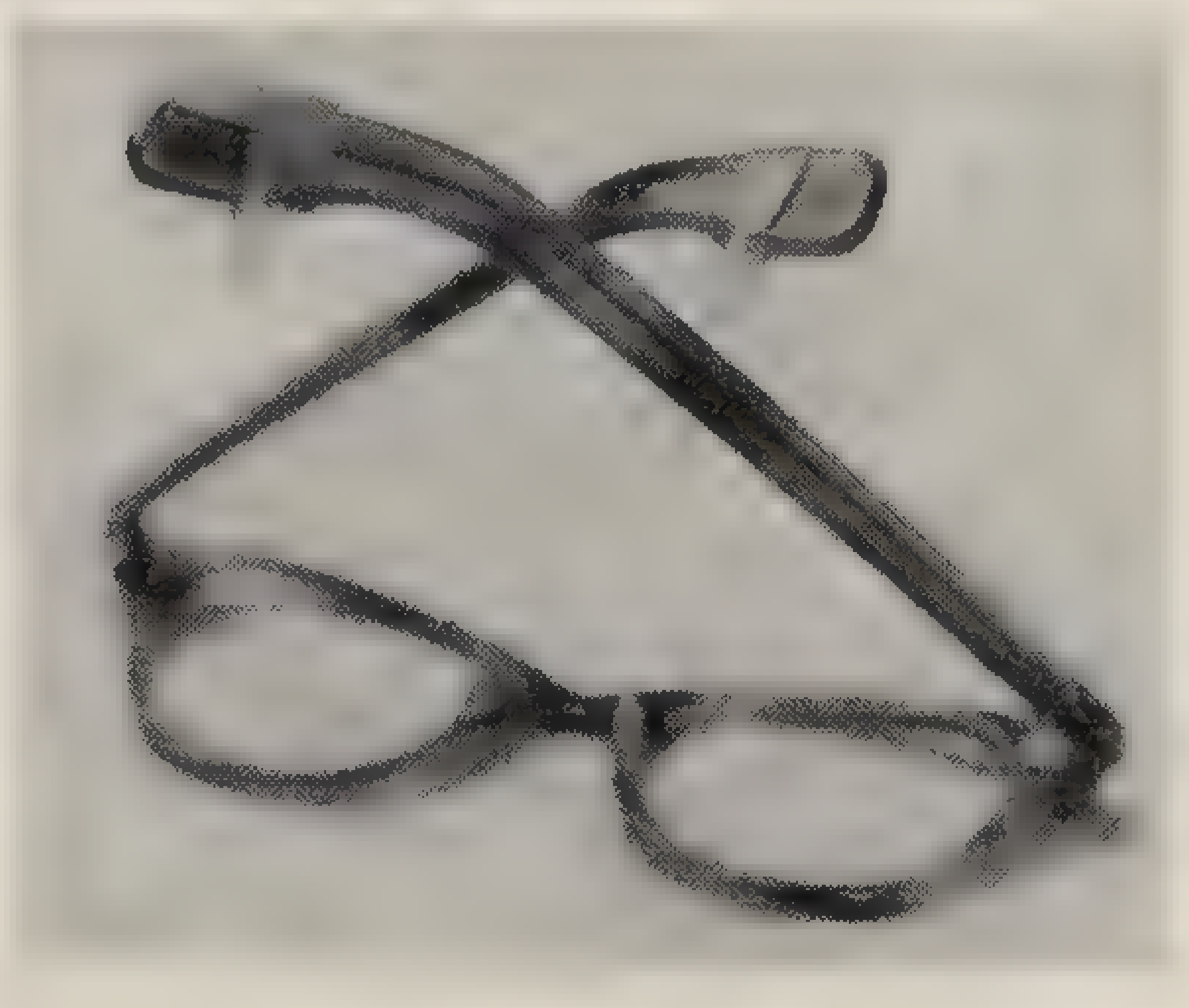

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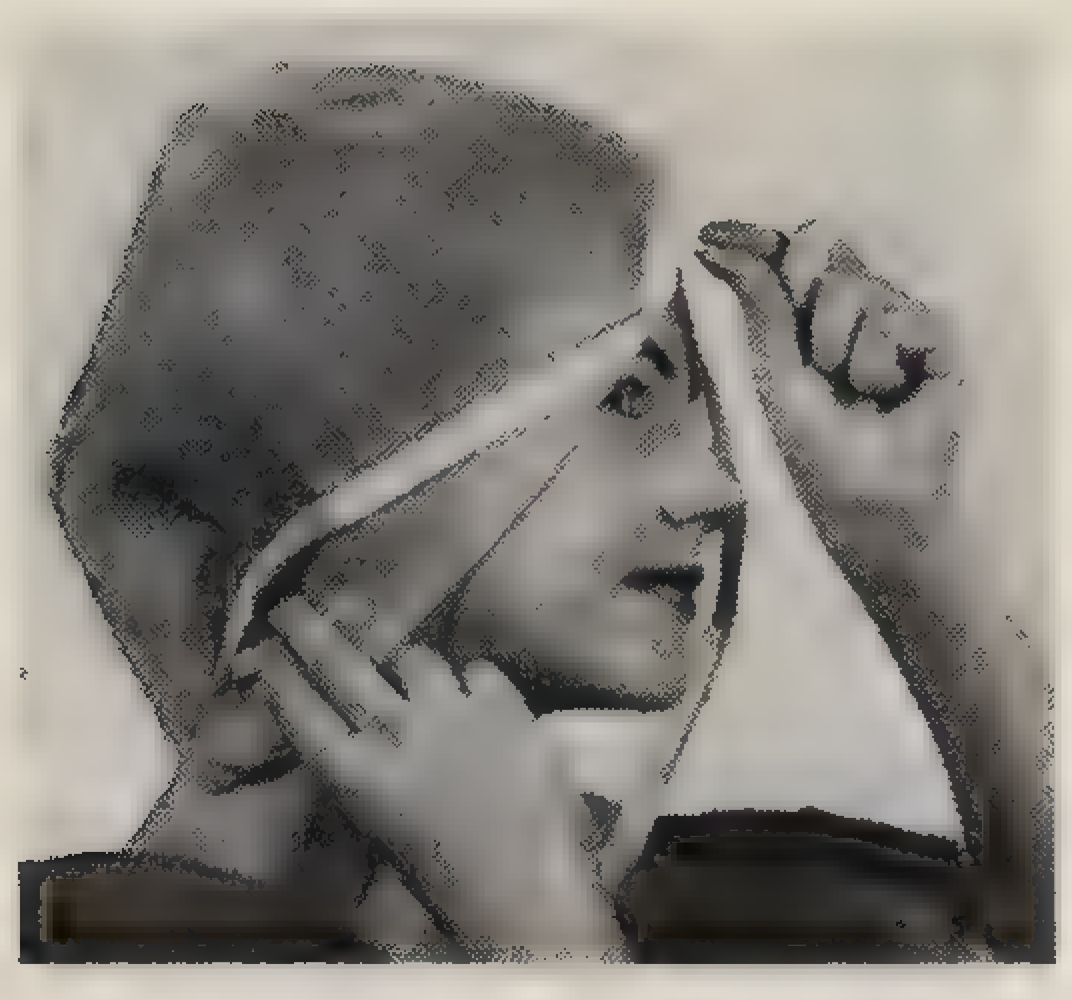
HOUND

...October shopscape



5

5. Outer-space hat that's long on saving freshly-set hair, make-up—even cleaning bills. In nylon marquisette with 10″ zipper. $2.95 ppd. Cosmeticap, Dept. V-2, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17.

6. Dress of many colours—and two shapes. A black knitted wool jumper, striped in several shades of red and green, to wear as is or with one of the new high-rise belts. $36 ppd. Robert Leader, 146 E. 54th St., New York 22.

7. Would you know that this three-tiered stole is of natural rabbit? $79.50 ppd., inc. tax. Harold J. Rubin, 52 E. 56th St., New York 22.

8. Carrying the day: this African leopard handbag, edged with black calfskin; lined with beige calfskin. $57.50 ppd. inc. tax. Oce-Leopard, 244 W. 39th St., New York 18.

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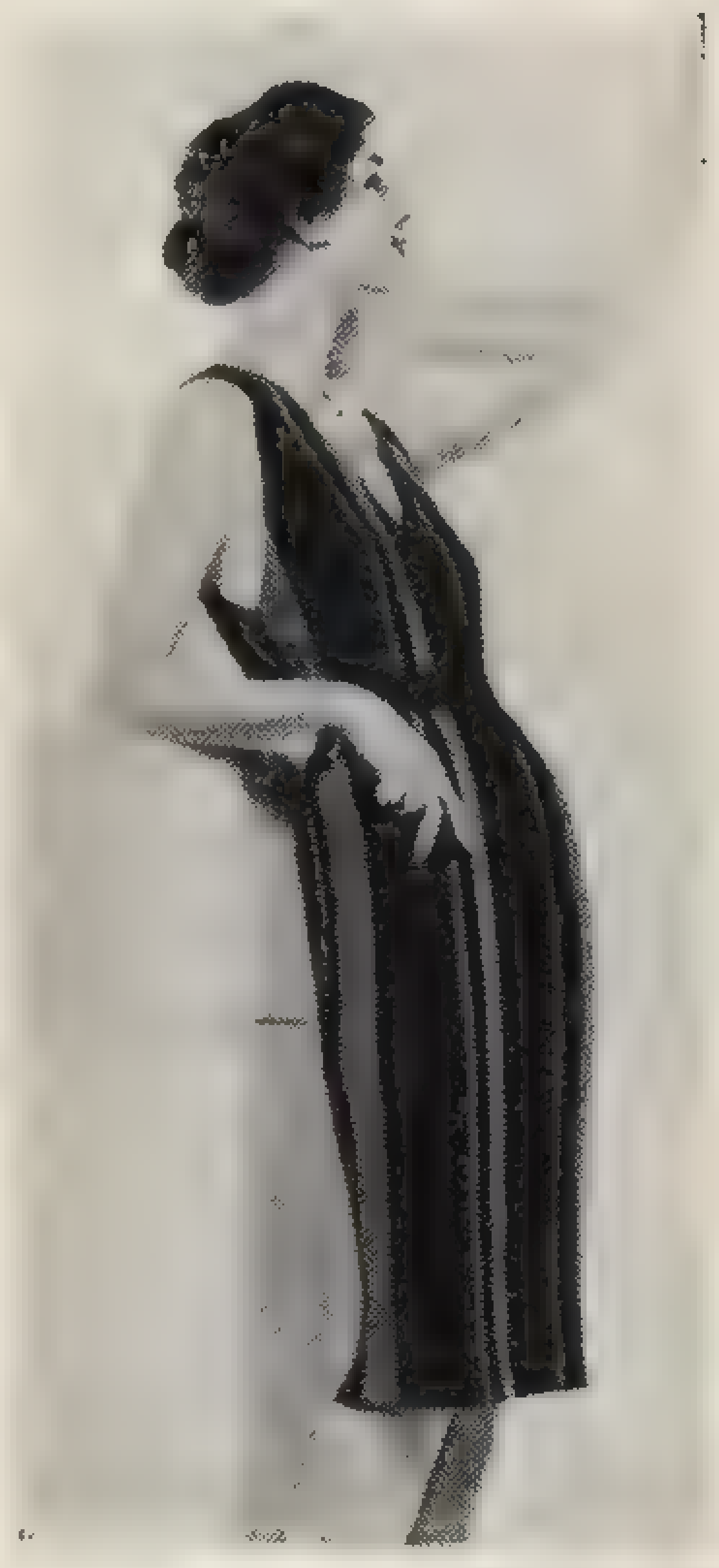

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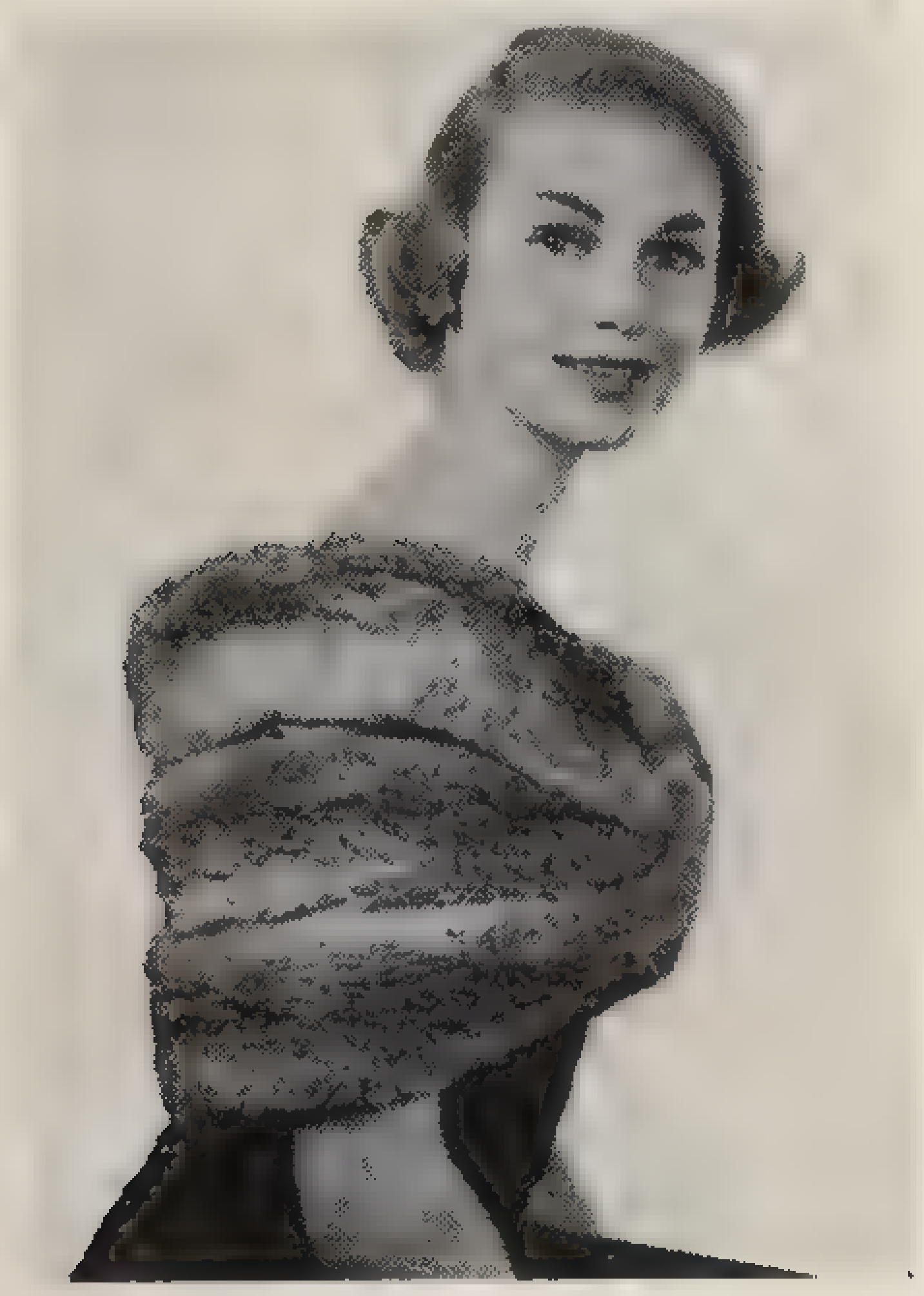

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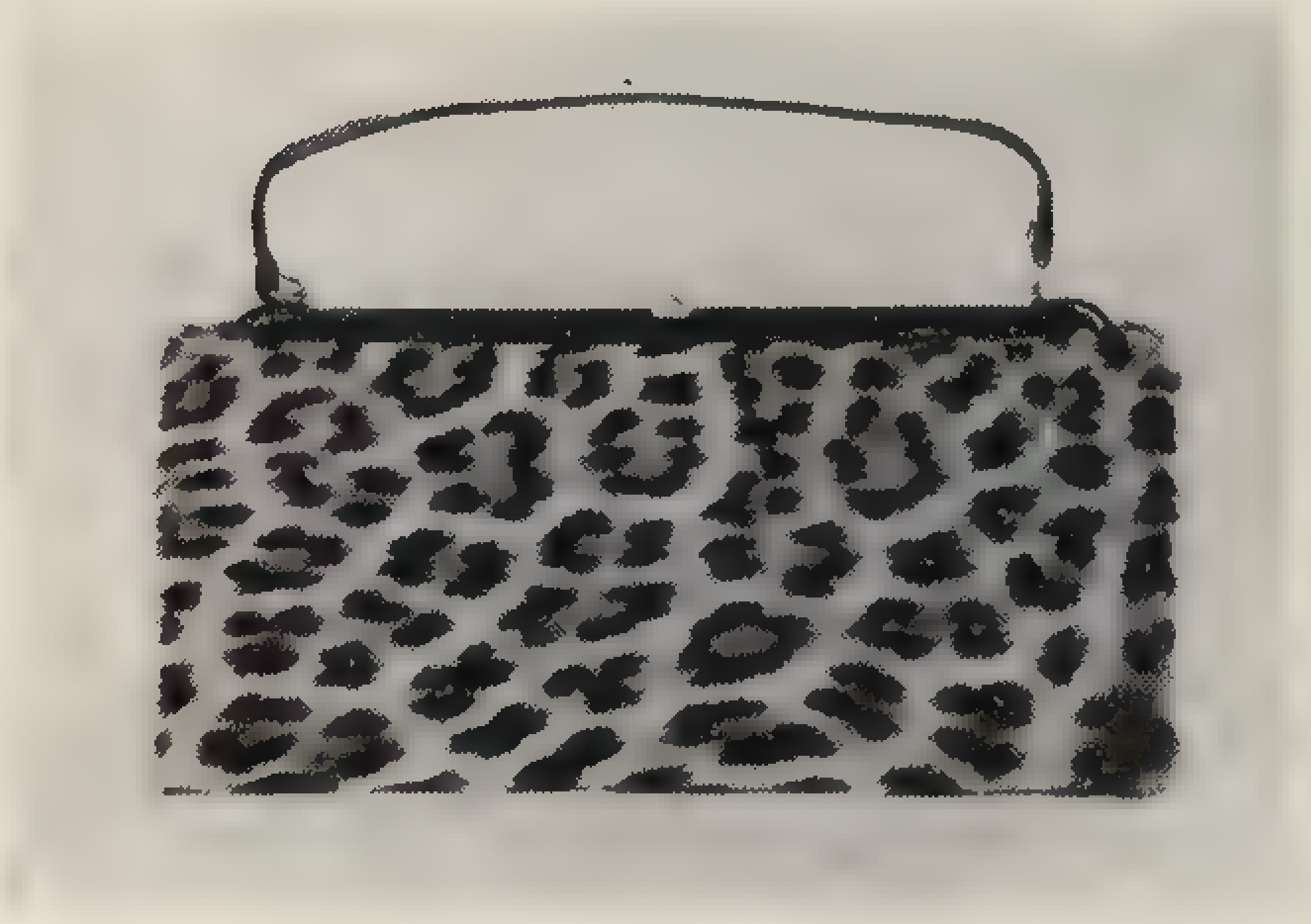

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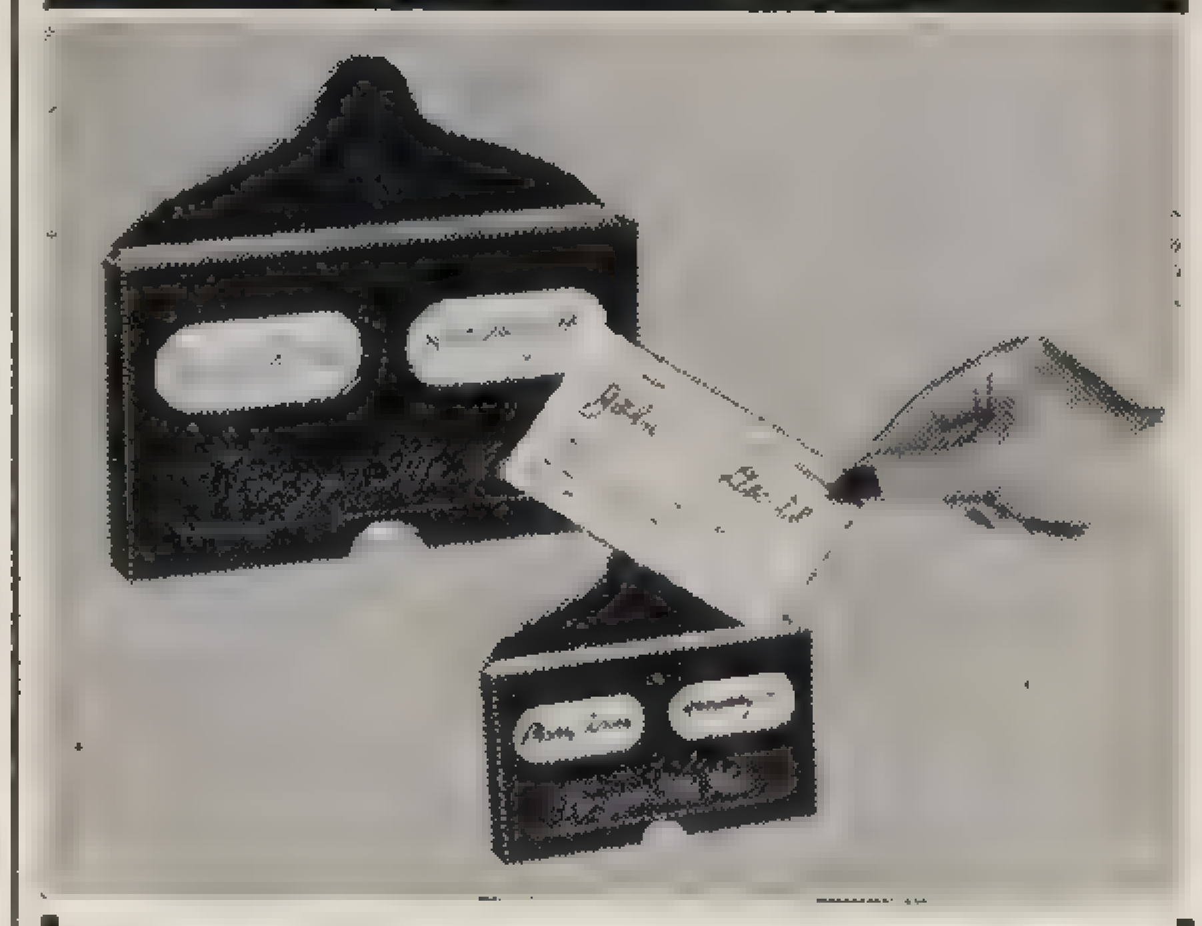

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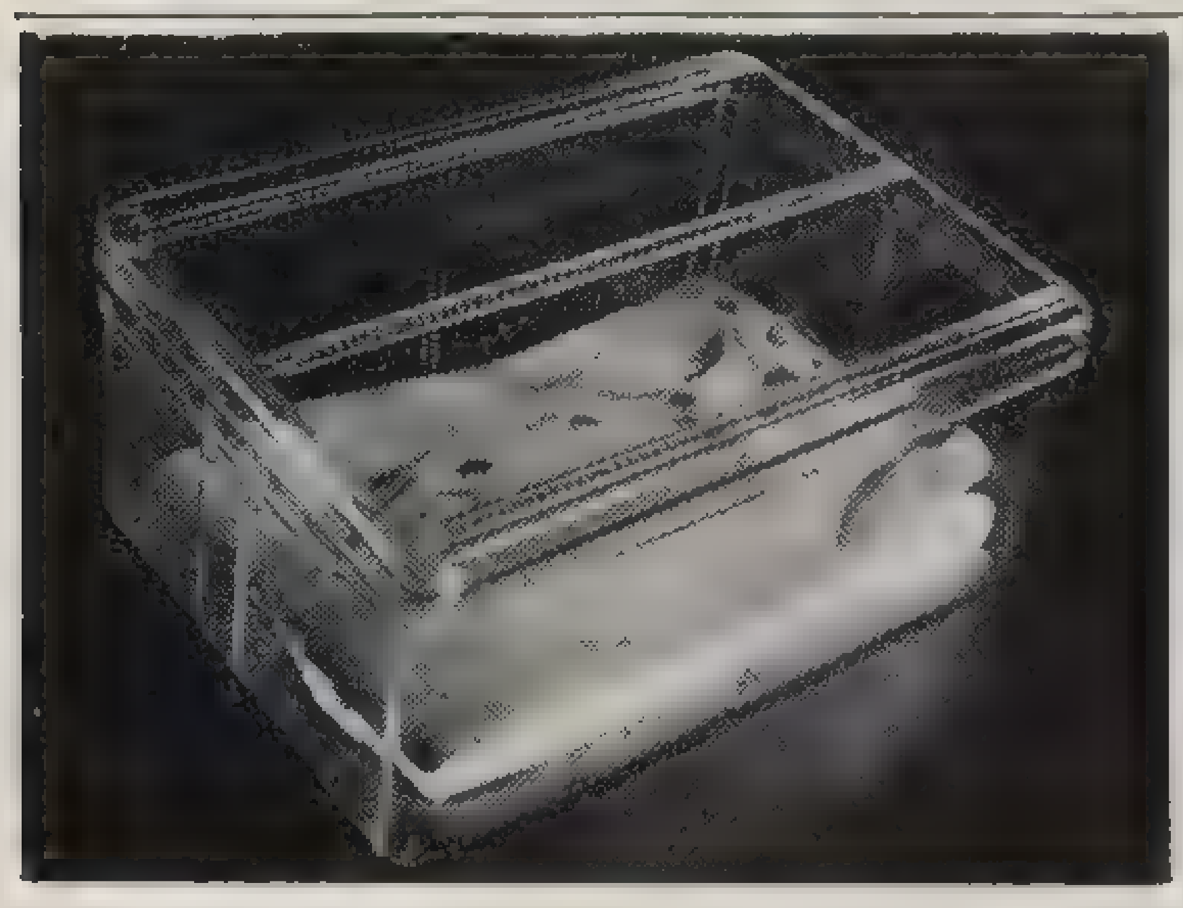

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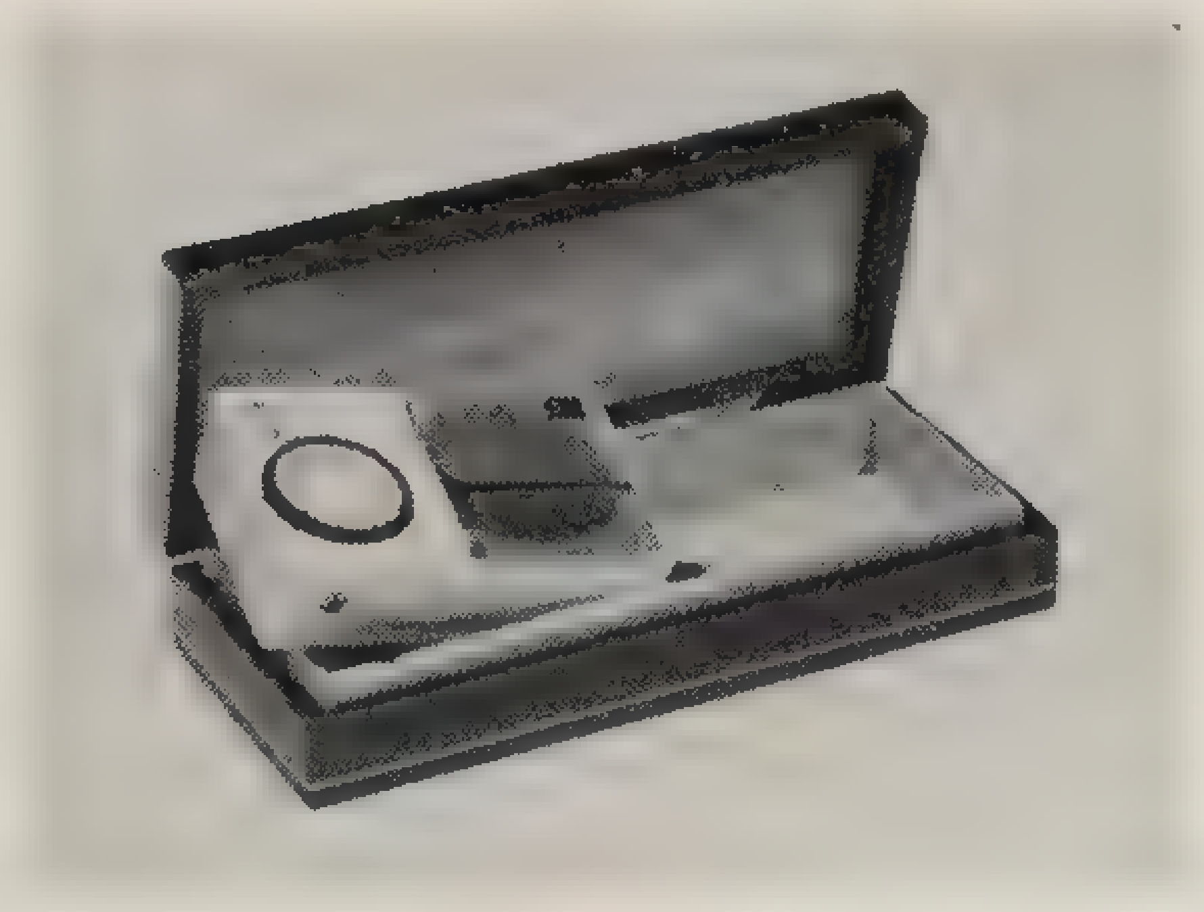
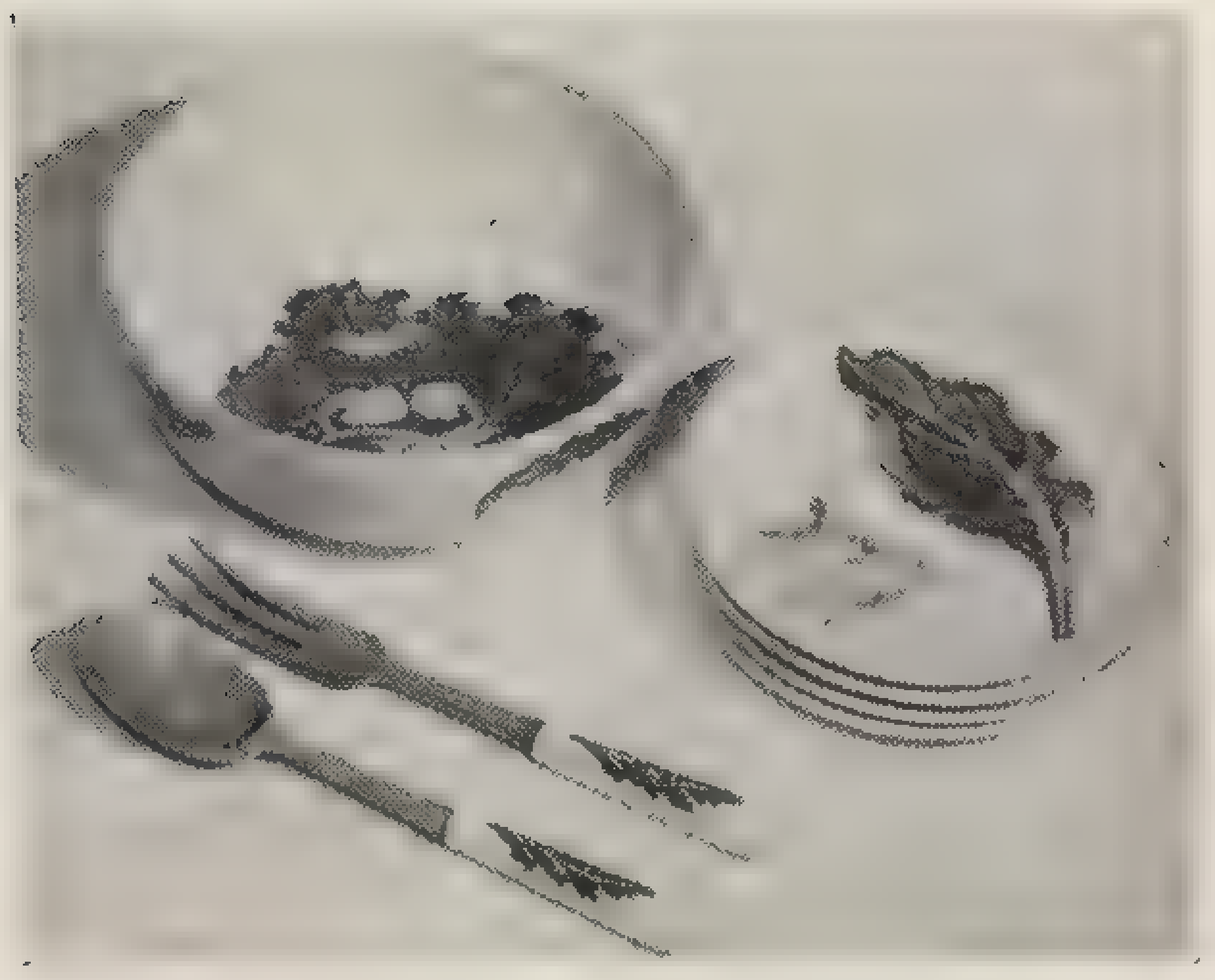


4

HOUND

...October shopscape



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5. Salad set that could settle, attractively, little-luncheon questions. Salad bowl, four plates, ceramic-handled wooden spoon and fork—all in white with painted vegetables. $20. Kenner, 644 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

6. Painted wastebasket. The artist, Renoir; the painting, "Women in the Field," reproduced on cotton damask; the basket, gilt-edged and lined. 13" x 7" x 16". $25. Bergdorf Goodman, 754 5th Ave., New York 22.

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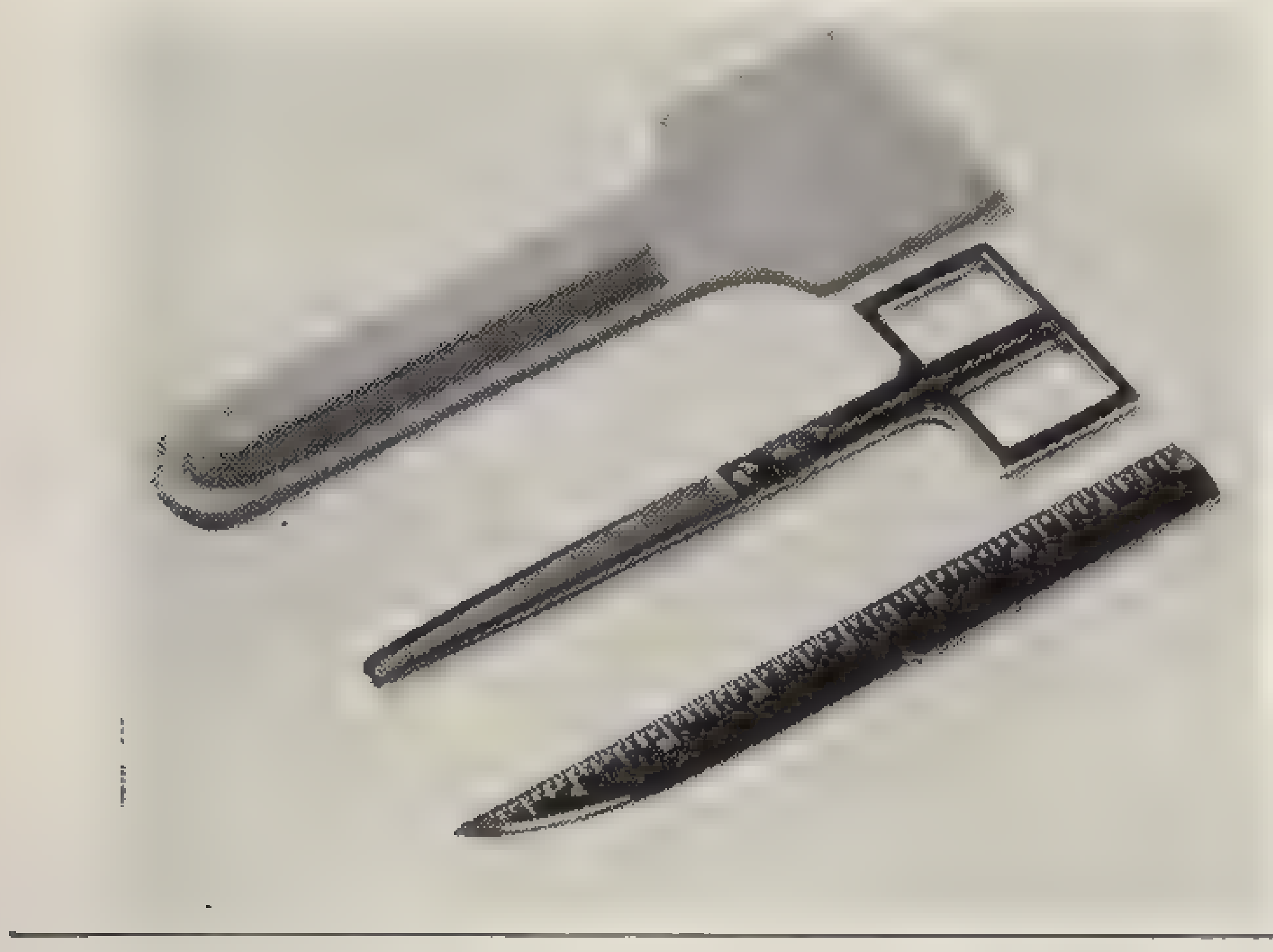

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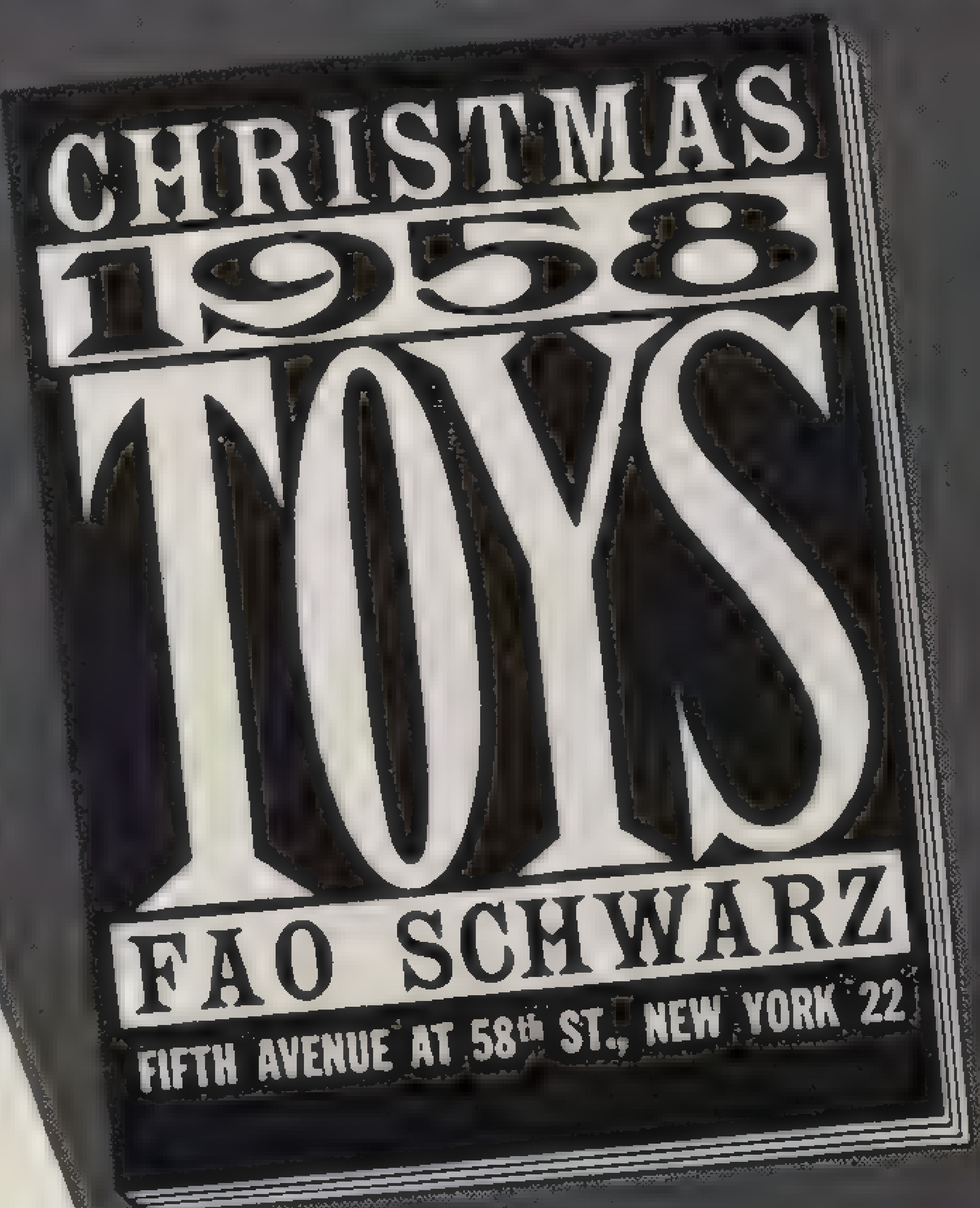
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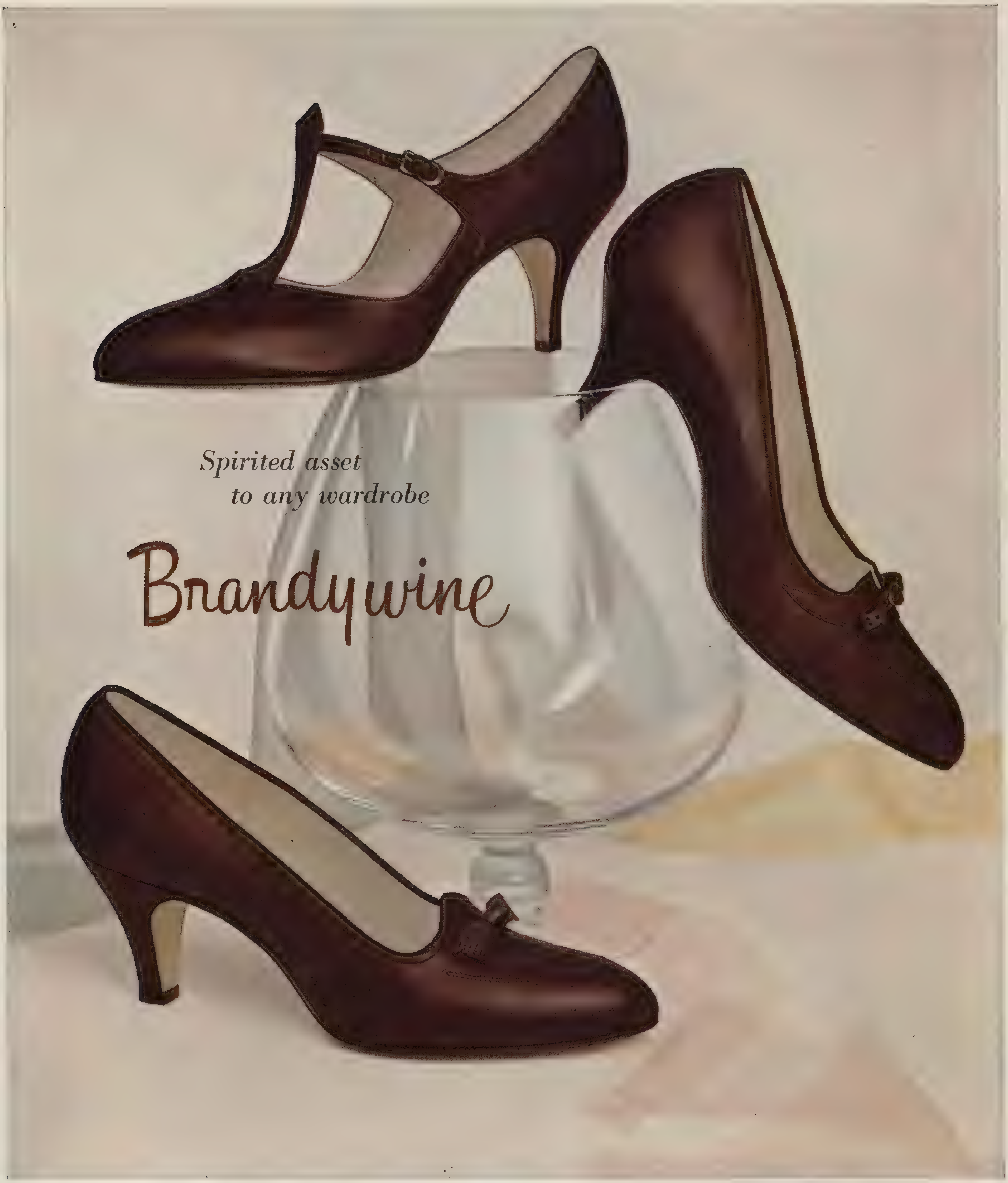

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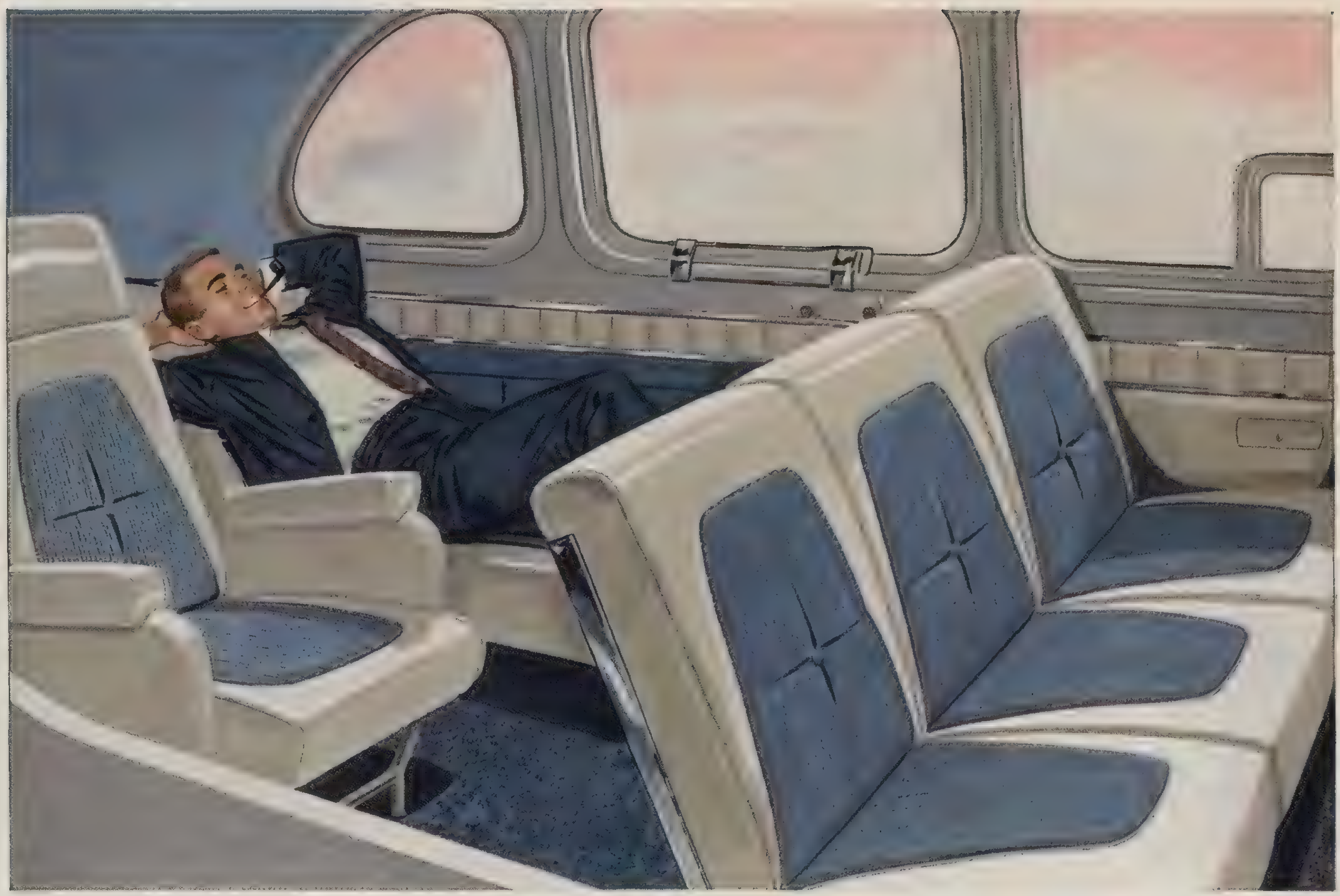

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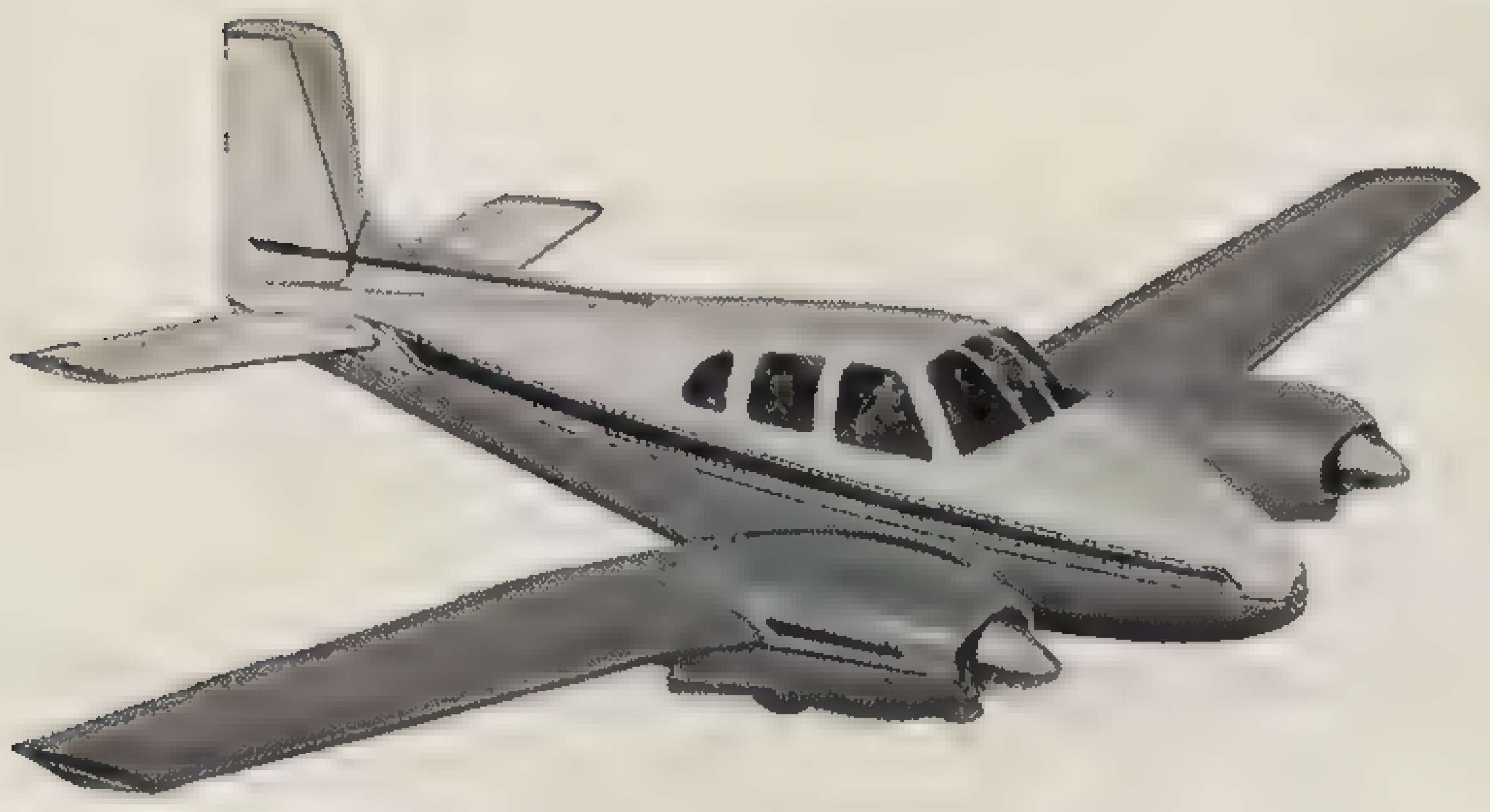

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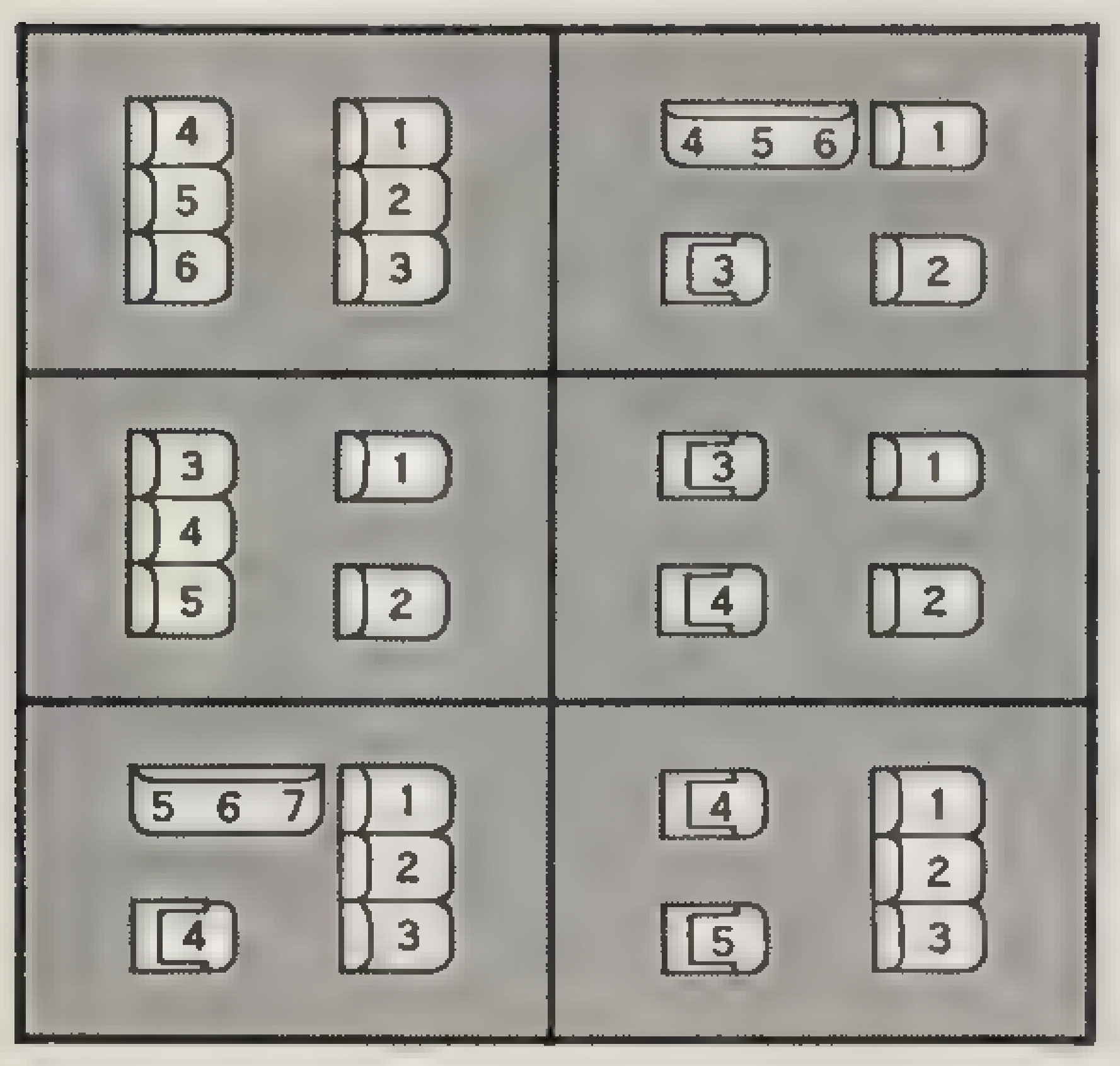

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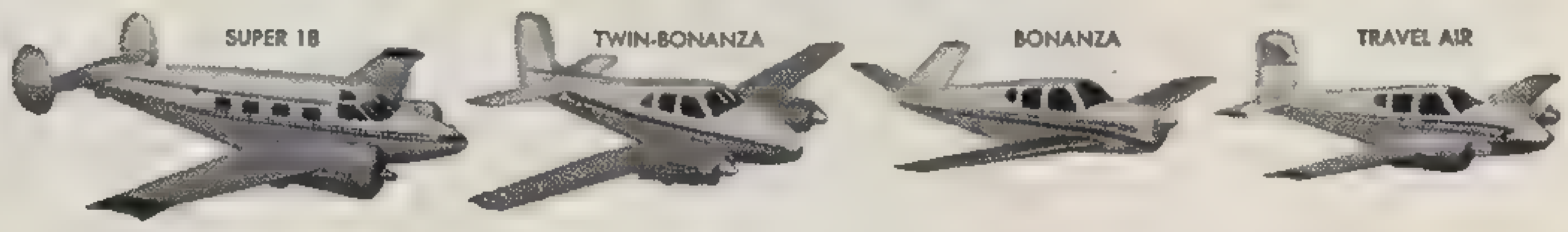

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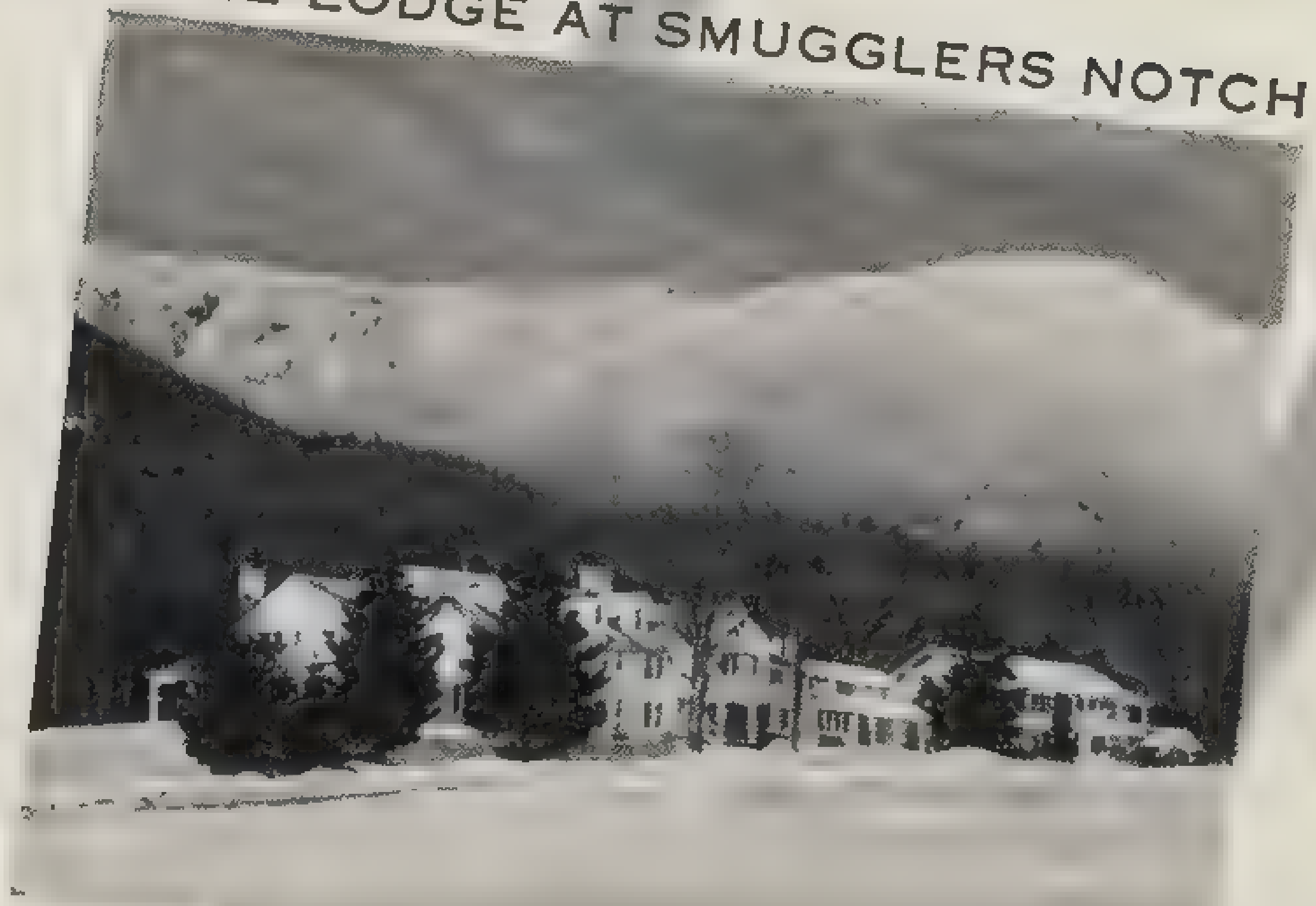

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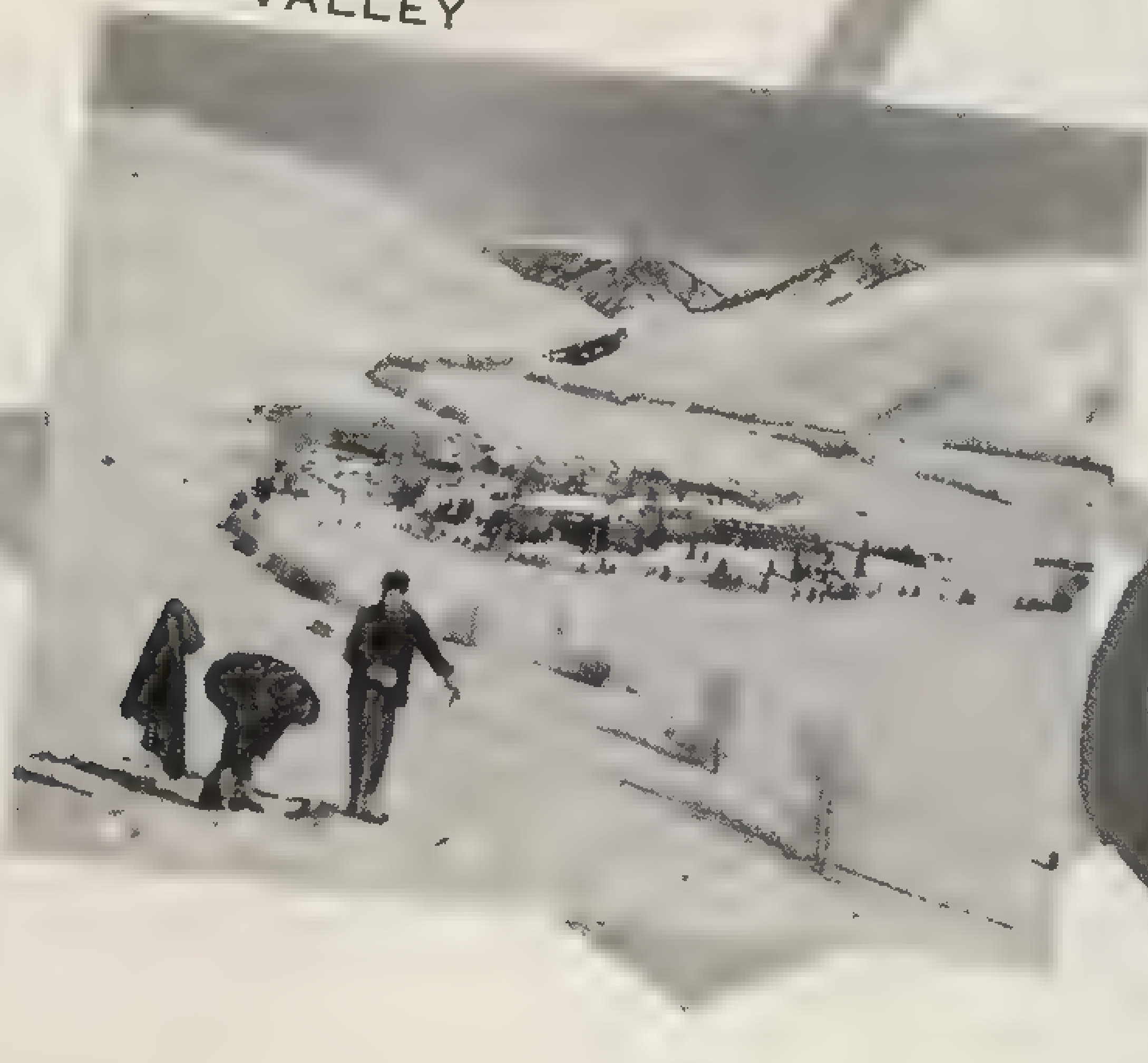

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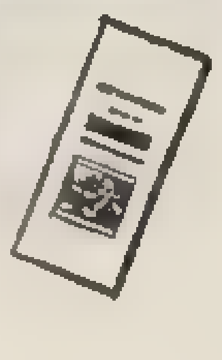

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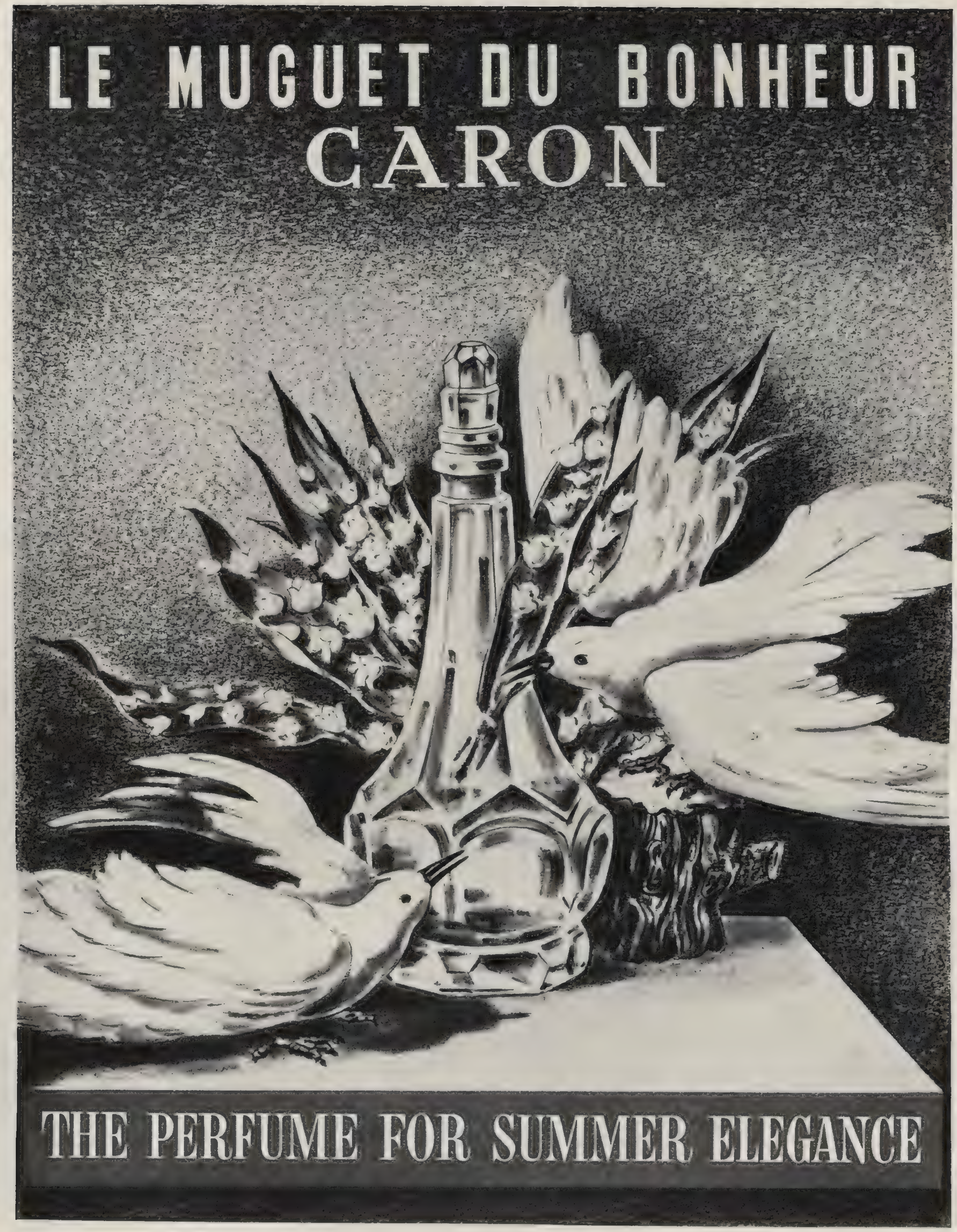
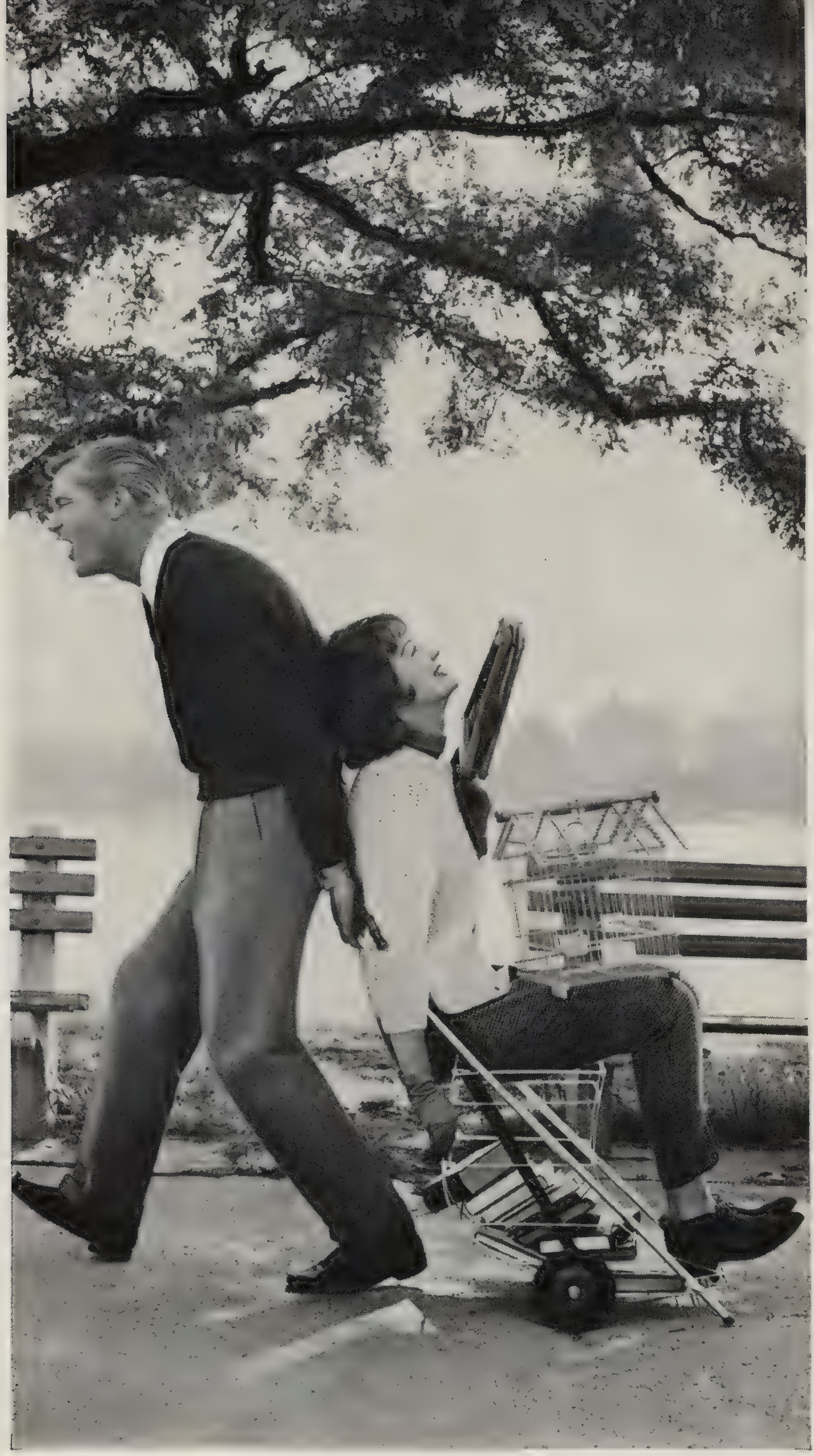

LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
CARON
THE PERFUME FOR SUMMER ELEGANCE

© Caron, 1958

VOGUE
OCTOBER 15, 1958



Vogue's eye view of the American wife

Well, she doesn't always live quite *this* way, but we think the time has come for wives to stop behaving like grievance committees. A friend of ours once confided in us that his wife told him some years ago that woman's lot is hard and he believed her; so on Sundays she goes back to bed with a stack of detective stories. What's more, he thinks she's wonderful. What's more, we think he's wonderful. And while we agree that woman's lot is hard, if not impossible, we think less wife-beefing just might get us into the same little clique as the woman with the detective stories and the woman in the supermarket chariot above.

The clothes involved here: Soft-touch cardigan of hand-knitted blond cashmere, ten-ply, worn with narrow checked pants of brown and beige wool flannel. Hadley sweater. Pants by Evan-Picone, about $14. Both, at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

SCHATZBERG

What's got to go ... what's newer and better

First to go: the unwilling eye. The reluctant ear. Inhibition of the impulse to give praise with an open hand when there's a time for praise. The idea that critics should be stifled. Newer and better: More generous praise. Some refreshing pans and beefs. Mental radar tuned up to the point of receiving new impressions, new ideas for the sheer pleasure of a change.

Fashion point to eliminate: the decision about skirt lengths by "inches from the floor." This never has worked, and it never will. When inches are cited in fashion reporting, they refer, actually, to the measure used for the designer's models; they can only apply to women who are their doubles. Newer and better: the full-length mirror test, a length decision in personal terms depending on legs, bone structure, the over-all proportion of a given look.

Gone: the rigid over-fitted look of anything. It's finished, and while the wrench may have been painful at first, those waist-clutching suit jackets quite honestly do seem passé in the new light of fashion. So do the close, clingy sheath dresses that preceded the chemise. Newer and better: Half a dozen easy shapes of suit; one of the zippiest, the short, widish jacket with a high-waisted, un-tight straight skirt. Taking over for the chemise: the high-waisted dress; the easy-going dress that's belted, but not grappled in.

The word "creative" can go, as far as we're concerned. And the phrase, "basically insecure."

And TV commercials based on the Big Yes. "Yes, Oatsies are oatsier. Yes. Oatsies have wham. Yes. Ask for Oatsies now at your corner yes store."

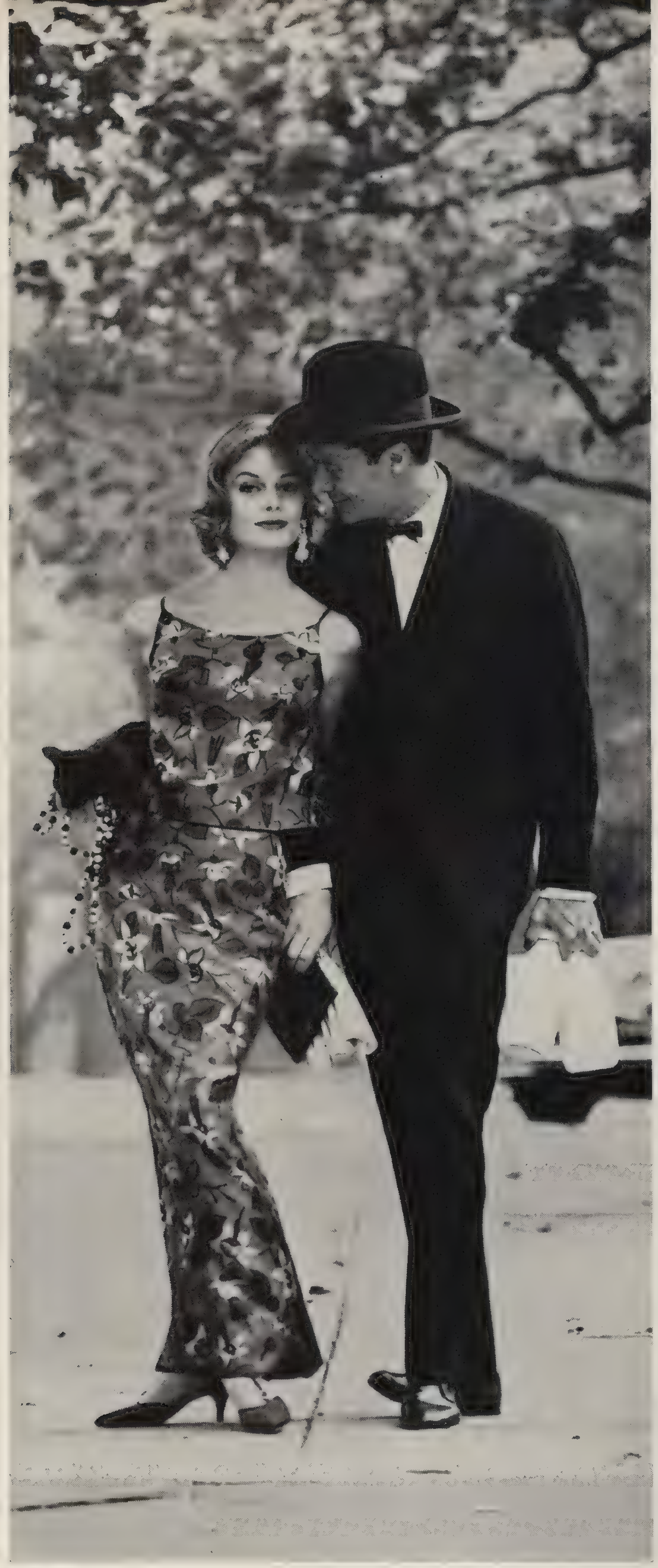
This should be stopped: abuse of the separates idea. Fundamentally, it's an idea we love and respect. Few looks have more charm than the self-assembled suit; the shirt and skirt that only you wear together with the further inspiration of a good belt, some special strands of gilt chain; the pants plus fur sweater plus whatever is you as opposed to non-you. BUT leaning too hard on assorted elements, never buying a head-to-toe look at one swoop can turn boring. Newer and better: just watch it, that's all.

Longer movies on wider screens with everything magnified but the interest factor—they can go. Newer and better: movies about witty, delectable people living it up in clouds of charm and invisible greenbacks; mostly starring Cary Grant and sometimes Kay Kendall.

A crashing bore in our book: pigeonhole ideas about fabrics. Newer and better: surprises. Tweed in the evening; note the woman in tweeds to the left. Crisp linen shirting with a winter suit. Shoes made of felt—pink, orange, and red.

(Continued on page 56)

Newer and better evenings: the offhand talky dinners with that jot of planning that sees the hostess into a long skirt, as left. This one—as successful as it looks—wool tweed sashed with turquoise crêpe. Blouse, dickey-fronted, of turquoise silk cord. A Castlecliff jewel at the belt. Skirt and blouse by Brigance of Sportsmaker. About $85. At De Pinna; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Uncle Sam umbrella.



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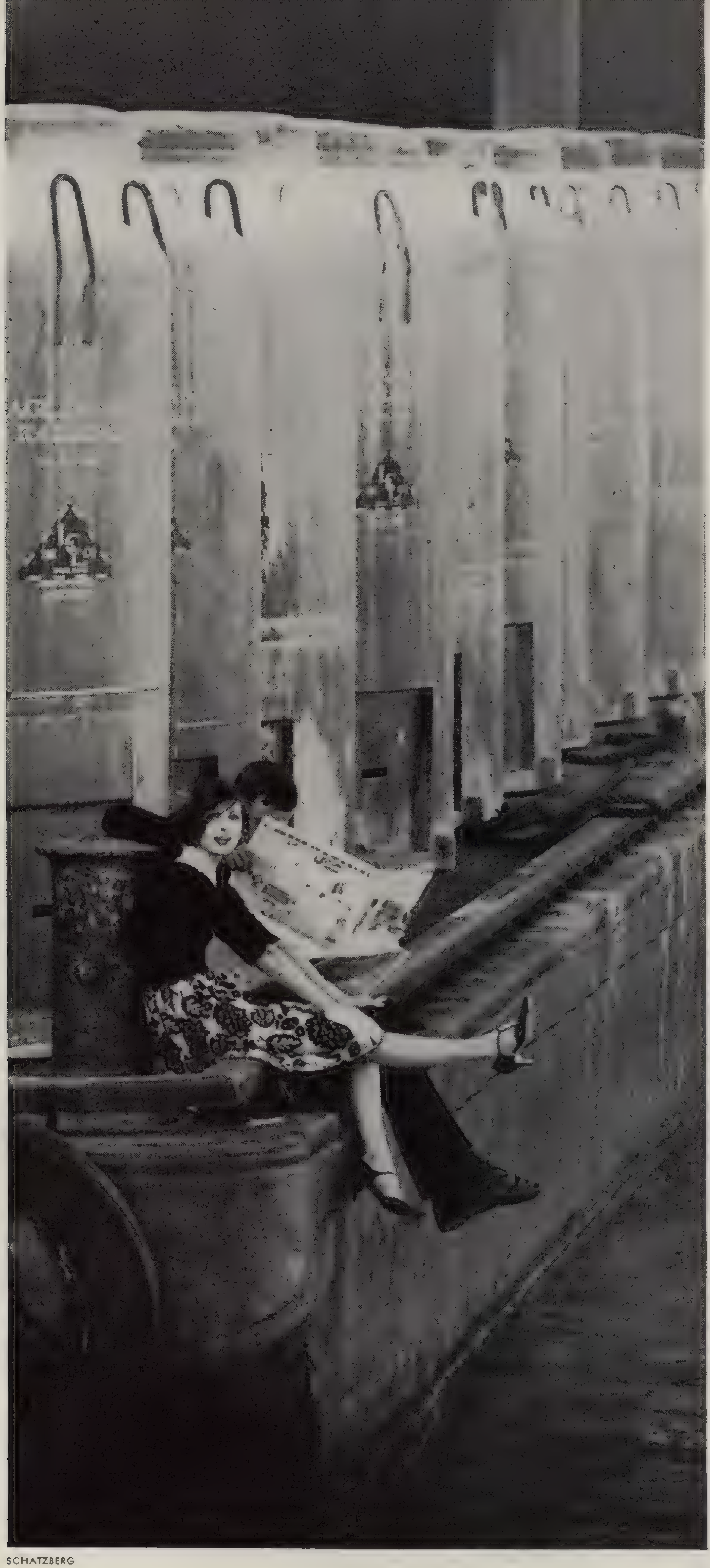
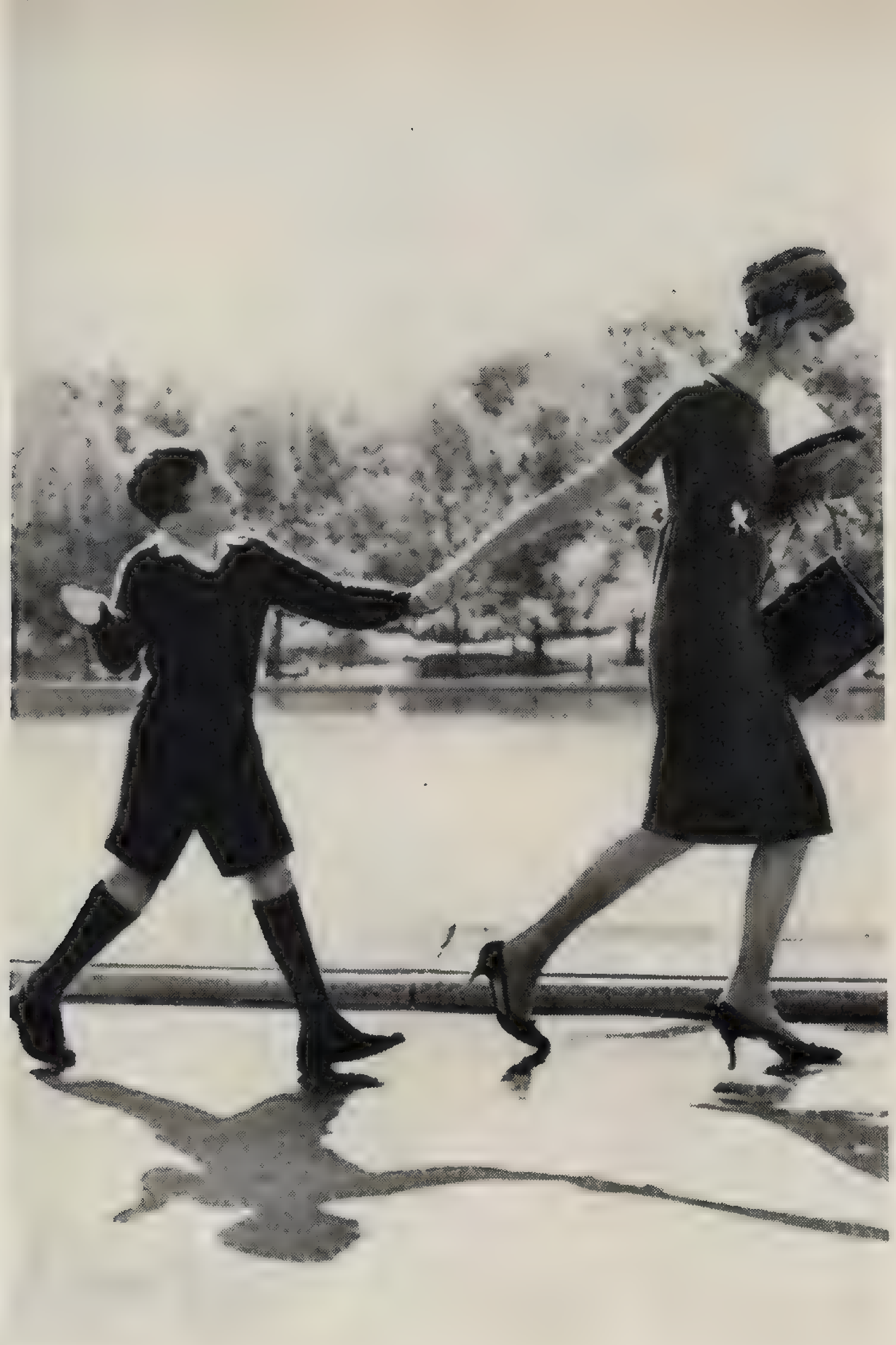
Left: This we're in favour of, definitely—bigger little evenings. More fun for one thing, and not necessarily a major money-production either. Bringing home—among other things—the rave notices here: a camisole top and slipper-length slipper of skirt in Poiret-flowered silk surah, mainly plum-coloured. By Abby Michael, in junior sizes. Top, about $10. Skirt, $15. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop. Shoes by Gamins. *Right:* Long, Empire-belted white sweater over a long woollen skirt, one of the beautiful new ways that little evenings are getting bigger now—but not too big for their boots. Cashmere sweater, by Bernhard Altmann; about $27. Altman's; L. S. Ayres; Bramson's. Shoes by Valentine. *Coiffures,* swaying with Tempo, new "vanishing" hair spray: Helene Curtis.



SCHATZBERG

Right: Vogue's newer and better report on the fashion stamina of separates, continued—white satin camisole, black wool skirt winding up a long evening here at the Fulton Fish Market in New York—6 A.M.-ish. Rayon satin top, about $14; broadcloth skirt, about $23. Both by Mr. Mort. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Glitter—earrings—by Albert Weiss. Shoes by Barefoot Originals. *Left:* Separates—only in the sense that there's a blouse and skirt involved. When they don't add up this way, forget it. When they do—terrific! Little-evening case in point here (photographed little-morning, under the Brooklyn Bridge): black crêpe blouse, curved neck; fullish skirt, satin belt. By Custom Craft. Blouse, about $12; crêpe skirt, about $23. Both of Avisco rayon. At Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. High-strap shoes by Gamins.



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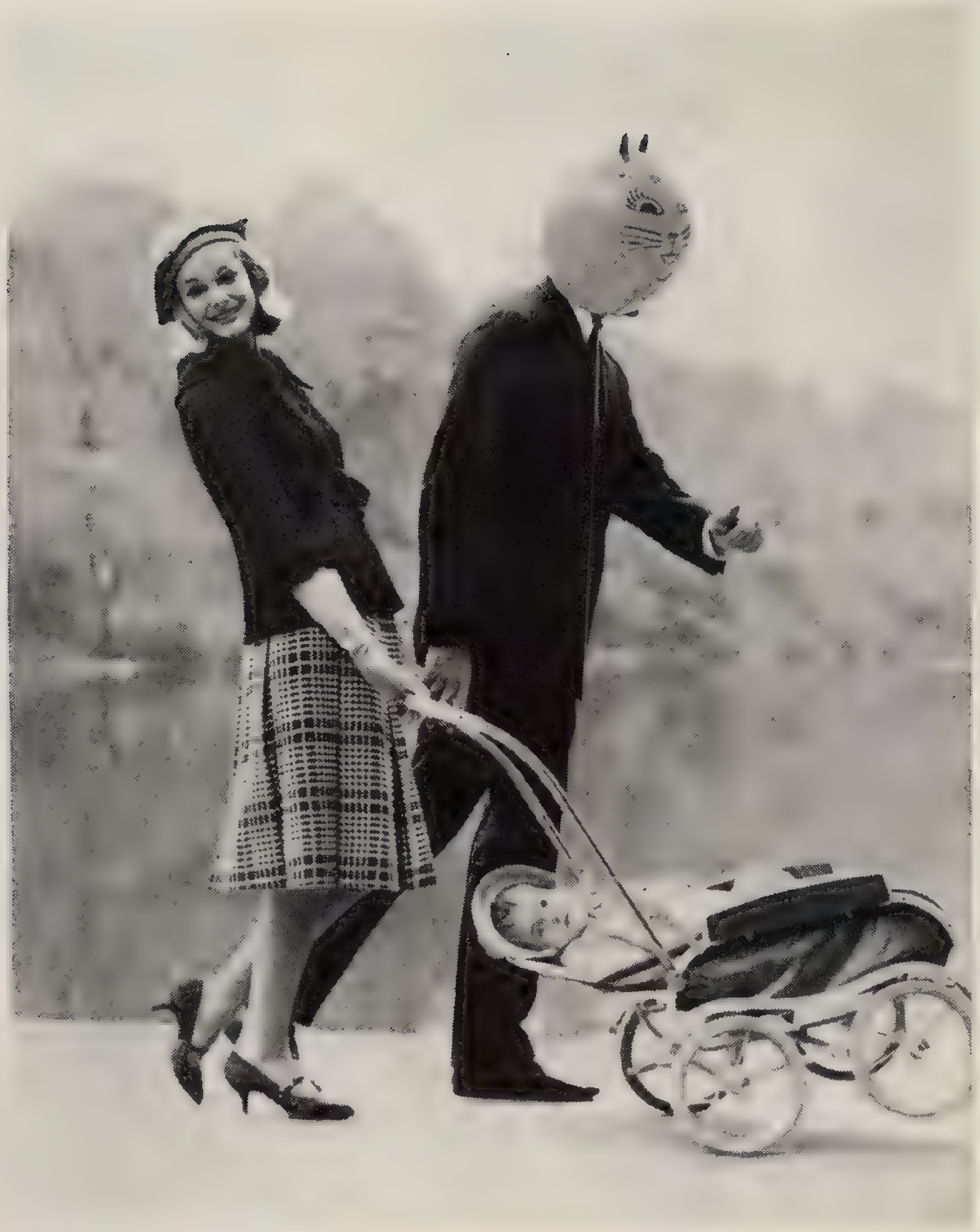
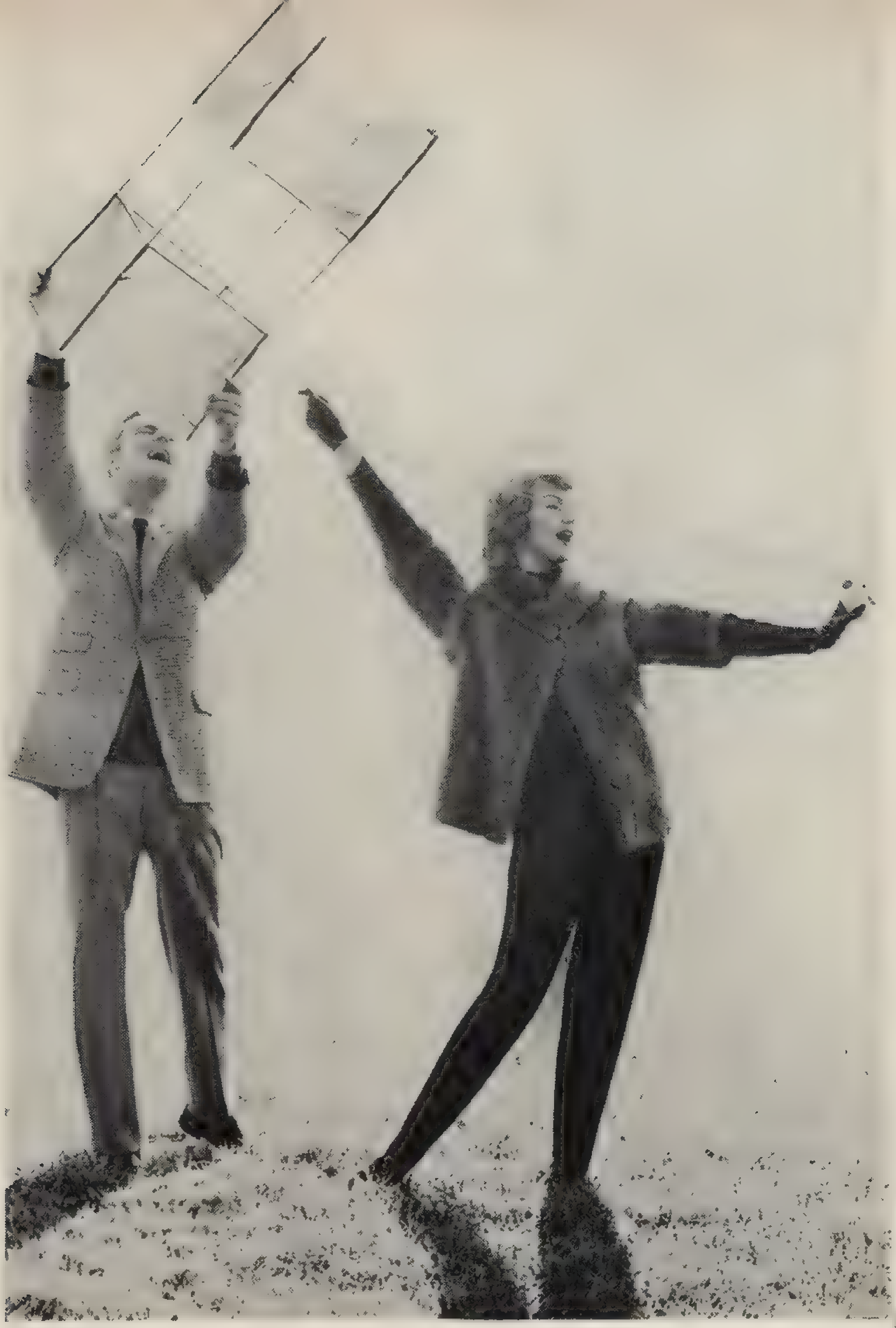


Opposite page: What's newer and better in the don't-dress dress picture—black knitted wool, its shape up to you and a pull-through Empire belt. By Geist & Geist. About $55. Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's; Joseph Magnin. Gloves by Superb. Valentine shoes. *Directly left:* For city-ruralish outings, a black knitted wool jacket with high belting, a black-white-red wool skirt with deep walking (baby-carriage-pushing) pleats. Jacket, entirely hand-knitted, by Constance Montague, $165. Sloat skirt, $35. Bergdorf Goodman. Sally Victor beret. Chandler's shoes. The carriage, in Plaza locale, by Marmet. *Above:* The dress that will invariably retrieve a woman from the jaws of indecision, red knitted wool, the waist wherever you put the belt. By Kimberly, about $55. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's. John Frederics hat.



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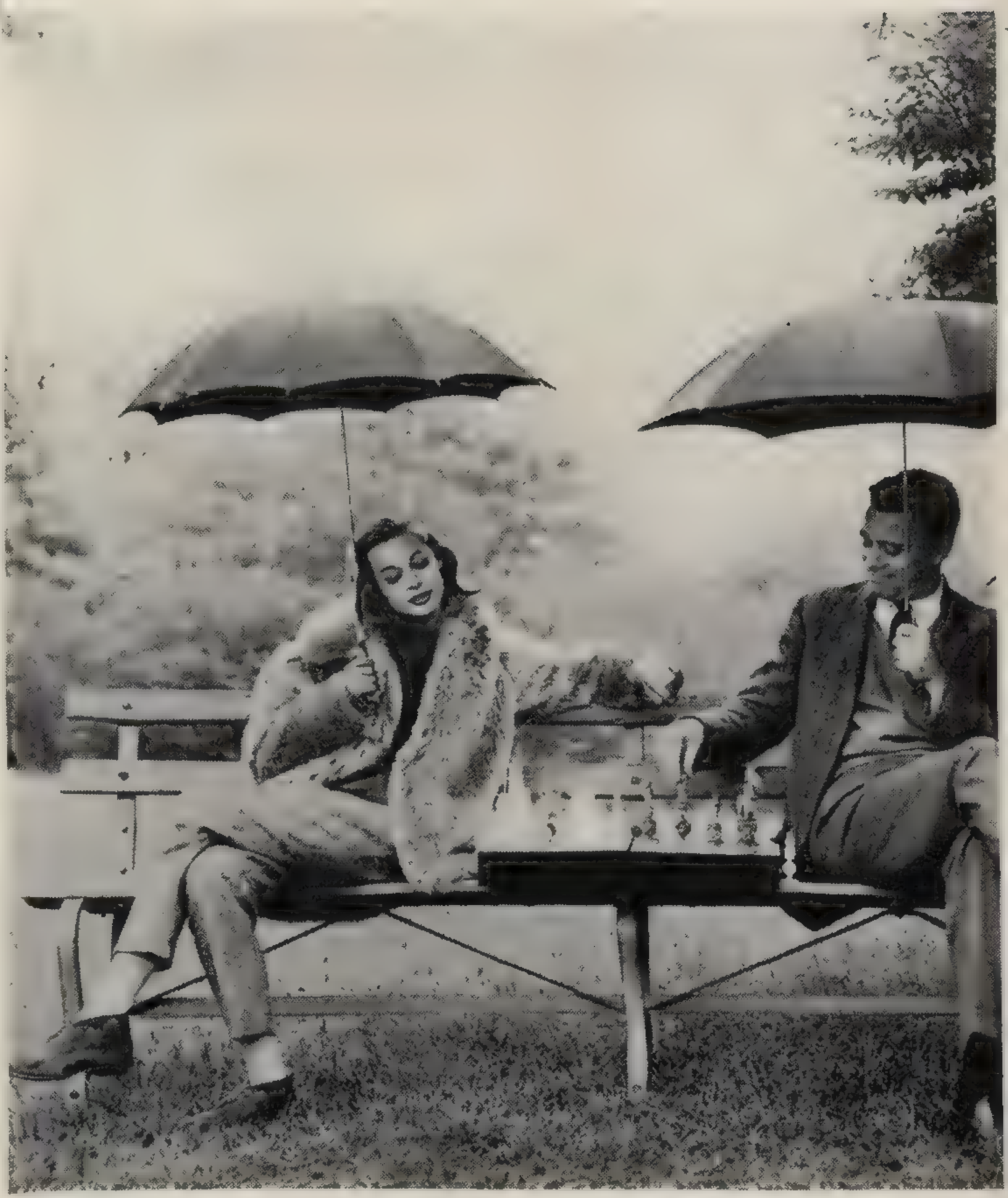
Above: A comer—jacket in a clipped, offbeat fur (here, grey-dyed Norwegian hair seal) just coming into full use, here, at beginning of kite-flying season. By Henry Greenhut. Stretch pants, of black wool and Helanca nylon yarn, by White Stag. $40. These, at Altman's. *Right:* Shortish shaggy fake-fur coat with raccoon-y aspirations. Actually, it's made of Dynel (fabric by Borg), and the rain won't hurt it a bit. $75. Grey wool tweed pants, $13. Pull-over, grey Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey, cobblestones knitted in, $13. All, by White Stag. Lord & Taylor; Best's Apparel. The boots, nicely rugged, by British Brevitt. *Far right:* Raccoon sweater-jacket sitting out a rare spell of inactivity—the cut of this, the smartness, don't owe a sou of inspiration to any year but this. About $110 plus tax. Lord & Taylor; Jenny's; Young-Quinlan.



What's got to go *continued from page 47*

Enuff of cooking snobs: people who marinate things for three days; who never eat a bean without its wine discussed at length with excessive fragility of phrase; who shudder at the sight of an unadorned grilled chop; who pace gravely about their kitchens bruising things with pestles in mortars. New and better: cooking snobs with too much pride to give the spoon by spoon playback of every dish.

Got to go: calendar dressing. The clothes plan that changes to all wool on the first of October, relentlessly, even if the thermometer registers eighty. And the same system that brings out pongee on Memorial Day come what may. Newer and better: no-between clothes, a section of closet devoted to thin-little-something suits, silk dresses, light jerseys that can be worn with charming correctness twelve months of the year and take the spring and fall transitions in their stride. They're among the present joys of fashion, too good to miss.

Got to go: books about adultery in the suburbs; organization men; the traumas of housewifery; infidelity on a high plane; fidelity on a high plane; the no-longer exotic facts of the advertising business; college girls spattering hopes and fears untidily about their walk-up apartments in the village; ditto their walk-up apartments on the upper East Side. Newer and better: more books-to-be-read-not-gobbled-intravenously in the admirable styles of Rose Macauley, Sybille Bedford, Gabriel Fielding, Edith Templeton.

Timidity about colour is on the fashion skids, has been for some time. Newer and better colour thinking: see Vogue's cover; nothing timid about that.

To liquidate now: wishful thinking about clothes bargains. Newer and better: a sane investment policy about fashion, based on the universal and desirable idea of a fair return on the dollar. Wildcat profit is out for both buyer and seller. In fashion, we feel, there are two ways to manage this—have a little-money evening dress if you expect to wear it very very rarely, and put your big money in day looks. Or, if you live by night many nights, have some smashing big-money evening clothes (see pages 73-79). We could go on with this, but it all works the same way: take your choice and pay your money.

Very bad: the idea that women who always manage to look dowdy are superb wives-and-mothers, that their unpainted faces and 1934 hair-dos are really an indication of high moral tone. Newer and more entrancing: the idea that it's wholesome and right for women to try to look attractive.

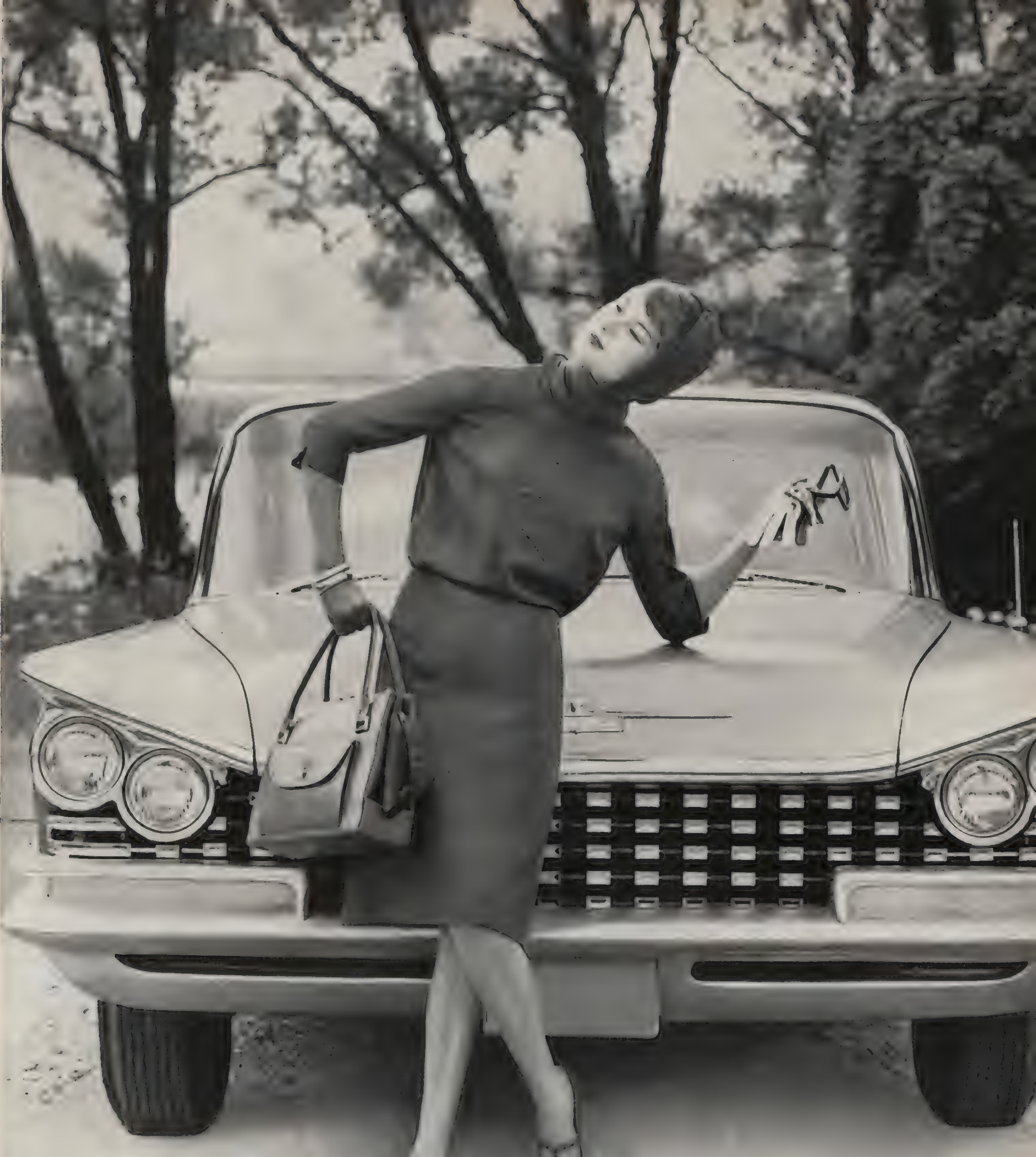
Also bad: the idea that it takes an oppressive four hours a day to look that way. Fashion plates are old-fashioned. Newer: people-type women.

(Continued on page 119)

Good going, 1958: new cars, peach-bloom sweaters

Opposite: Going cross-country here, the 1959 Imperial—its rail grille fronting a new engine with its mind on economical driving. More news, with a backward look: a rear-view mirror wise enough to dim its reflection, electronically, when too-bright lights creep up behind.
On the hood: two sweaters that might substitute for peaches in an electric-shaver commercial—the cardigan, Turkish mohair in peachy pink, with a sailor collar, three pearly buttons, an extravagant shagginess. Inside, a pull-over in Shetland wool that's a peach of a different colour. The pants, tapered brown cotton corduroy.
Cardigan sweater from Italy. Pants by Evan-Picone, of Cone fabric, about $15.
Both at Altman's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Pull-over, $16 at De Pinna.

RAWLINGS



Left: The car-blanket coat—easiest new coat in the country. No buttons, no collar, no lining, no money problems. And all the dash in the world. Car that's also in the quashing-of-problems business: the 1959 Chrysler New Yorker convertible; leather-upholstered front-row swivel seats are the news—and the undisguised blessing—here. The coat, *crisp* plaided red and blue wool. This, and the red wool sweater, by Pendleton. Coat, $35. Sweater, $13. Altman's: Meier & Frank. Car-hood—driver's gear now—Sag-No-Mor red worsted jersey, by Madcaps. Altman's. Helena Rubinstein Crackerjack lipstick.

Above: Bloused red silk dress that operates on the same principle as the coat next door. Namely, a fashion can be non-partisan about the city-country question and not be dull in either place. Here, it's countrified by car-hood, satchel-bag, flat-heeled shoes, and backed by car news that won't dull for years: the "magic mirror" finish which—along with rakish batwing-fins—are standard equipment in the new 4-door Buick Electra sedan. Dress, by Vera Stewart; about $155. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Mark Cross satchel. Amalfi shoes.

RAWLINGS

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

Two ports of entry: new cars and coats

From England, and from the Paris of Lanvin Castillo (the coats from this house made history this collection)—identical ideas on the excellence of jaunty mobility, new roominess.
Left: Two coats with the amount of collar that's news, a smooth controlled way of taking the new coat curves. Left, muted brown wool plaid coat, about $225. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. John Frederics hat. Amalfi shoes. Right, oatmeal wool tweed coat, about $190. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin. Hat from Irene of New York. Chandler's shoes. The car: the Zodiac—a top member of the English Ford family—a two-door convertible that has the marvellous new virtue of being truly people-size.
Above: Black ribbed wool coat, soft dressing for just about any day dress current. About $200. Bonwit Teller; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. John Frederics hat. Palizzio shoes.
The car: the English Vauxhall Victor sedan, a Pontiac import, one of the small but important economies discoverable on highways now.
All the coats, designed by Lanvin Castillo for Jablow, copied in Lesur wools.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Chinese Communist torture strategy to unbalance Western opponents by making the risks seem out of proportion to the possible gains. . . . Babies in clear plastic bassinet drawers which slide between each baby's own small private nursery and the room of the mother at the Kaiser Foundation Hospital in San Francisco. . . . The talents of Bobo Lewis doing her parody of a TV spectacular, with the Suzy Parker languid commercial: "Girls, do you think about men? Do you worry about men? Do you need *more* men? Try money; it's keen, it's green, it's money."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . This description of the characters in a play by Samuel Beckett, who wrote, among other matters, *Waiting for Godot:* "They live as if every moment were their next." . . . *Gustavademecum,* a privately printed dining guide, in its fourteenth edition, compiled by R. B. Sosman, whose chart is confusing to look at, but extremely frank, noting such tangibles as the quality of the diners and of the waiters as well as the "noise level at most active period of the day, measured in decibels."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The scribble on a Greenwich Village wall: "Kerouac go back." . . . *Fastes et Divertissements de Versailles,* recordings of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French music, and especially a Lalande cantata which encloses the pastel charms of the court of Louis XIV, like a bird *sous cloche. . . . Give Me the World,* a travel autobiography by Leila Hadley, a pretty woman who sees well, and writes prose as intricate, detailed, and sometimes as boring as the designs on a Turkish rug.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,* a sprawl of a movie that ducks not too adroitly the point of Tennessee Williams' play, but manages to pull itself together in the big father-son scene with Burl Ives and Paul Newman. . . . The clear-headed and fascinating Agnes de Mille, who has continued her autobiography and her steely comments in the new book, *And Promenade Home,* in which she tells directly, without patting her psyche too much, just what she's like, how she married her handsome husband, and how ghastly but poignant are her memories of following him to camp during the war; and finally her superb sections on creating dances for Broadway—creations which sometimes got the rubber hose third degree from flattering but adamant managements.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, a thin, shrewd, attractive man, didn't look enough like a Duke for the panelists on the TV program, "To Tell the Truth," to pick him out in a group of three, two of them pretenders. Now he is here to lecture, acting the barker to pull tourists into Woburn Abbey, his great ninety-room house, built in 1626 on the site of a Cistercian monastery. Financial note: When John Robert Russell, who had been living in South Africa, inherited the house and three thousand acres, the inheritance taxes were about $14,000,000. Since the estate needs about $123,000 a year to run, the Duke keeps it open to the public at thirty-five cents a head, plus luncheons and teas. It works. To entice visitors, the Duke has a zoo of two thousand animals, and, in the stables, restaurants and snack bars. Paddle boats float on some of the fourteen lakes and his father's golden carp are there for children to feed. Among Woburn's extraordinary treasures are the Sèvres dinner service given by King Louis XV to the wife of the fourth Duke; etchings by Queen Victoria who presented them to her friend, the Duchess of Bedford; a portrait of Lord John Russell, one of Victoria's prime ministers, who remembered that as a child he used to sit at political meetings in the Long Gallery tickling with a feather the legs of Whig statesmen if they snored too loudly; and the portrait of Queen Elizabeth I, showing in the background the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

To merchandise this magnificence, the Duke sometimes wears the ermine robe he slung on for the photograph opposite; has agreed to lecture in this country (among other cities, Dallas, Chicago, and St. Louis) and has sparred on the Jack Paar show. There he was out to make an indelible effect, partly with the innocent insolence of Dorothy Sayers' amateur detective, Lord Peter Wimsey, and partly with a schoolboy's love of shock, for he spoke of various bathroom matters that are usually only mentioned in commercials. He is refreshingly lively, often witty, occasionally rents his grounds to nudist camps because he needs the money. To the late night audience he said that he has five children, a son for Harvard, and a wife whom he thinks is beautiful. It was all extremely ducal.

The Yellow Horse

A story by Kate Thompson

The beautiful yellow pony had not been ridden for six weeks. When news came from the house that King Klaus, as the owner was called, had slipped on a strip of wet matting and broken a leg, the horse was put out in one of the paddocks to rest and fatten and lament. Pale, creamy yellow smudged with the dark of honey, foamed over by his whitening mane, he stood in a drift of daisies, watchful, not understanding yet that absence is not always death.

One morning the horse jumped a fence and came to the house, to one of the windows, looking for Klaus. A maid, in her red dress, dusting the room, saw his face suddenly in the window and nearly fell apart with fright. Bold, safe, she walked to him, clapping her hands, and blew into his nostrils. Kappa, the horse, snorted back at her.

"Shoo!" she said, but he would not move. He just stood there, his beautiful agate-dark eyes demanding. The maid walked to another window, leaned out, and with the belling shout of the African coloured people that will carry right over a hill, she called, "Kobus! Ko—bus!"

Kobus came up from the dairy and took the beautiful horse away. Kobus was ten years old then, all patches and hungers and big, intensely living pigeon-grey eyes that had seen mysteries and imagined strange things. In the passionate loneliness of an only child, he had not much else to live with but his imagination. Too many dreams and not enough food. He had not yet been to the English school over the mountain. He hardly knew who he was. He seldom talked. His day was working, eating, sleeping, and the yellow horse.

Now he put his hand on Kappa's neck and turned him away from the window, and with his hand frisked him along back to his field of daisies.

King Klaus was pretty restless. The great white house with its rambling passages and big rooms seemed to rumble with noises all day long. He had never been a man to lie down and take things easily, but the leg was very bad. The district nurse who tended his people in the Wolwehoek Valley moved into the house to look after him. Certain customs changed. The spate of visitors was halted temporarily. For the evening prayer, always read by Klaus himself, the servants had to come and stand in the doorway of his bedroom. One prayer was spoken by Klaus, one hymn was sung by the servants, accompanied by a squash-box and a guitar. The house, that usually sent its lights shining along the valley till midnight or past, went early to bed now. And Kobus tended the horse.

Klaus had called him Kappa in the beginning, that letter of the Greek alphabet with which horses said to be sired by Pegasus himself were branded in ancient times. This horse had something of Pegasus in him and a strange beauty. Both Klaus and Kobus dreamed about him constantly. Klaus's dream was always that horse thieves had come into the paddocks and galloped all his horses away, stopping only for a moment in the tall wheat to send a single ringing rifle-shot up into the air. Kobus' dream was always that Kappa had wings and was flying, and that he was on Kappa's back.

There was someone else who dreamed about this horse. He was Klaus's oldest friend, the famed concert pianist, Hamel. Like Klaus, he owned a remote estate in Africa where he came every year to rub noses, as he said, with reality. Hamel also had a dream, to possess this horse. Not to ride him. Hamel was too old, but to own him and be able to stand in the sun on a spring morning and just look at him. Hamel was in New York at the moment and flying here soon, to see Klaus and the horse.

A dream can be a great temptation. You may put it aside every time you wake, but when it returns persistently in sleep, it grows in power. The sweet moment of re-entering a familiar dream is enough temptation. Kobus knew quite well that one day—or one night—when no one was looking, he would be compelled in reality to act his dream. He had imagined it so often that when, quite suddenly, on a night of intense white moonlight, he found himself walking over grass that was white and wet with moonlight and dew, he was not surprised. He moved the hasp of a gate soundlessly. He placed his hand on the perfect arch of the horse's neck and gentled him in absolute silence, out of his paddock along the road, through trees and shadows, out onto open grass. The horse's shadow moved beside them on the moon-rimed grass. (Moon-rimed means "frosted with moonlight.")

The night was very warm, very still. All the air was moonlight. The boy waited until complete silence enclosed them before he mounted the horse. He always believed that Kappa had some trick of air or attraction which helped him to mount easily, like a bird lifting off a bough. And now Kobus was in his dream, moving with beautiful vigour along the white farm road that, two miles from the house, climbed out of the valley towards the stars.

King Klaus's valley was ringed by high mountains. His private road mounted through them up to the Pass. Klaus's road, all hewn and stone-packed by hand, was edged with wild protea and pink watsonia, heather, heath, little forests of pine and hardwood through which Kobus and Kappa were climbing now.

It was incredible impertinence to take Klaus's horse up this steep Pass. Kobus knew it. But the Pass was part of the dream. His own father had been killed there in the dark, driving the farm truck home too late one night, a few days before Kobus was born. In the dream it was necessary to reach the top of the Pass and then take off on the winged horse into space.

The boy did not talk to the horse. There had never been words between them. Laughter sometimes, on both sides, horse and boy. Little whickerings of impatience sometimes, or a soft, throbbing sigh. When, almost spent, they came to the gully at the top of the Pass, where the big wind out of Africa whistles through to the sea, they stopped in silent relief. The wind was not really strong tonight. It lifted the long, silky, whitening strands of Kappa's mane and ruffled the ridge of the boy's hair, that was all. But it blew cold and they were both tired. Somehow the effort of climbing so high had exhausted the dream. Its power was gone. There would be no flying, no stepping off the edge. Only a few moments' slow breathing, then Kappa wheeled, like a woman, almost a turn of skirts, almost a sigh, "Is that all we came for?" and started down the long hill.

When they reached the paddock, the boy fetched brushes and groomed the horse in silence, leaning against a fence. The soft scrug-scrug of the brushes vibrated under his hands. He hissed a tune through his teeth as he worked. Every now and then Kappa made a soft sawing motion with his head and swayed as if he too were singing to himself. The music of the wind was still with them. Kobus turned the horse away for the night with a soft slap and said, "Good night!"

Kobus slept in a lean-to back room in the cottage behind the dairy. His widowed mother slept in the front and she was not always alone. He was not interested in any reasons why. He got into bed with a plunging movement like a diver heading down through soft-flowing water, and was asleep before the water closed over his head.

Hamel had looked forward to his visit. Old King Klaus personified for him all the glamour and antique sophistication of Africa. African servants in patched pants about the house, Titian paintings on the walls. Bach after dinner every night, great hunting dogs underfoot, one of Michelangelo's drawing of the Hand of God for the Sistine Chapel hanging opposite the piano where he could see it while he played. And the yellow horse, like a phantom living on moonlight, standing out there still as a dream.

Klaus looked forward to Hamel. Already he had had the grand piano brought into the doorway of the room adjoining his and, knowing Hamel's preferences as Hamel knew his, he brought the Michelangelo drawing in too.

On the morning of Hamel's arrival, Kobus had time off to go to town for his mother. He took a big paper carrier bag for the groceries he had to buy and went in with the farm truck and some pigs. The truck would pick him up again on the road out of town after lunch.

So Hamel arrived in Kobus' absence, not that that mattered. The boy and the strange, visiting famous man had no point of contact except their obsession with the yellow horse. As soon as Hamel had finished greeting Klaus, he went out and stood in the crisp spring sunlight and there he saw a strange spectacle. Four calves and a hunting dog, led by Kappa, were dancing in a ring on the grassy paddock floor.

Hamel was astounded. City men do not believe such things. You hear of them, yes, in folk tales. Spring gets into the beasts' blood, you are told, and this slow, circular, rhythmic prancing is not a dance at all but a striving to get at the rotating centre of earth, the root of the world. The dog definitely danced, kicking up a lean leg. The calves gambolled and pranced. But Kappa's slow, antique movements were more than mere dance. They were ceremony itself, ritual, perfectly motivated form. Surely this was the most beautiful thing Hamel had seen in all the world. He went inside feeling humble and surprised.

Just at that moment Kobus, sitting at the roadside with his carrier bag of groceries, felt the sun dip behind the top of a mountain and realized that the farm truck had forgotten to pick him up. Sunset in the town was soon after three o'clock. The mountains were so high, so close. He watched shadow begin to move out from the forests and stood up, hefting his bag onto his shoulder. With a little effort, with a little imagining he was riding the yellow horse again, he could walk home by dark.

But he had forgotten the wind. It had been blowing all the afternoon. Even at Wolwehoek Hamel, always sensitive to sound, had noticed it gathering strength after he went indoors. He could hear it breathing as it grew stronger, huffing at the great teak doors. He caught a glimpse of Kappa standing in his paddock, his mane flowing.

"Get my horse inside," Klaus said from his bed.

Hamel went back to the window but the horse was gone. Kappa had taken his own way and jumped the fence. He was disturbed by the wind. There was a queer urge in him to go up and up and up to a high place where the wind would really be blowing.

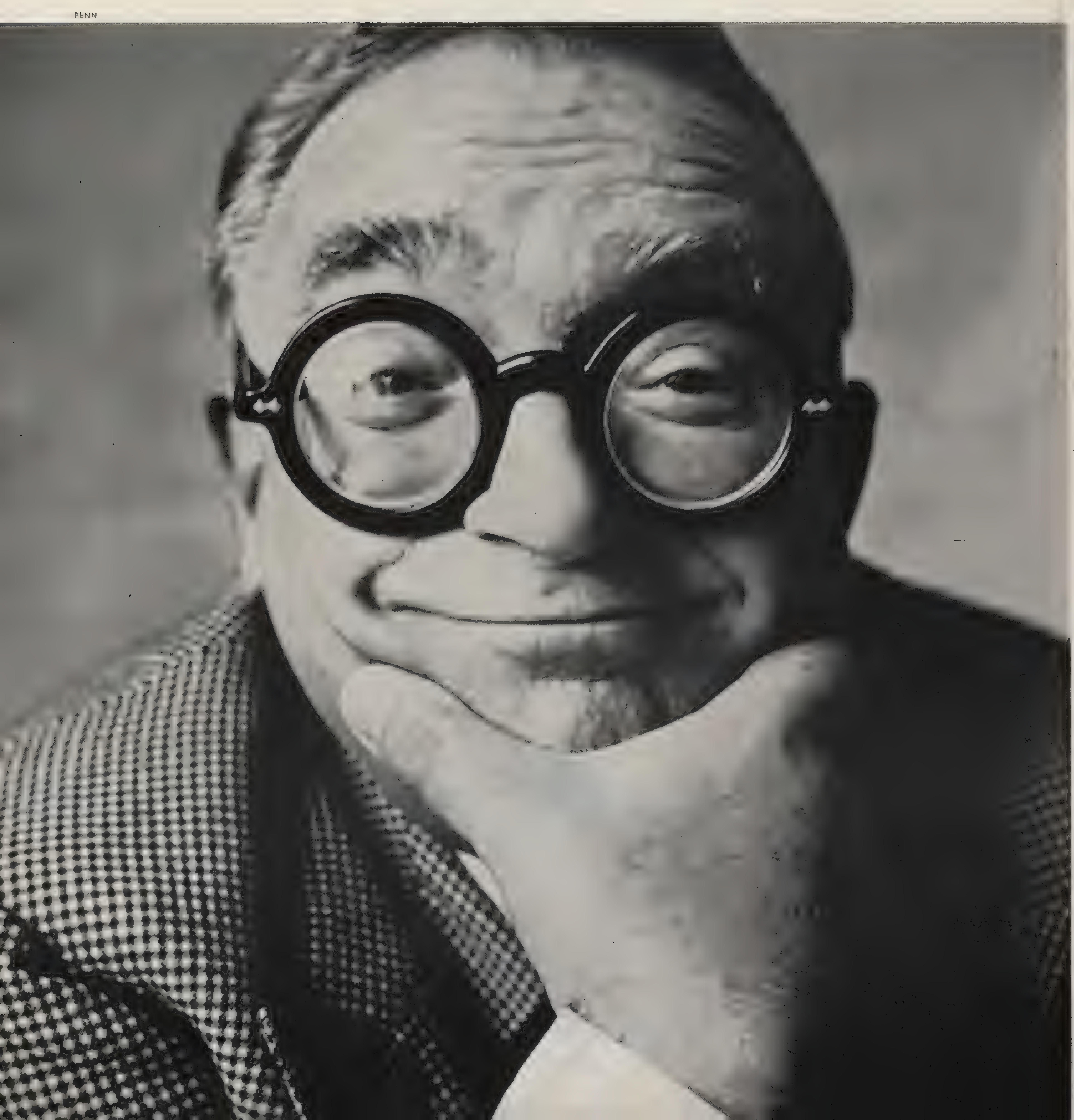
Up on the Pass the wind was already freakish. All the town side of the mountain was in shadow now, deep green-purple shadow of forest and heath and overhanging, glistening rock that was never dry. And it was cold. The wind came down the road to meet Kobus, humming past his ears, drumming at the paper edges of his carrier bag. He got the bag onto his hip, anchoring it under his arm. He walked close against the rock face. On the other side of the road was a precipice.

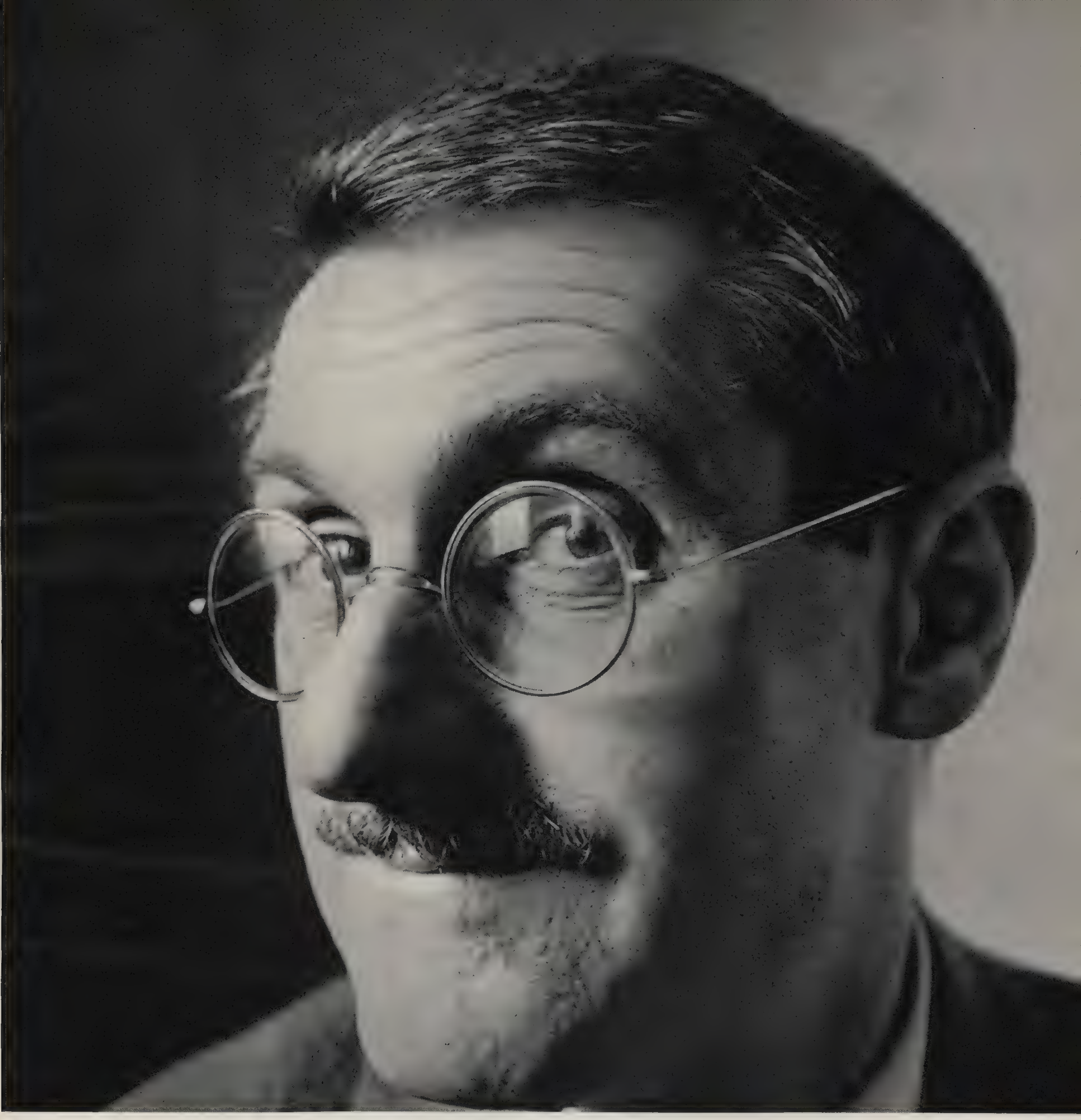
It took him two hours to climb the Pass, and at every bend in the snaking road the power of the wind increased. There was one place he knew about, high up near the top, that was called the Devil's Windpipe, where the wind came through screeching like a fiend. A covered Government truck had its hood taken off there one wild night. Working his way up slowly, Kobus knew he was coming to this place. Then he knew he had reached it. A wild screech of the wind tore the carrier bag out of his hands. The bag tipped over, pounding its tins and packets into the road, then it filled with air and went sailing over the precipice, flighting like a parachute. For a few moments the fallen packets held their ground then, perceptibly, like creeping things, as if they were alive, tins and packets began to move across the road towards the edge. The boy made a grab at them, but the wind tossed him down at once onto the Tarmac. Like the tins and packets, he felt himself being moved gradually, secretly, towards the fearful edge.

The wind took half an hour to blow Kobus to the danger side of the road. He gave only an inch at a time, until the emptiness of space came close to him. All along the road edge were white guardstones like dragons' teeth, sunk deep in. Kobus saw a stone very close *(Continued on page 115)*

Marcel Achard, who has rolled out over thirty puff-paste comedies, will have one of his delicacies, *Patate*, both in Paris and in New York this month. (Incidentally, *patate* means potato except in argot where it means a true schmo.) A round-faced man, Achard dresses with care, wears fame as lightly as he wears his pair of Harold Lloyd eyeglasses. With his wife, Juliette, a droll and handsome woman, he lives in a buzz of friends, disappearing to write, which he does as easily as he talks. Into his comedies, he measures a splash of sorrow but not enough to make the mixture bitter. In *Patate*, for example, the potential tragic enmity of a ne'er-do-well for his rich friend is diluted with wit and turned into a rare French lark.

PENN





Jean Anouilh has been called the Greta Garbo of the theatre, so detached is his social self from the brilliant, sharp-eyed playwright of *The Waltz of the Toreadors* and of *Antigone.* After a somewhat halting interview with Anouilh, a writer apologized: "If all this seems a bit incoherent to you, it is because he is incoherent." A quiet man of about fifty, with a narrow Joycean face, Anouilh divides his plays into *les Pièces Roses et les Pièces Noires.* All but the rosiest, however, are washed with black: the romantic young hero of *Time Remembered* is, after all, in love most of the time with an illusion. Bitter, biting, and elegant, Anouilh's plays can make an audience laugh and cringe simultaneously. Two of his plays, *Ornifle* and *Pauvre Bitos,* drove his audiences only to more applause, but his critics to say that his sourness is outrageous. At the top of the French theatre pyramid, Anouilh is so draped with laurel that someone complained that the playwright is treated as if he were "dead or an Academician." Sometime this season, New York may see one of his black pieces, *Dinner with the Family.*

TONI FRISSELL

LADIES IN THE FIELD

MISS CHARLOTTE HAXALL NOLAND (above) is the handsome, high-minded, and highhanded founder of Foxcroft, the famous boarding-school for girls near Middleburg, Virginia. Last June, Columbia University awarded her the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters—a singular honour, especially as it is the only academic degree she has ever possessed; in the huntin' country of her Virginia girlhood, higher education for women was about as highly esteemed as Ulysses S. Grant. For sixteen years she served, dashingly, as Joint Master of the Middleburg Hunt. Now retired as headmistress of Foxcroft, she is known as its Founder and President. She is almost never known as Miss Noland, being, to two generations of passionately loyal Foxcroft girls and their families, "Miss Charlotte."

MRS. HOWARD LINN (facing page), of Lake Bluff, Illinois, has been a well-known member of hunting fields in Virginia, Ireland, and England for the last thirty seasons —and always, according to an observer, "right up in the front." Although she has announced her intention of giving up hunting this year, she will be remembered in Virginia for such stylish performances as her winning of the Piedmont Hunt Ladies' Race on her big bay English gelding, Verquin. Mrs. Linn, who is always beautifully turned out, wears in this photograph a dark-blue sidesaddle habit with a canary-yellow waistcoat; in her buttonhole, a carnation.

ELLIOTT ERWITT

LADIES IN THE FIELD

In Virginia, Mrs. Howell E. Jackson riding with the Orange County Hunt.

Mrs. Philip Connors and her son, Philip, at Middleburg, Virginia.

Mrs. George A. Garrett, wife of the former U.S. Ambassador to Ireland.

Mrs. Edgar Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Scott, junior, with the Cheshire Hunt, Unionville, Pennsylvania.

Autumn morning near Lexington, Kentucky: the field moving off

Mrs. Newell Ward, junior, at the Middleburg Hunt's opening meet

Mrs. Robert C. Winmill
clearing a stone wall in Virginia.

With the Orange County: Mrs. Cyrus E. Manierre, Mr. George L. Ohrstrom

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MARSHALL HAWKINS;
FREUDY

Evenings—the new lightworks

The principle of the new lighting: chandelier lighting (*not* turn-on-every-watt-in-the-house), a grand island of light that might rise as here from empressy rhinestones worn grand-jewel style. Or from any of the illuminating evening coats and dresses on the next seven pages, all very light-up-the-sky. *Rhinestone dog collar,* left, to wear high, close, throatily. By Trifari, $100*. Altman's. *Beaded rhinestone bracelet,* directly below, strung with quivering emerald-coloured stones, the sound of jewellery when the arm moves. By Kramer, $25*. At Saks Fifth Avenue. *Rhinestone ear buttons,* right, with immense, isolated yellow rhinestone bobs. From Hattie Carnegie, $5*. Bonwit Teller.

Trapèze
DE
CORDAY
PARIS

Lightworks in perfume. Far left, a radiant, alive perfume—young in time (it's new, from France, by Corday), with light years of memory-impressions trapped in the crystal. The name of all this —Trapèze. At Bonwit Teller. *Star dress,* right, one of a galaxy of satiny night-brilliant dresses blazing flowers and cool poise. In pink silk-and-acetate ottoman, pink to red roses warp-printed. By Rosalie Macrini. About $275. At Rosette Pennington; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus. Shoes by Delman. Schreiner glittery collar. Queen-of-the-mountain site: a New York roof top.

*PLUS TAX

GRIGSBY

WILLIAM KLEIN

Day coat, eveningized: for a nimbus coat, a pink with timbre; for a special dress, a new kind of lightworks. In Ascher Ltd. mohair-wool-and-nylon, about $255. Silk chiffon and satin dress, a soft panel of panels, about $200. Both, by Rudolf. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin.

Opera pump—sandalized. Right, unmistakably, one of the *great* shoe shapes, here in rouge silk satin; leather versions should be sandalizing tweeds any daytime now. About $40. I. Miller. Seamless stockings in rosy Grenadine, by Van Raalte. Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Hudson's.

WILLIAM KLEIN

Moiré opera coat, left: vellumy silvered blue faille cutting out over a tiered taffeta dress and the Paris Opéra steps. Coat of Du Pont acetate, nylon, and metallic yarn. Both, from Lanvin Castillo, in America, at I. Magnin. Circulating: Lanvin's Arpège.

Ball dress, virtuoso sash, gold silk satin—Broadway-lit. By Samuel Winston; William Rose silk, about $275. Schreiner jewellery. Both, Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus. Fuchs gloves.

WILLIAM KLEIN

The long view for evening

Winding up the evening, here, at a night club—three dresses that could have begun it at a private dinner party or dance, or at one of the new season's great benefit parties. *Left:* A full-length flowering of pink and pale green on gilt-threaded Italian silk brocade, the bodice strapless, draped high under the bust. Wide pale-green satin stole. By Helga. At De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Andrew Geller strapped shoes. *Centre:* Here, the underplayed *femme fatale* dress—probably the most *fatale* kind of all. Brown crêpe, deeply slit at the sides, with a small fishtail train. By Howard Greer, in crêpe of Avisco rayon. Jay Thorpe; Frederick & Nelson. Evins closed "open" shoes. *Right:* Full-evening dress with a high Renaissance magnificence; high-waisted, sleeved, sweepingly full at the back. Silk brocade, woven with metallic threads, flowered in green, red, gold, pink, yellow. By Gustave Tassell. Bonwit Teller; Frederick & Nelson. Slippers by Andrew Geller.

SCHATZBERG

The don't dress dress

Nine evenings out of ten, this is how to read between the lines of a don't-dress invitation: *do*—but not to the nines. Given that situation, any of the five dresses here would be as comforting to own as second sight.

This page: How not to be shattered when the rest of the room is practically papered in tweed (or, for that matter, when the party turns out to be more or less spinning in chiffon). Bright dark green jersey with a wide, rather low neckline, high cummerbund, short gathered skirt. By Sportwhirl, in worsted jersey; about $25. Wig of greenery (as it happened, this evening was definitely non-tweed), by Mr. John. Also in the come-what-may-you'll-look-terrific category: grey-green eye shadow, a new strength of pink lipstick called The Missing Pink. Both—*en* swatch here—by DuBarry. The dress and make-up at Altman's; L. S. Ayres; Meier & Frank.

Facing page: Thin black wool, slightly bare, very simple—the all-time feminine equivalent of the man in the dark blue suit. Dress, by Rembrandt; about $45. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. The coronet of glitter, by Emme.

More don't-dress dressing

This page, left: A dress that amounts to peace-of-mind as far as what's-ahead-for-the-evening evenings go. Black crêpe, quite bare, with little cross-currents of drapery at the bodice and hem. This, of Celanese acetate and rayon crêpe; about $90. Emme wig—a shimmer of black paillettes. *Right:* Red silk satin, lightly bloused, a touch of drapery at the hemline—and that's all. Except: the sure-fire excitement that's a natural where red is concerned. About $110. Red continued: a deep satin cloche, by Emme. Both dresses, this page: Ceil Chapman. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. *Facing page:* How to call nearly all the shots in non-black-tie situations—especially concert-theatre evenings. Dress and jacket in green and purply-blue brocade. By David Levine, of Couleur silk; the dress, narrow, small-sleeved; jacket, squarish, paved with velvet. Costume, about $160. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Frost Bros.

What I love about Britain

By Lord Kinross

London

I love this capital because it is really no more than a meandering, leaf-ridden agglomeration of villages. Each of them—whether it be Chelsea or Kensington, Campden Hill or St. John's Wood—has its own special character and fancies itself to be greatly superior to the others. Superior to all is the "village" where I live, "Little Venice." It is London's only canal area, an oasis of water and gardens and trees two minutes from the goods yards and the slums around Paddington Station.

I love its elegant, stuccoed Regency-style houses, particularly my own which looks out onto a "lagoon"—the Regent's Canal basin. Here, contemptuous of the hooting and the steaming of trains, sea gulls hover and wild ducks wheel, and a pair of swans nests with dignity amid the daffodils and tulips in the seclusion of a tight little island. Plodding along the towpaths, primaeval cart horses tow the barges into the wharfs of the inland port of Paddington, or away up through a network of canals into the heart of the English industrial Midlands; and in the summer a boatman, plying under the name of Jason, takes visitors on an Argosy through the tunnel and past the warehouses into Regent's Park and back.

Byron first called it Little Venice, and used to point out to John Murray a spot where another publisher had drowned himself in despair. Turner painted it, Verlaine wrote a poem about it, Compton Mackenzie put it into *Sinister Street,* and Browning lived in it, in a house, now all bed-sitting rooms, with a plaque bearing his name on the wall.

I love the intimate sort of village life we live in it today. Affecting T-shirts and corduroys, we stroll through the village streets; buy plants for our gardens from the nurseries in Clifton Villas and cut flowers from a barrow outside the church; lay in stores for the weekend at the German delicatessen shop, the other customers making a babel of strange, guttural tongues, for this is a neighbourhood alive with a cosmopolitan concourse of students.

Of writers and artists, too. Passing a gate with "Beware of the Doge" inscribed whimsically upon it, we take a discreet peep at Christopher Fry at work on a new play by his garden window; listen to the strains of a new opera pouring forth from that of the composer, Lennox Berkeley; drop in for a drink with David Tindle, the painter of Little as Canaletto was of Great Venice, in the studio with the great bay window hanging out over the lagoon.

I love Paddington Green—the village green—nearby, with its Grecian church and its statue of Mrs. Siddons seated in a chair, with a fierce classical scowl, and the Siddons Galleries, called after her, opposite. Here an old and eminent Victorian sells pictures of the pre-Raphaelite era, only to those whom he likes the look of, and who speak without a trace of a smile of Alma-Tadema, in the firm conviction that nothing of the remotest importance has been put on canvas since.

I love the harsh honky-tonk vulgarity of the Edgware Road, beyond, with its Metropolitan Music Hall still featuring pre-Stanley Holloway stuff, and its Irish pubs selling a cider more intoxicating than beer, and its crowds crawling along the pavements like droves of snails on Saturday afternoons. On these Saturdays I love to look for junk in—

The markets of London

Not just the Caledonian, so vast and now so familiar to the rest of the world, but the smaller markets, like the one in Church Street, Edgware Road, where the stalls along the sidewalks sell not only antiques but anything from live eels to latchkeys, and where "teddy boy" delinquents jostle artists and workers and ladies from Mayfair, "slumming" in skintight ballet pants.

Larger and as lively is the Portobello Road, where I love to go early on a Saturday morning: first to the "wrong end," where the lowest-class junk is laid out, maybe on bedsteads or in prams or in handcarts. I love to search here among old boots and leaking saucepans and the spare parts of old bicycles for the occasional treasure—a pair of candlesticks, perhaps, or a porcelain plate. I love to get there before the early-rising, eagle-eyed young dealers in corduroy trousers, and to forestall their looks of triumph as they bear away their "finds" to their own stalls up at the "right end." Here they will sell them at two or three times the price, perhaps to a dealer with a smart little shop in Chelsea or Belgravia, who in turn will sell them at ten times the price to one with a smarter one still on Third or Madison Avenue.

The Pubs

Stately homes of the masses—indeed now of all classes, for nobody today is too grand to take a drink at his "local," or to lunch for five shillings off the ample cold buffet at some pub in the West End. "Gin palaces" once, palaces still all aglitter with engraved mirrors and carved mahogany, they reflect the cosy, class-conscious well-being of a Victorian epoch. I love especially the Salisbury, in St. Martin's Lane, its bronze goddesses brandishing candelabra over the marble-topped tables; the French pub, the York Minster, in Soho, its barman with the outsize French moustaches, and the pictures of French boxers and stage stars plastered over the walls; the Warrington, in Maida Vale, a palace indeed, with a cold buffet fit for dukes and a well-fed chef carving ducal portions behind it.

But I love especially the lively pubs of the industrial Midlands. I love the underground ones in Leeds, the glazed tiles covering the walls and the open coal fires burning in four-way grates; the mammoth ones in the mining villages of Yorkshire, drink-dance-music-halls, brilliantly lit, with full-sized ballrooms and first-class dance bands, where the miners and their ladies, between beers and fruit juices, dance with a precise concentration unusual in more fashionable quarters. Such is the fame of these pubs in the mining villages that motor-coach loads of visitors flock to them from faraway industrial cities, enjoying especially their Sunday morning floor shows. In one of them, near Doncaster, I have revelled at midday, after church, in the antics of a chorus of hand-picked hula-hula girls wearing provocative raffia skirts. When the pub closed at two o'clock we proceeded to our Sunday lunch in a miner's house, where the Yorkshire pudding came, as invariably in Yorkshire, before and not with the roast beef, moreover cooked as light as a pancake and as crisp as pastry, with the gravy poured generously over it.

The day before, we had attended the St. Leger, the great horse race at Doncaster, where the ladies from the mines thought the gentlemen from the country "rather weedy-looking," and said surely it was all wrong to wear Derby hats with tweeds, and brown brogued shoes with dark blue suits. Their husbands, they declared, would never commit such a solecism.

The Black Country

Britain is the reverse of the rest of Europe. There the people warm up as you travel southwards towards the sun; here they warm up as you travel northwards away from it, away into the fogs of Lancashire and Yorkshire and Northumberland and Durham. It is a country of cosy interiors, disregarding the cold and grime without, a country where the people are as friendly and as uninhibited in their welcome as Mediterranean peasants.

I love it also because of its contrasts, no longer between rich and poor, because now its rich have become poorer and its poor have become richer, but between old and new. As you drive away from some Arnold Bennett town, through a forest of factory chimneys and Victorian church spires, another already looms smokily on the Midland horizon. Then suddenly you come on a pair of handsome lodge gates, leading into a park where the trunks of the trees are more black than grey and the grass is more grey than green. In the centre of it stands a great, black stately home, built in the days before the Industrial Revolution was imagined. Just over the garden wall there is an open-cast coal mine; but behind the classical portico and the rows of long sash windows, lie the spacious and finely proportioned rooms of a leisurely Georgian age.

The great houses of The Dukeries, blackening away in their Lady Chatterley landscapes, bringing to their Dukes, as they do, lavish revenues in gate-money, are familiar enough. But I love, above all, one less familiar, though more perfect in kind than Chatsworth or any of its ducal neighbours. It is Nostell Priory, in the Black Country around Wakefield. Its architect was first of all Paine; then the Adams; its "house carpenter," as he might be called, was a man named Chippendale. Chippendale designed for it, not only every piece of furniture, but every moulding, every pelmet, every door-handle, every bellpull, even the frames for many of the pictures. And there they all are today, in the exact places for which they were designed. Here I have enjoyed sleeping in a Chinese Chippendale four-poster, among green lacquer furniture designed especially to match it, and I have enjoyed bathing in an Adam bathroom, lying back in a bathtub rather later than Chippendale, to admire a delicate Adam mantelpiece and the birds and flowers in a Chinese wallpaper of Chippendale's choice.

British Trains

. . . which serve these outlandish places. I love the trains themselves, still for the most part nostalgically propelled by steam. I love the stations, Victorian and cavernous as cathedrals, with their Gothic vaults of iron. Ever since I was a schoolboy—and stopped feeling sick in them—I have loved these trains: the Royal Scot, the Flying Scotsman, the Cornish Riviera. I love to read and write in them, watching the green English landscape go gently by. I love even to eat their indifferent but wholesome meals, made more appetizing by a half bottle of modest-priced claret or Burgundy. Once, on my way to Scotland, I arrived in a restaurant car, armed with a priceless gift from a generous host: a bottle of Château Lafite 1874. I drank half of it for luncheon, and left the bottle in the care of the attendant. At dinner he produced it, exclaiming with pride, "It's well iced, Sir. I kept it in the fridge for you." I had not the heart to reprove so zealous a railwayman.

One of my few public positions, and certainly my proudest, is the vice-presidency of an organization impressively named the Society for the Reinvigoration of Unremunerative Branch Lines in the United Kingdom (called Srubluk, for short). It is a society which strives to preserve from extinction little used branch lines of a rare and picturesque nature—lines like the Festiniog, built with a two-foot gauge in 1832.

At Oxford some of us so loved trains that we formed a society called the Oxford University Railway Club. The first long-distance run from one end of Britain to the other, from Aberdeen (near John o'Groat's) to Penzance (near Land's End), had just been inaugurated. We took to dining in this train each term, dressed in our dinner jackets, hiring a private car to eat on, from Oxford to Leicester, and another to speechify and drink on, from Leicester to Oxford, and arriving back just in time to get back into our colleges before the statutory hour of midnight. One of the moving spirits was a friend who declared that he could *(Continued on page 117)*

NORMAN PARKINSON

English stance

Englishmen, of a certain class at least, seem to carry their bodies, properly long-legged, as though they were folding tape measures, easily angled. Even the clothes break well and often amusingly, partly because Englishmen manage to look either as though they didn't know they had clothes on, or as though they had dressed a little in costume. English novelists, in fact, once the scene is set, rarely bother to describe the clothes the male characters wear. If a man is in the City, every reader knows he wears a bowler and a tightly wrapped umbrella; if in the country, each reader knows what the rough tweed jacket is like. If the man is at Ascot, perhaps in the Royal Enclosure like the three handsome young men on the opposite page, all know he wears morning dress, umbrella, and dove-grey topper, even if it comes from Moss, the rental people. What distinguishes many Englishmen, however, is the way they walk, the way they stand. Sometimes they look like Guards officers off parade, sometimes like a movie Duke, chic but careless. (The legend is that Dukes really look like dustmen except at weddings at St. Margaret's.) For some odd reason of schooling, it seems that Englishmen know how to use their arms and legs, wrists and ankles. For such peerless usage, few can match Cary Grant's rather notable ankles or Rex Harrison's wrists, which he lets out seductively. For this page, Norman Parkinson, one of Vogue's English photographers was photographed by Irving Penn, one of Vogue's American photographers, in a variety of natural Parkinson and English stances: the gesture with half-shut eyes and umbrella as if sighting down his nose; standing tall as if wearing an invisible bearskin on his slightly bald head, which he usually covers with a ski cap when he photographs; and bending like a water bird at a shore edge. It is not, however, just in London or in the shires that Englishmen look so right. They never seem to be wearing new clothes; wherever they are they merge with the landscape.

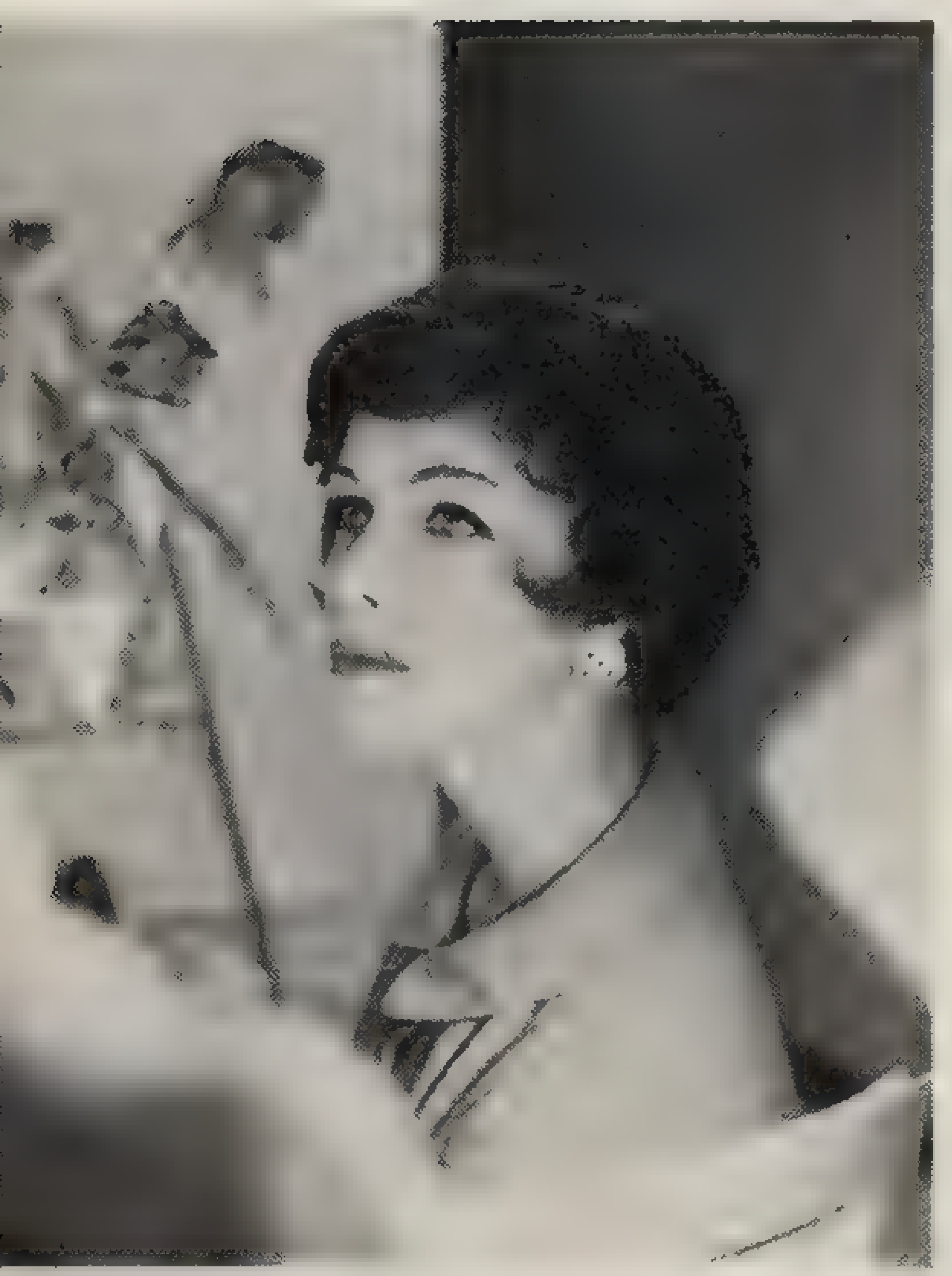
PENN

BEAUTY—

New York: Among the major pleasures of city life is a session—preferably, leisurely—at one of the great beauty salons, with its supreme professional know-how, its comfort, its ordered calm. The time involved depends on whether a woman wants "the works," or simply expert attention to one aspect of her looks. Here, Mrs. Michael Butler, a young New York beauty, goes to the new Charles of the Ritz salon at Park Avenue and 57th Street for skillful revamping of her basic coiffure, advice on how to vary it for evening, and for another quick coiffure-changer—a wig. Time expended: 1¾ hours.

Mrs. Butler entering the new Charles of the Ritz salon in New York. Décor: aquamarine, white.

Before her own hair is reshaped, she tries on some ready-made late-day coiffures—i.e., wigs.



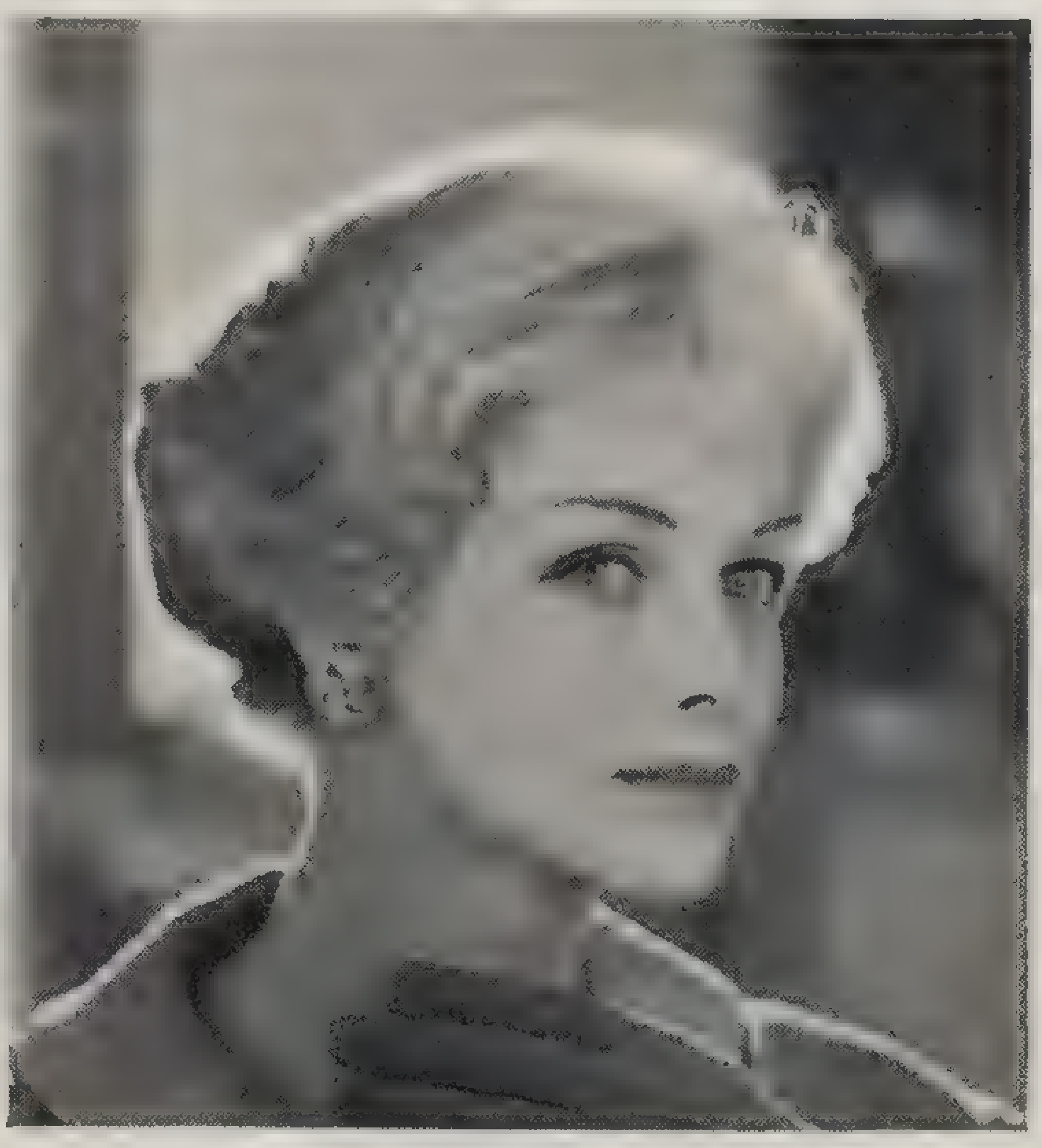
Mrs. Butler chooses a chestnut wig of close, easy-to-comb ringlets, gay and pretty for evening.

Then, her own blond hair is washed with special conditioning shampoo; a brightening rinse follows.

Reshaping, by scissors. Hair is cut wet, to help the hairdresser find its natural bent, its "placement."

KAZAN

After setting and drying, her hair is brushed with two brushes in quick, firm, alternating strokes.



The new coiffure combed as Mrs. Butler will comb it for evening: deep side waves, a bouffant look.

Before leaving, she has powder custom-blended. Her coiffure for day: close bangs, a side sweep.

ON INTERNATIONAL TIME

Paris: Here, in a different city the same delights are obtainable; the charming, serene atmosphere, the feeling that one is in the Best Possible Hands. On this page, Countess Botho von Schwerin, a young Swedish-born beauty who lives in Paris, visits the Paris salon of Charles of the Ritz for a fairly complete beauty ritual—some highlights shown here. All these treatments, except the *bain de mousse,* are given at the New York Salon (all, surprisingly, took only 3½ hours). The experience of both these young women seems to refute the old French saw that runs, "Il faut souffrir pour être belle . . ." This is suffering?

Paris: a rainy day. Countess von Schwerin enters the Charles of the Ritz salon on Avenue Montaigne.

First stop: the "bain de mousse," bubbly, relaxing—and reducing. Then, massage, shower, friction.

Next, Countess von Schwerin's face is cleaned, toned; massage with special lubricant vitalizes gently.

Delicious interlude with Revenescence Mask on face, neck, hands; heated mittens help penetration.

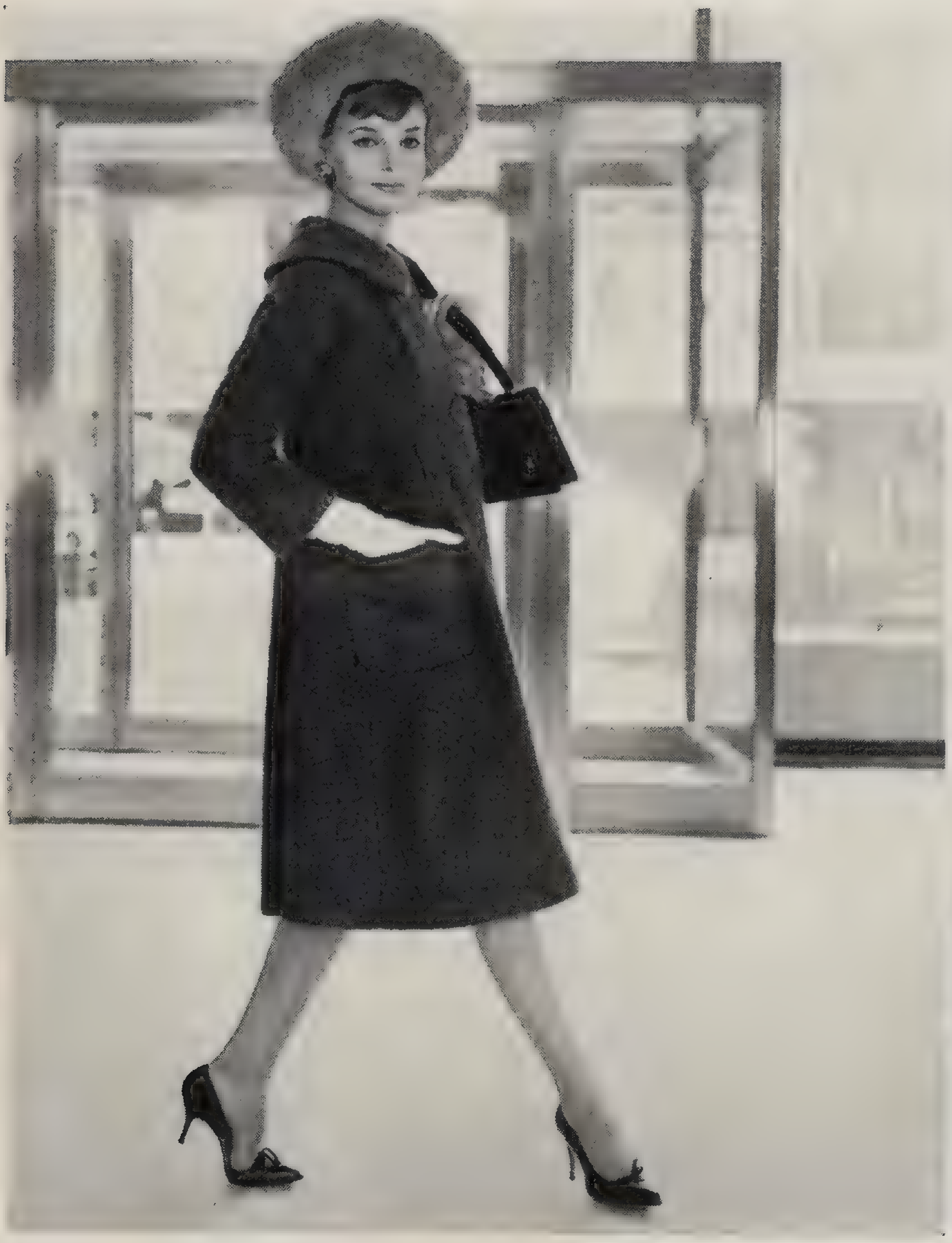
The Vapozone treatment, in which ionized steam aerates the skin, supplies oxygen, helps circulation.

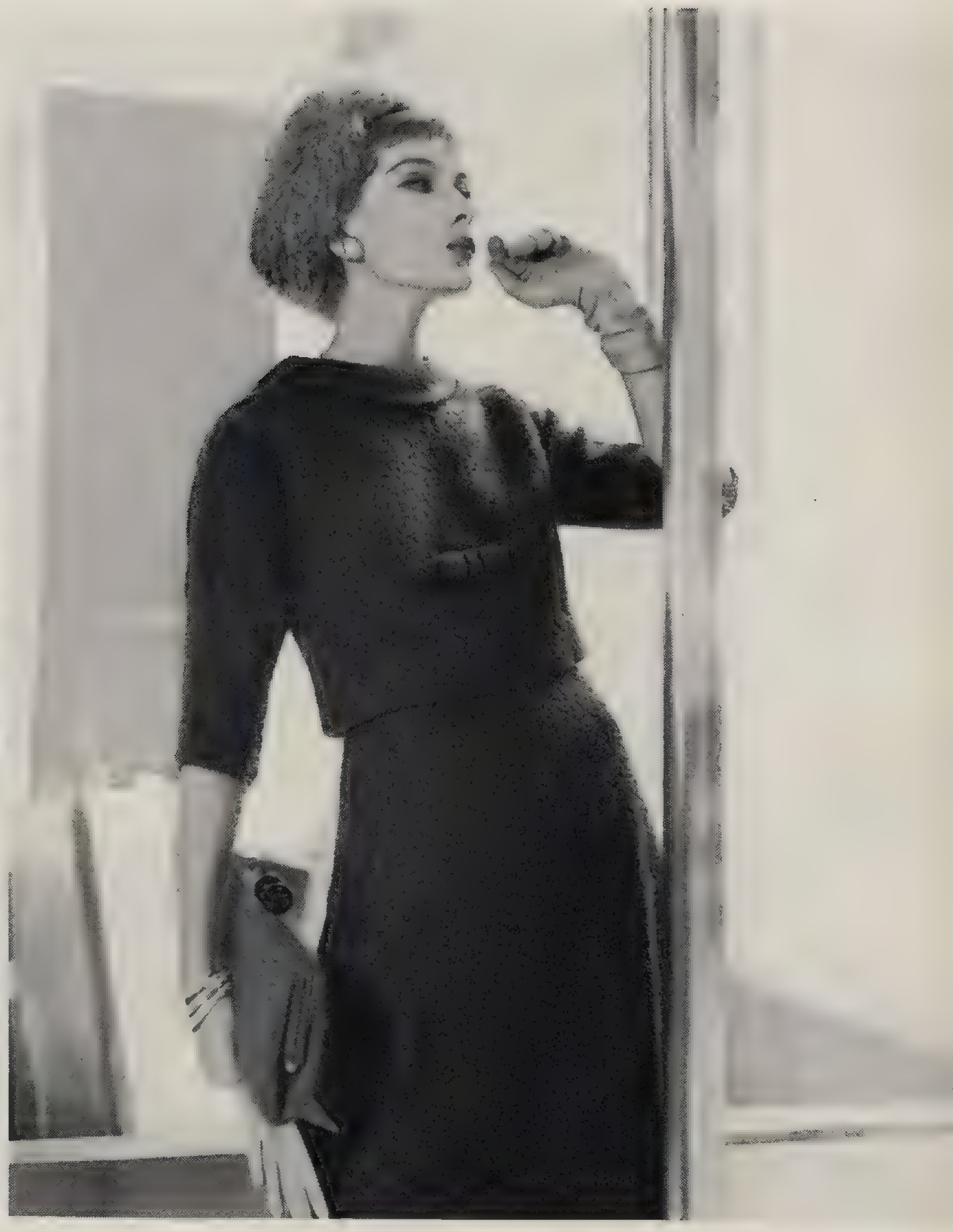
DOISNEAU

Under the drier, Countess von Schwerin has a pedicure, a light lunch from the salon's own kitchen.

For russet hair, hazel eyes, this make-up: Brunette Liquid Veil, Fern green eye shadow, Sienna lipstick.

Powder is blended for Countess von Schwerin, who has the white skin that goes with Titian hair.

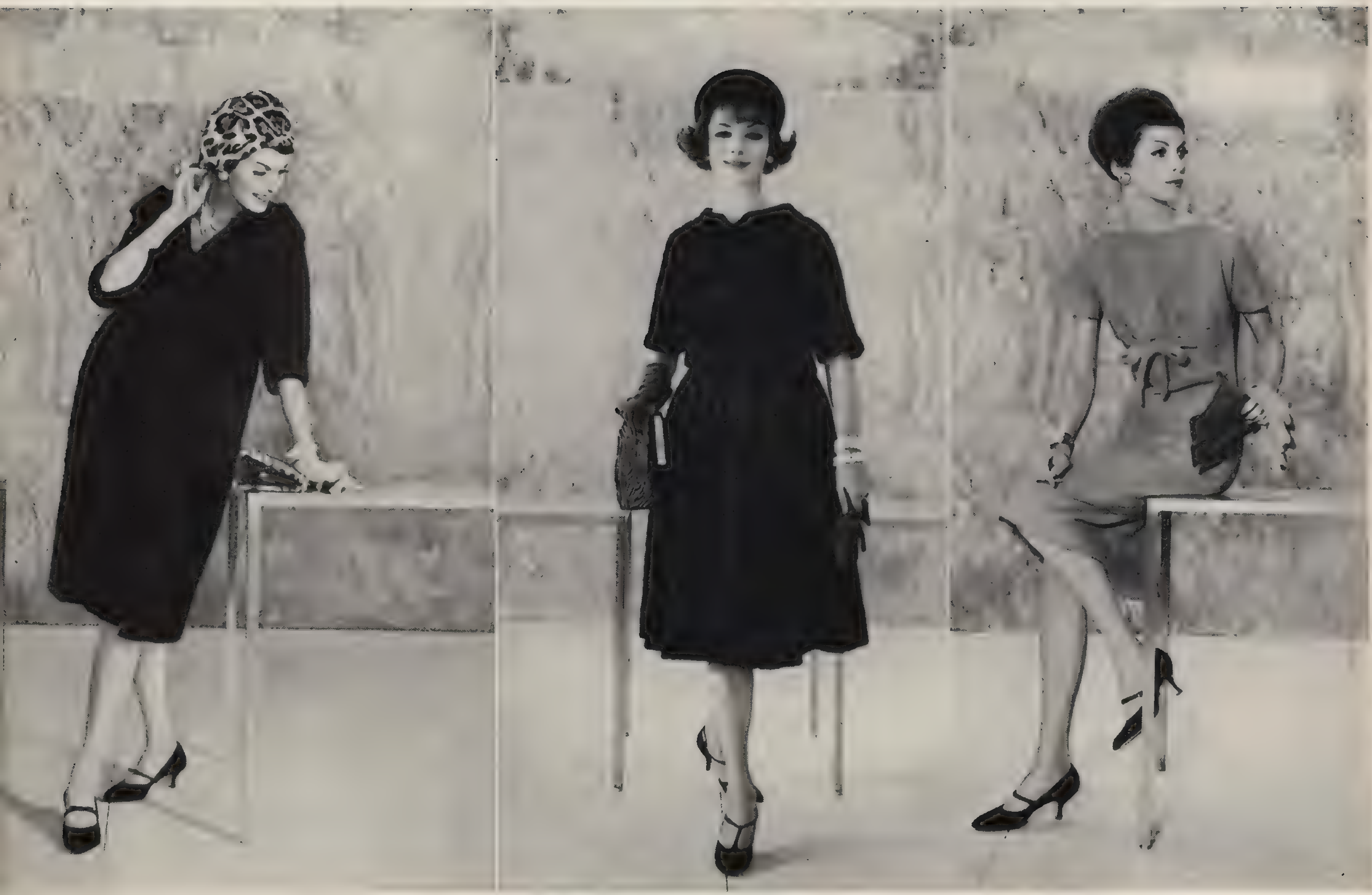




Good fashion finance: soufflé and demand

Starting here, four pages of good fashion investments—all, in new souffléd fabrics of wool and/or mohair. *Opposite page:* Getting (and giving) a lift here: a Chesterfieldian coat and skirt of brushed wool, crashingly blanket-plaided, multi-coloured. By Modern Juniors; coat, about $35; skirt, about $12. Global hat of orange velvet, by Madcaps. All at Bonwit Teller. Coat and skirt, also at Hudson's. Red Cross shoes. *Above, left:* Green stuff, a lot for a little—this high-waisted coat of olive-green wool-and-mohair, its surface looped to a lather. At back, a box pleat and section of belt. By Dani Jr., of Strong, Hewat fabric; $90 at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's. The lynx halo: a John Frederics Charmer. Shoes by Martinique. *Above, right:* Dress in two negotiable halves, both fluffed wool-and-mohair, in moss green. The top is short, squared, high-belted; the skirt, an easy triangle. By Bernard Levine; about $17 each at Arnold Constable; Bramson's. Platina fox hat, by Sally V. MM handbag. Background, all four pages: more well-polished finance—newest branch of the New York Trust Company, at 59th Street and Madison Avenue.

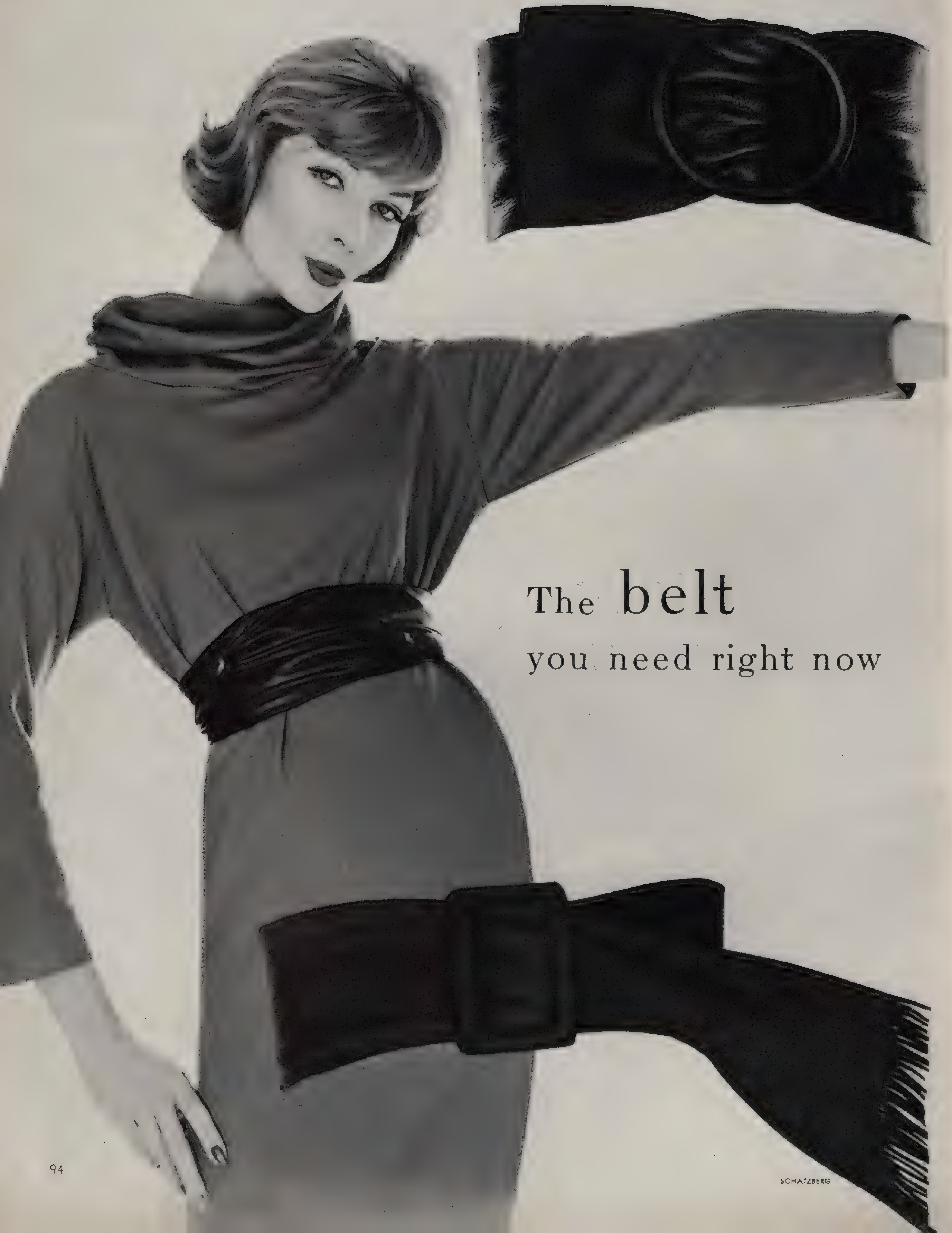
FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



Good fashion finance *continued*

This page, left: Two good blue lines, both drawn for $70. Outside line: a blue soufflé coat of mohair-and-wool, oval-shaped, with a shawl neckline that ends in a bow. Inside, a narrow blue wool jersey dress. Both by Jane Andre, in junior sizes; at Saks Fifth Avenue. The big leopard beret, by Oce-Leopard. *Centre:* Short-stop top and gathered skirt, both shaggy black mohair-and-nylon. Where the two meet: a glimpse of black velvet waistband that's elasticized to fit. By Sportmasters of California, of Einiger fabric; the top, $23; skirt, $30. Black velours bowler, by Madcaps. All at Altman's. Shoes by Bally. *Right:* City soufflé, bright and narrow—a columnar dress of red mohair-and-cotton, with an Empire bow tied under the bosom. By Sue Brett, in junior sizes; $25 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelet by Renoir of California. *Opposite page:* A pair of olives—taste and all, acquired for about $25. Dress, olive worsted jersey; fluffed jacket, olive mohair-and-wool (this, amenable to other dresses). By Jonathan Logan, in junior sizes. At Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; J. W. Robinson. Olive rabbit's-fur hat: Dachette. Shoes, Barefoot Originals.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



The belt you need right now

SCHATZBERG

With waistlines happening again, belts are happening: on dresses sans waistlines, on bloused clothes; with dresses, suits. *Opposite page:* At top, around an invisible middle, black chiffon cowhide. "O" is for the only kind of buckle that counts now—big, rib-high. By Roger Van S. $9. Saks Fifth Avenue. On the dress: a wrap-around belt of black capeskin. Evenings, it might connect a long black silk skirt with some snappy camisoles. $8. Bonwit Teller. On the wrist, a little belt of ovalled gilt links, by Bergère, $15*. Saks Fifth Avenue. Floating: black suède belt, fringed, a piratical amount of charm. $11. Lord & Taylor. This belt, and the wrap-around, by Colony. Both, also at Hudson's. *This page:* Pink pleated silk satin belt, fringed at length, guaranteed—as here—to change a little black dress into a thing of colour. By Midtown, $30. Fringy earrings, long rhinestone drops, by Eisenberg. $17.50*. Both: Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

*PLUS TAX

VOGUE PATTERNS

How to build an Empire

Empire shapes to sew—the way, made smooth by Vogue Patterns. Each comes in two valuable pieces: a jacket and skirt, coat and skirt, jacket and dress.
Near right: Empire coat with low wide collar, just enough belt to mark a high waist. Existing but unseen: a triangular skirt, included in the pattern. Vogue Pattern 134, in wool suède by Anglo. Handbag by Koret.
Centre: Empire suit with fly-front jacket, eased skirt. Important dateline: the high belt. Vogue Pattern 135, in wool-and-fur fabric by Forstmann. (This might be re-made in stiff silk, the collar cut two inches wider.) Lizard handbag by Deitsch.
Far right: Empire dress and jacket, both high-waisted by buttoned bands. The dress blouses lightly at back; the jacket (not shown here) features a young-making dropped collar. Vogue Pattern 138, in silk crêpe by Onondaga. Handbag by Koret.
Both pages: hats by Sally Victor; shoes, by Margaret Jerrold.
For other views, yardages, see page 122.

VOGUE PATTERN 134

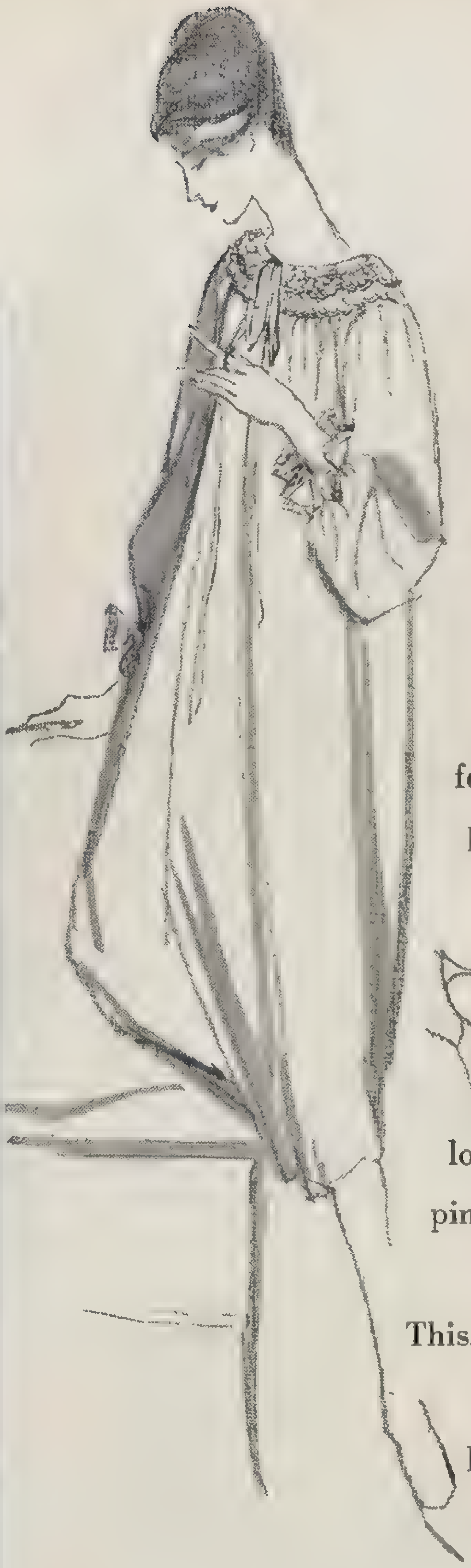
SCHATZBERG

VOGUE PATTERN 135

VOGUE PATTERN 138

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

The four-poster nightdress



Long-sleeved, covered, the least bit ruffly—few nightdress-looks have been more delectably feminine than this (or cosier).

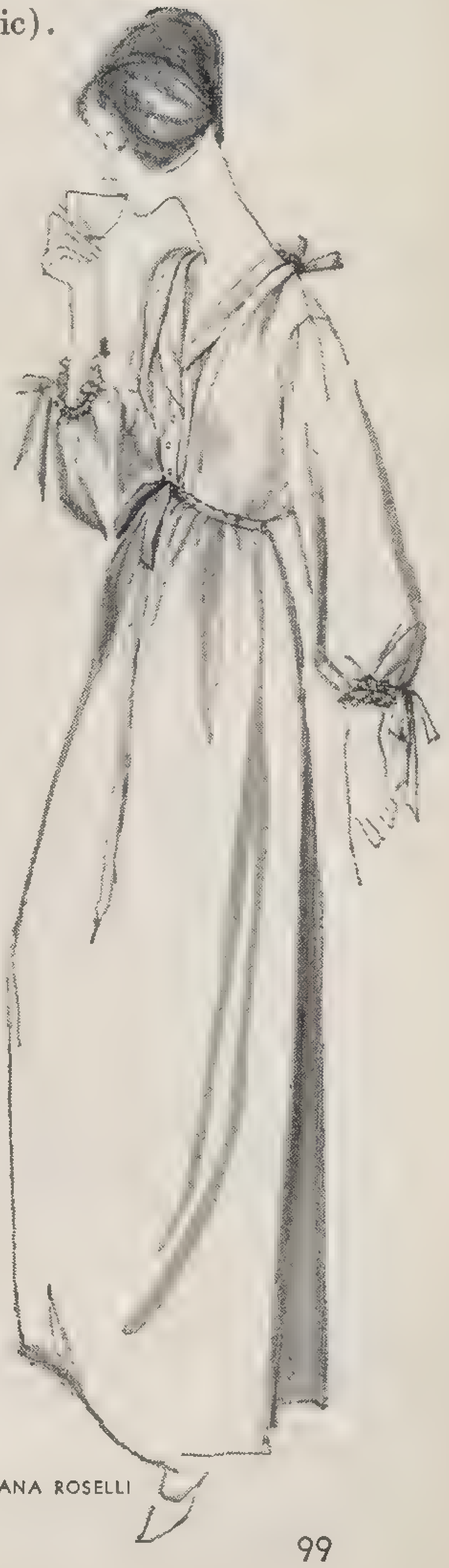
Facing page: Cream-coloured flannel with a smatter of ante-bellum charms—long ruffled sleeves, ribbon tie, pink, blue, and green flowers embroidered on the yoke. This, somewhat longer than day-dress length, by Barbizon in flannel of Orlon, Dacron, nylon, and cotton (Du Pont fabric). $8. Altman's; Frederick & Nelson.

This page, top left: Pale-pink nylon tricot and ecru nylon lace—yoked, frilled, tied with a ribbon. By Artemis; $9. Bloomingdale's.

Top right: Lace and ribbon beading on white nylon tricot, gathered in with a blue nylon satin ribbon. By Munsingwear; $13. Altman's.

Left: Slender, Empire-waisted nightdress with appliqués of lace on the collar, bodice, sleeves. By Van Raalte, in opaque pink nylon tricot; $11. Altman's.

Right: Long, softly tucked pink nightdress, with touches of ribbon-beading at the lifted waist and long full sleeves. By Iris, in nylon, Dacron, and rayon crêpe; $18 at Saks Fifth Avenue.



LUCIANA ROSELLI

GOSSIPY MEMO ON AIR TOURS

New York is tonic in the fall when New Yorkers pepper back to town, and out-of-towners pepper in for the big season. One theatre ticket solution for visitors is to book on Capital Airlines, a company which lays on a special service for theatre buffs by getting orchestra seats for any Broadway show. Seats are reserved for such new plays as *Goldilocks, Flower Drum Song, A Touch of the Poet,* or for such long-run hits as *My Fair Lady* or *The Music Man.* Guests are put up at The Gotham hotel, and have, besides theatre-going, other planned diversions. For a weekend from $53 a person; the fare, naturally, depends upon the place of departure.

A sea-air Three Continents Tour of Africa, Asia, and Europe goes fifty places between February and June. The sea-going group leaves New York February 11 on the "Queen Elizabeth," switches in England to the ship "Pretoria Castle," and then drifts down the West African coast —past Portugal, Morocco, the Ivory and Gold Coasts—to Capetown. Note: Harold Nicolson's delicious book, Journey to Java, *has superb comments on this route. At Capetown, sea-people rendezvous with air-people, who fly from New York on Pan American World Airways, March 1. The combined group then wafts around Africa, India, and Ceylon, before doubling back to Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Turkey, Greece, and Italy. A tour man, who knows all the moves, goes along. Fare begins at $6,637. Write: American Express, 65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.*

Extraordinary operatic performances at ten of the great European opera houses are the point of a tour from January 24 to March 5. People will hear at least two operas in each of the cities: Cologne, London, Paris, Vienna, Munich, Milan (with a backstage party at La Scala), Rome, Naples, and Palermo. Apart from the splendid music, there are private-car trips, and rooms in the warmest and best hotels along the way. In Palermo, for example, one stays at the Hotel Villa Igea, which has a Greek temple in its garden. Those who want even more music may book an extension to Prague for a visit to the Prague Opera, and to Moscow for performances at the Bolshoi Theatre. For most everything, $2,526; Prague-Moscow trip, $866 (Swissair's economy or tourist flights reduce the cost). Write: Mayfair Travel Service, 119 West 57 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

South America is, for the most part, best visited during its summer and our winter months; in a word, now. Varig and Panagra Airlines have plotted a clutch of stretchable tours—stretchable, that is, as to time, place, and money. Costs, for hotels, tips, and sight-seeing, run from $148 to $385; flight fare, round trip from New York, $643 to $985. With a yielding itinerary, travellers may go as far south as Argentina, or settle for the charms of Peru, or both. Less flexible is the Carnival Air Tour, angled toward Rio de Janeiro's steamy hot festival on February 10. Leaving Miami February 1, this tour circles the continent in forty-one days, touching on the way at Puerto Rico and Curaçao. All very luxe, it costs $2,075 a person. Write: Brownell Tours, Brownell Building, Birmingham, Ala.

Ten days in Japan are part of a Pacific air cruise which includes relaxed stops in good hotels in Hawaii, the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, Australia, and Alaska. Among the Tokyo side attractions: the Albion, a rock-and-roll night club; Maruzen, a bookstore with a bar and a netted driving range on its roof; Ghengis Khan, a restaurant serving Mongolian barbecue; and Hananoki, a restaurant serving French food. Between January 5 and May 11, four thirty-five-day tours are planned—each with an escort from SITA World Travel, each on Qantas, Teal, and Northwest Orient planes. Tourist, $2,198; first-class, $2,571.

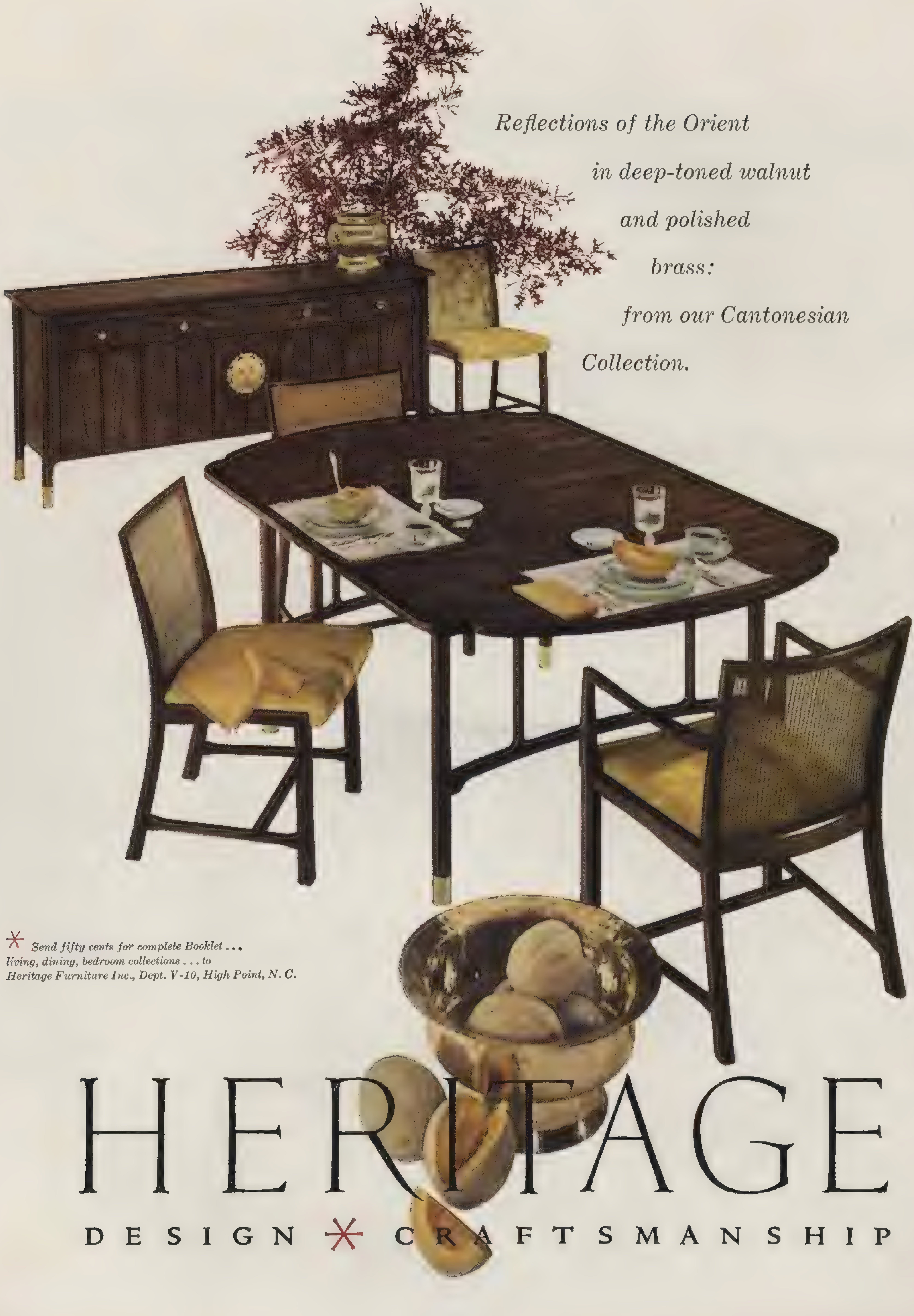
Note: Pan American's jets to Paris and Rome sound off this month, B.O.A.C. go off next month. The New York-London run is about seven hours, the Paris-Rome less than two hours.

Luncheon in the vineyard country

Opposite: Setting for a characteristic California custom—dining, or in this case, lunching, out of doors.
Trees, terrace, and the surrounding landscape belong to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Benoist, more of whose weekend life at Los Gatos, California, is to be seen on the following pages. The eighteenth-century French gazebo, one of a pair turned up by landscape architect Thomas Church, serves the Benoists and their guests as a small outdoor dining room, a service centre for drinks, or as a bandstand—shaded by olive trees and flowering oleander, with a view that takes in vineyards, olive groves, and the mountains beyond.
Sunday lunch might begin with asparagus tips (from the kitchen garden) or tiny, peeled hard-boiled partridge eggs (from the Benoists' farmyard), each one stuck with a sprig of fresh thyme.
For what might follow that, turn to page 108 and a sampling of some favourite Benoist menus, with recipes to match.

WAYNE MILLER

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING

*Reflections of the Orient*
in deep-toned walnut
and polished
brass:
from our Cantonesian
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HERITAGE

DESIGN * CRAFTSMANSHIP

WAYNE MILLER

The main house, built on part of an original Spanish land grant

THE COUNTRY LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Benoist's country-life pattern—part French, part Californian

Just sixty miles south of San Francisco the green-shuttered buildings shown above, cluster around a quadrangle planted with ivy, oleander, and giant live oaks. Beyond them there are grapevines, extending row on row to the surrounding blue-green foothills. The buildings themselves, some of them a hundred years old, are the working centre of the Almadén Vineyards and the home, on weekends, of the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Benoist. The life they live there, as the following pages show, is a full one, made up of unstinted California hospitality (a flotilla of extra tables, set up on the lawn under fringed white umbrellas, takes care of any number for lunch on sunny Saturdays) and also of the traditional Gallic components of the good life. There are plump partridges and pheasants penned in the farmyard; contented squabs in a dovecote; cows that give only the richest cream and hens that lay the freshest country eggs; herb gardens, cutting gardens, a kitchen garden green with lettuces all summer long, and, of course, the vineyards—three hundred acres of them, beginning at the doorstep.

Casks of oak for blending champagne *cuvée*

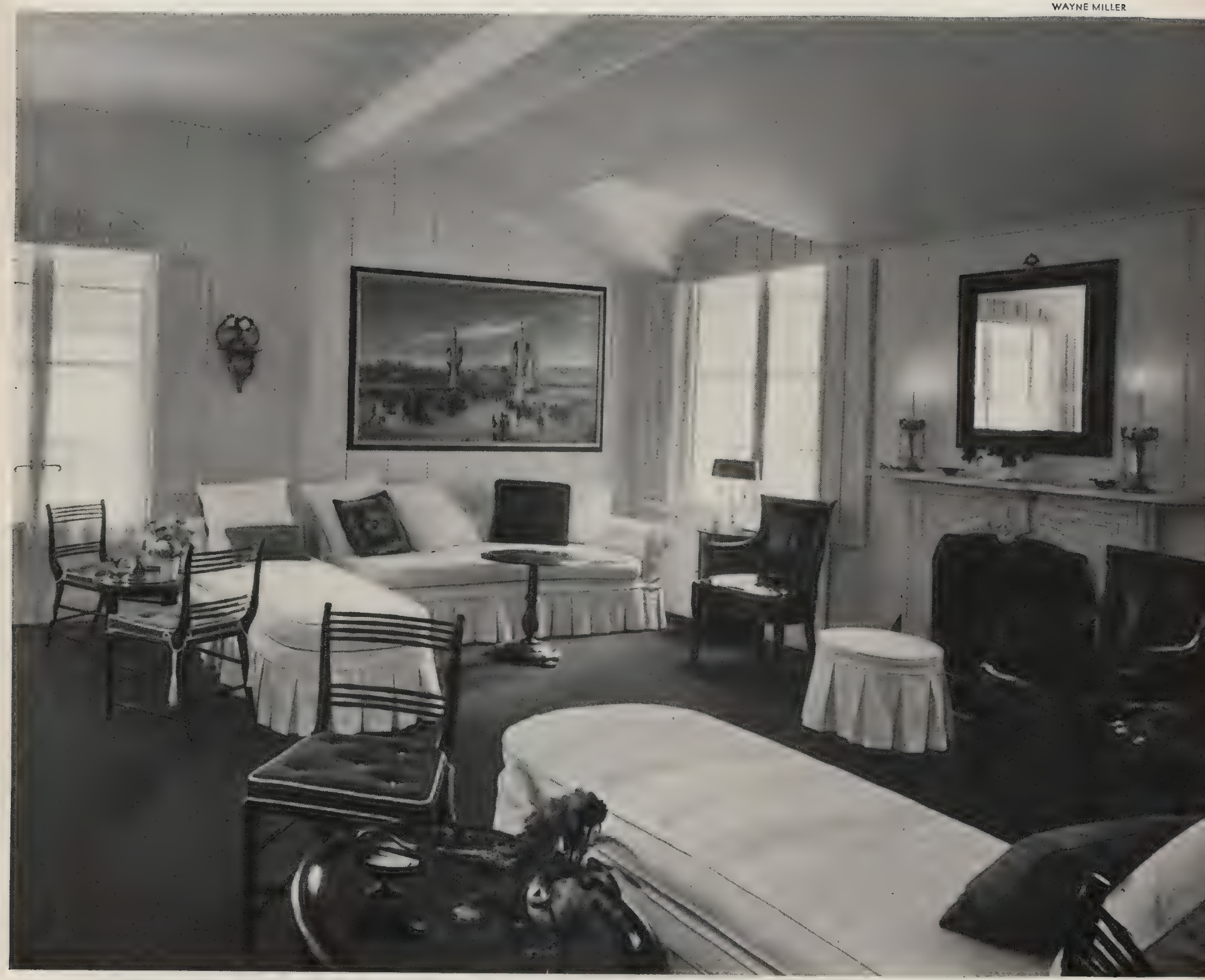
The Benoists tour the vineyards in good cowboy style

COUNTRY LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

continued

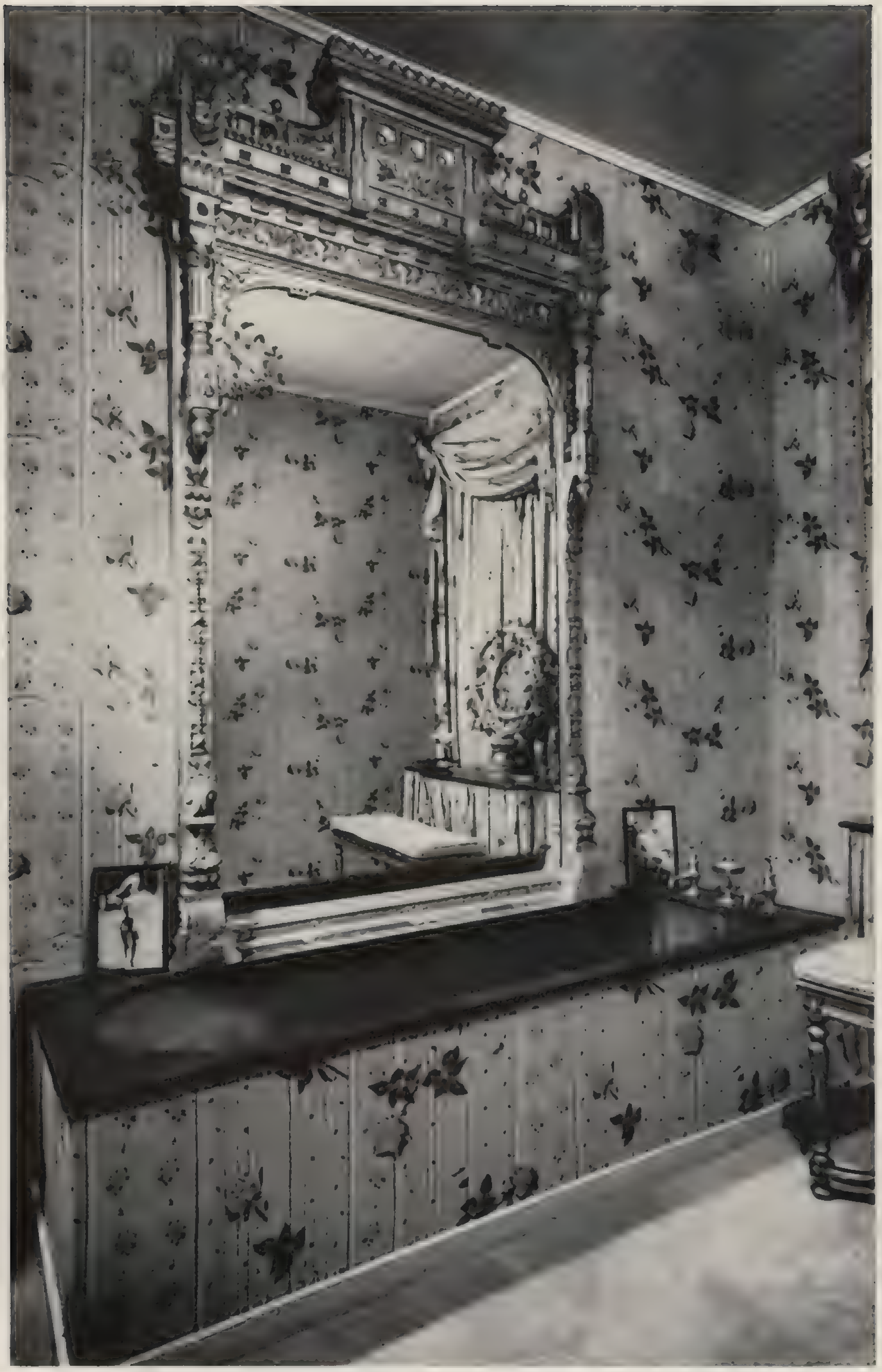
The main house, built along the lines of an old French farmhouse, was restored in the same spirit by the Benoists, using clear, fresh colours and a comfortably informal arrangement of furniture throughout. Like the other buildings on the place, it is painted a soft beige outside, with dark green shutters. Inside, the board-and-batten walls and interior shutters are white. The living room, above right, is red and white the year around, with a fire-red rug, red velvet upholstery on the tufted banquettes (shown here in their summer slip covers of pleated white duck), and matching red velvet cushions for the English bamboo-turned chairs, tied on with white braid. The mirror over the mantel is framed in tortoise shell and two chairs flanking the fireplace are upholstered in dark brown leather. Here, the French doors open onto the veranda that serves as a second dining room, and a hidden trap door leads into a small wine cellar and a wine-tasting room known as "the bistro."

WAYNE MILLER



The living room,wearing its sunny weather dress

Mr. Benoist emerges, via trap door, from the wine cellar



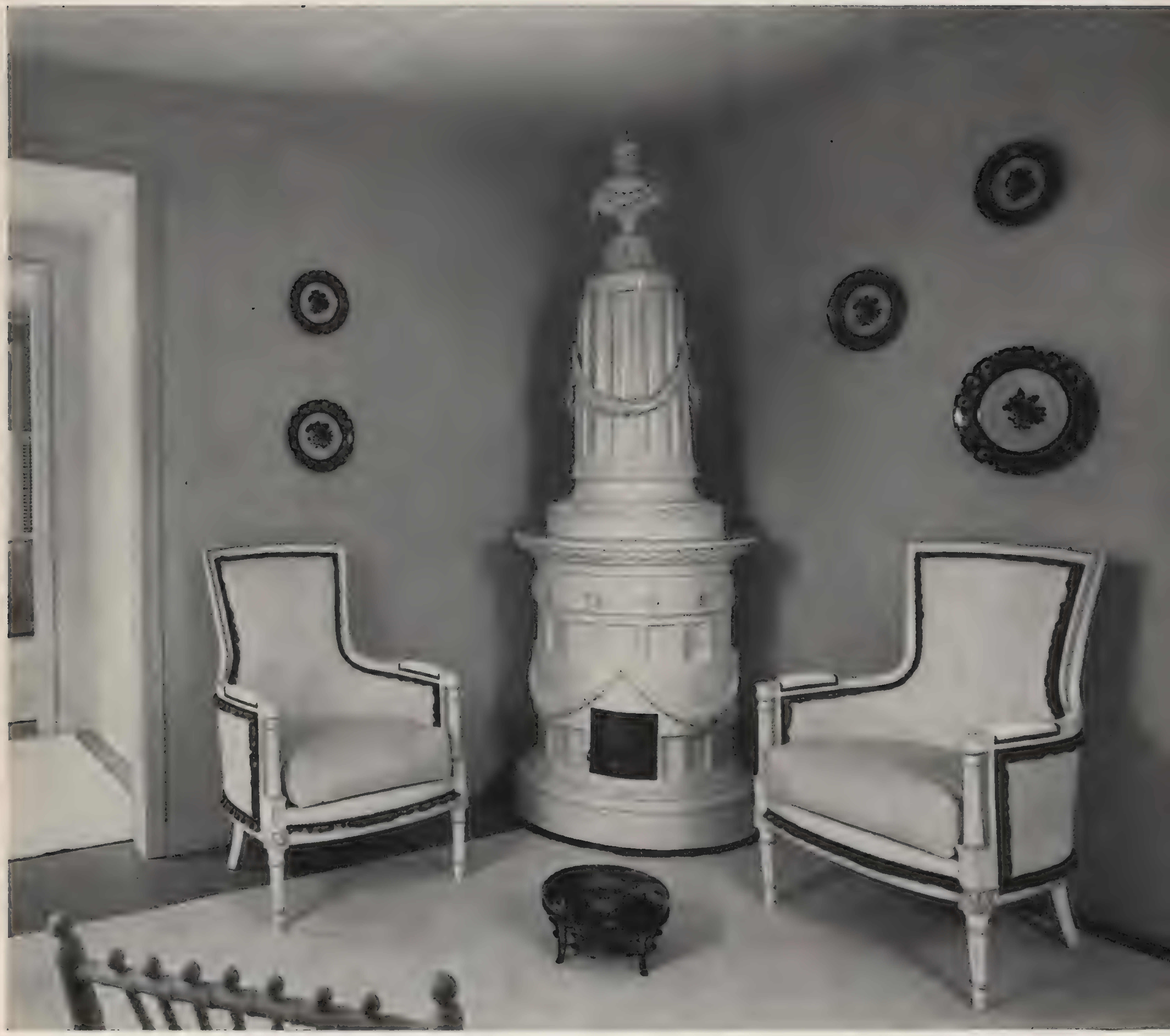
Victoriana preserved; now used as a powder room

COUNTRY LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

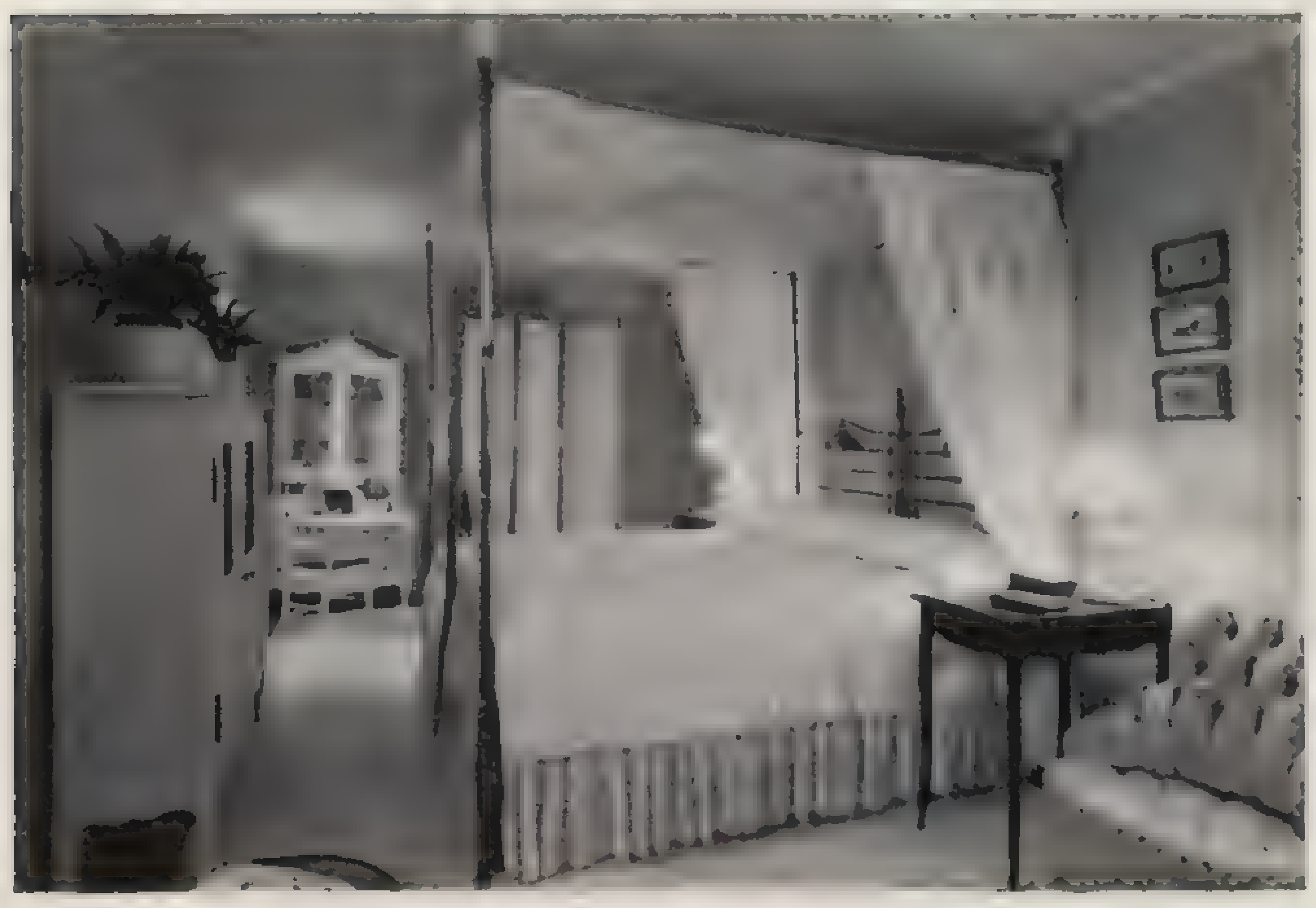
continued

The Benoists' first floor powder room, above, retains the exuberantly Victorian décor of an earlier era. The great carved gilt mirror was brought by sail around the Horn; and in the mahogany-framed copper tub, Anna Held, on a visit to Almadén, took the now-legendary champagne bath. French cotton, strewn with cabbage roses, covers the walls, reappears in lavish tie-back swags at the windows and even upholsters the tub. The fluffy cotton rug is a bright rose-pink to match. The tall white porcelain stove photographed across the page holds sway in a corner of Mrs. Benoist's blue-and-white sitting room, surrounded by a collection of blue-and-white Chinese Export porcelain. French chairs, upholstered in quilted white linen, are bordered in a matching blue, and walls and rug are white. The same fresh colour plan continues into the adjoining master bedroom, "papered" with blue-and-white flowered chintz. The brass four-poster, curtained in embroidered Swiss batiste, is an antique "marriage bed"; lamps, on two small French fruit wood tables, are white opaline.

WAYNE MILLER



Mrs. Benoist's blue-and-white sitting room, with a view of the master bedroom



In the bedroom, more blue and white

The all-white bathroom, reflected by mirror

WAYNE MILLER

The luncheon table: white china, Baccarat crystal, against the Santa Cruz Mountains.

THE BENOISTS ENTERTAIN

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Benoist take as much delight in their own wonderful parties as their guests do, and lunches or dinners go off in a sort of champagne effervescence; delectable smells emanate from the shining, copper-hung kitchen; the servants are all smiles; the food tastes unutterably delicious and the wines go down the throat like nectar. Luncheons of over twenty people are served at tables set out in the garden, each table covered with a pink and white checked cloth and adorned either with fat, fat roses bunched in old silver or porcelain tureens, or with garlands of grape leaves laid flat and interspersed with small roses. At night, dinners of not more than twenty are served on the charming Victorian veranda at a long oval fruit-wood table. This is usually covered with a sheer French tablecloth and the light comes from candles in antique silver holders, their hurricane globes etched frostily with grapes. With more guests, or during chilly weather, dinner parties are seated in the dining room, where the walls are of pale old New Orleans panelling and the glow from the fireplace joins the candlelight reflected in the silver and in the ranks of bubble-thin Baccarat wine glasses.

A Benoist lunch begins with the pre-lunch drinks—generally a choice of champagne, sherry, or Dubonnet. At a large party, these might be accompanied by a whole Virginia ham, decorated with the rind of an orange and carved in thin slices, surrounded by rounds of French bread. The first course proper might be eggs in aspic (each one decorated with a miniature bunch of grapes made of black truffles with a tiny real grape leaf and tendril), accompanied by cucumbers in cream* and followed by a main dish of scallops and oysters poulette* and tiny potatoes. For dessert: pears cooked in syrup, served on a bed of vanilla ice cream, and covered with a thick raspberry purée. The wine, of course, will be an Almadén—in this case, Johannisberg Riesling. Another time, guests might be served tiny hard-boiled partridge eggs with their appetizers, and sit down to a first course of trout in aspic*, served with a French *sauce verte**. After this, a main course of roast chicken, with tender young green beans from the kitchen garden, and, afterwards, a classically French dessert of *crêpes au citron*. The wine throughout: Pinot Blanc.

Dinner is likely to follow much the same plan as lunch, with the addition of a green salad and cheese immediately after the main course and before the dessert. (If meat instead of game is served, the salad is accompanied not by cheese but by a *pâté maison* made of home-raised pheasant or partridge.) Drinks before dinner are amplified to include, besides the luncheon apéritifs, a choice of the usual cocktails. One favourite menu begins at this point, with canapés of toast spread with beef marrow*, and continues on to sherried consommé at the dinner table. Pinot Chardonnay wine is served with the roast partridge and puréed chestnuts* that follow, and Cabernet Sauvignon with the salad and cheese (a Brie, this time) after *that*. The grand finale: a soufflé Grand Marnier, and champagne brut. Or the opening canapés might be French souffléed puffy potatoes, skin-thin, tin-hot, and served in a folded napkin, and the first course a delicate mousseline of sole* (the wine with this last being Johannisberg Riesling). The main course: pheasant Périgourdine, accompanied by wild rice and Cabernet Sauvignon. Dessert, after salad and Camembert cheese, might be a strawberry tart—again, with champagne.

**For recipes of starred dishes, see page 109.*

THE BENOISTS ENTERTAIN

(Continued from page 108)

RECIPES

CUCUMBERS IN CREAM

(Serves 10)

Wash and peel 10 large cucumbers; slice thinly into rounds. Arrange in a bowl in layers, sprinkling each layer heavily with salt; cover; place in refrigerator overnight. Next day, rinse the cucumber slices very thoroughly in a colander under running cold water to remove salt. Then press with hands to remove as much water as possible. Then dry the slices of cucumber twice, each time using a clean linen towel. Wrap the slices in a third clean dry towel and place in refrigerator till shortly before serving.

Meanwhile make the sauce —start with the squeezed juice of four lemons added to about a teaspoon each of both powdered white pepper and salt. Work in a half pint of very heavy cream and the yolk of an egg, also finely chopped parsley and tarragon. Mix this sauce with the chilled cucumber slices before serving in a mound on a platter. Surround with jellied truffled eggs, garnish with finely chopped aspic and little bouquets of parsley.

SCALLOPS AND OYSTERS POULETTE

Wash scallops and, if large, cut in two or three pieces. Cook them with chopped shallots, chives, sliced mushrooms, a little white wine, and fish broth. Boil a few minutes. When white and cooked, drain, saving the broth. Put scallops, et cetera, in a pot. Cook the oysters separately, drain, and add the scallop mixture. (The Benoists, of course, use the small San Francisco Olympia oysters; eastern oysters should be cut in halves or thirds.)

Reduce the scallop broth over the fire, cooking slowly till nearly evaporated. Incorporate at this point with some fish velouté (fish velouté is fish *fumet*—see recipe for trout which follows—added to a small amount of rich cream sauce) and dilute to desired consistency with cream, cooking a few minutes gently in double boiler. Add salt and pepper to taste. Now pour this very hot sauce over the scallops and oysters in the pot. Bring to a near boil, turn down heat, and, stirring well, add a piece of fresh butter, also a squeeze of lemon juice, and serve immediately.

TROUT IN ASPIC

(Serves 10)

Fillet but do not skin 10 trout, rubbing fillets with a cut piece of lemon before putting them covered into the refrigerator. To make the *fumet,* start a court bouillon in a heavy casserole with the trout heads, bones and tails and a good piece of butter. Cook over low heat, moistening with a little white wine (the Benoist chef uses Almadén Riesling) and stirring with a spatula to prevent sticking. When the fumes of the fish become noticeable, add some truffle and mushroom peelings, bay leaves, peppercorns, sprigs of parsley and of chervil, a stalk of celery, and both a chopped onion and a chopped carrot. Add a quart of water, or, better, of water and strong bouillon half and half and bring to a boil. Quickly turn down and simmer till reduced to half its volume (this will require an hour or more). Strain through a fine sieve. Now you have it: the strained liquid is a *fumet* of fish.

Arrange trout fillets in a shallow lightly buttered baking pan (or two of same). Pour the *fumet* over the trout and place over a low fire. Distribute bottle of white wine and the juice of two lemons over the fish before turning on the heat; simmer slowly five minutes. Lower heat, and with spatula, turn fillets to simmer five more minutes. Turn off heat; let stand 20 minutes.

Remove fillets (reserving liquid); skin, then arrange on service platter, and decorate each fillet with a design of blanched tarragon leaves and truffle. This is quite fun.

Now strain the *fumet* in which the trout cooked, bring to a boil, reduce to about a third its volume. Remove from fire; skim while cooling. When cool, clarify by warming gradually in the skillet with the slightly beaten whites of six eggs, skimming constantly as it slowly heats to boiling point. It should then, if you are a good skimmer, be perfectly clear. Cool, and while still liquid, pour over the trout fillets. Allow to set in refrigerator and garnish with rounds of lemon before serving.

Sauce Verte for Trout in Aspic

Season homemade mayonnaise with cayenne and chili powder. Chop some parsley and

(Continued on page 110)

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THE BENOISTS ENTERTAIN

(Continued from page 109)

tarragon leaves finely, then crush them through a fine sieve. Pour boiling water over spinach leaves to blanch; put them also through the sieve. Stir all the various greens into the mayonnaise. Serve separately in a gravy boat with the trout.

CANAPÉS WITH BEEF MARROW

(Serves 10)

Buy four or five large beef marrow bones, sawed by the butcher into convenient short lengths. Put these into a heavy pot, and cover with light bouillon. Add a little salt, cook over very low heat for 10 little minutes. In the meantime, heat squares or oblongs of bread on one side in butter so that they are crisp, not greasy (drain on paper). As soon as marrow bones are cooked, remove marrow, and place on the untoasted side of the toasts. Place in a 400° oven until marrow melts slightly. Sprinkle a little more salt on them, grind a peppermill over them. Serve immediately, piping hot.

PURÉE OF CHESTNUTS WITH ROOT CELERY

(Serves 10)

Take about 4 pounds of the finest grade of large Italian chestnuts. Make an incision in their backs with a knife point, place them on a pan, and put them in the oven a few minutes. Peel them carefully, being sure to remove the second skin. Now place the chestnuts in a heavy earthen casserole with a little salt, a celery branch, and cover completely with a heavy chicken consommé. Bring to a slow boil, and allow to cook and reduce. When the chestnuts are softened, remove from the casserole and work the chestnuts through a fine sieve. Return the purée to a clean casserole placed in a pan of water on the fire, or in a double boiler. Reheat, and work in a large piece of sweet butter. Add a little lukewarm milk, work this in thoroughly, then finish by working in 4 tablespoons of heavy cream. Do not allow the water in the double boiler or pan to boil. Serve very hot.

Peel and cook about 4 pounds root celery or celery knobs in salt water for 15 to 20 minutes, or longer if large. Slice into squares or discs about ¼ inch thick. Stir in a little sweet butter and sweet cream, but without mashing the discs, so they remain separate. Season with a little salt.

Arrange the purée of chestnuts in the centre of the platter, surround with the celery root slices, and their sauce.

MOUSSELINE OF SOLE

(Serves 12)

Chop 4 pounds of sole fillets (weighed, trimmed, boneless, and skinless) extremely fine with a large knife, then force through a good mill. Incorporate 4 unbeaten whites of eggs with the fish purée; work till smooth. Add seasoning of salt, pepper, cayenne, grated nutmeg to taste; then 2½ cups of heavy cream, stirring well. Let rest for a half hour, then pour into a buttered mould. Steam over boiling water (or *bain-marie*) for 15 to 20 minutes or till the blade of a knife comes out clean. Unmould on a platter and garnish with previously cooked poached oysters, poached heads of mushrooms, and cooked, cleaned Bay shrimp. Cover with Sauce Normande, glaze under a broiler or a salamander, and before serving sprinkle with sliced truffles. (Sauce Bonne Femme, Bercy, or Américaine may be used alternatively to Sauce Normande.)

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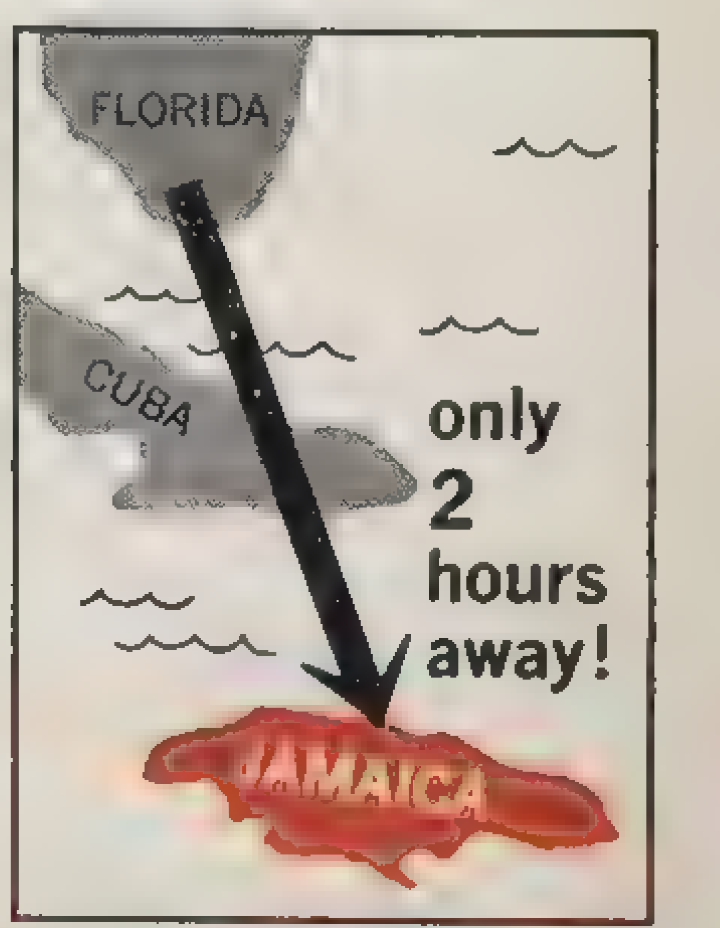

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THE YELLOW HORSE

(Continued from page 65)

to him and with a quick movement, like a fish leaping, he flung his body into the wind's teeth. As the wind took him up to shake him and toss him away, he opened his legs wide and straddled the guardstone. one leg on each side, his arms pressed round the stone, his body against it as sometimes he lay against Kappa's yellow back. The wind could not have him yet.

For another hour he stayed there, hugging the guardstone, the wind flowing over him like glass. And not a car or a truck came over the Pass. People were wise. The whole town was covered in a fine-blown haze from this great wind.

In the big house at Wolwehoek the servants had come in for the evening prayer. They always chose the hymn themselves and tonight they had chosen the ineffably sad "Abide With Me." The plaintive hopes lingered with Klaus afterwards, moving and depressing him.

"But I am not dying," he said to Hamel. "I have only broken my leg. Play to me."

"I will play you something strange," Hamel said.

The wind brought the dark while he was playing. Listening, Klaus thought of his horse. A man lying in bed longs for action, imagines it. Klaus mounted Kappa that evening and rode him to the music until the hoofbeats of the horse became his own heartbeats. He lay and watched, through the uncurtained windows. the wind-haze quenching the stars. The crouching mountains were vaguely visible. and the cleft of the Pass. Klaus had never ridden Kappa up the Pass. He was sorry now. It might have been worth the damage just for the excitement, going up and up and up. . . . He was riding him now in imagination and the wind was rising, blowing satanic fury up there, and icy as hell's fingers, and there was not a soul on the road . . . not a soul. . . .

Klaus turned away from the window. Hamel, at the piano, was ringed by a circle of light. Opposite him was the drawing of the Hand of God. Klaus could only see its outlines but he knew it by heart. A fine, noble hand, full of homespun strength. reaching out to touch the hand of Adam and give it life. The beautiful pointed finger and the workaday thumb were lovely. Such a hand, Klaus dreamed, as he would like to reach out for him at the end and give him eternal life.

Up on the Pass the boy was thinking too, with fading consciousness. The battering hours had beaten him at last. His hands had gone slack. He could only keep still now and let the wind press him against the guardstone. As soon as it changed direction it would whirl him away.

In his imagination in this last moment, he brought Kappa up the Pass again. The wind would be behind him tonight, snatching the breath out of his nostrils. But he would press on and when he came to the Devil's Windpipe, he would smell his boy. Carefully, still imagining, Kobus brought the horse to the edge of the road, made him bare his teeth, reach out and pluck the boy back to life. Against Kappa's firm yellow flank Kobus would be safe, forever.

But Kappa didn't come. Dreams never do work out the way we want them. Instead, with the churning sound of the wind came another churning, that of a heavy diesel truck hauling great logs over the mountain by night, its huge bulk half choking the road. Growling like a prehistoric beast behind two powerful red-eyed lights, it came up the stupendous rise and swung slowly, about a yard a minute, round the bend. Quite clearly in the searching headlights, the boy was seen looped upon the white guardstone.

All the men in the cab of the truck yelled at once except one who was asleep with his head in a sack and he got such a fright that he jumped into the road and was instantly blown against the truck's mighty wheel. His sack went up in the air like a leaf. But he wasn't hurt. His experience warned the other men. They came down out of the cab cautiously, holding to each other with mighty men's strong hands, and inched their way to the edge of the road until one hand was near enough to reach down with pointing, faithful fingers and workaday thumb and grab the boy.

In the truck Kobus opened his pigeon-grey eyes for a moment and looked up strangely into the face of this saviour. It was a broad. strong, dark, noble, cheerful face. For all *(Continued on page 116)*

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THE YELLOW HORSE

(Continued from page 115)

the rest of his life it would be for him the face of God.

"That is one of King Klaus's boys," one man said. "I saw him in town this afternoon."

All the men grunted. It was a long, perilous ride down King Klaus's road to the Wolwehoek Valley. But the road had been built expressly for hauling Klaus's timber that grew as big as any of this. So, in darkness, fighting the devils of the mountain, they breasted the Pass.

Near the bottom, on the other side, they first saw the shape. It was far away, pale and wedge-shaped, less bright than the pale flame of a candle, and it was coming up the road towards them.

"O, *Heere!*" breathed the driver in Afrikaans. "O, God! What comes now?"

"It is a *spoek!*" said the man holding Kobus, and he felt cold sweat trickle under his arms.

It was not a *spoek*. It was not a flame. As the shape came nearer they saw it was the narrow head of a horse nodding slightly with the effort of his climb.

The driver dimmed his lights. "It is old Klausie's yellow horse," he said. "Have they sent him up to fetch this boy?"

Kappa had wandered a long time before he found the road to the Pass. He was enjoying his jogging climb, but now the lights of the truck dazzled him. He stood still. The big clapping hands of a man came towards him. A voice talked to him. Then the man put one of his big hands down on the arched yellow neck of the horse, just as Kobus often did, and turned him, gentling him back down the road.

"You go home," the voice said amiably. "Go on. *Voort!*"

For a long time the horse was a pale, dancing phantom running ahead of the truck. Then at ground level he broke away. When the apparition vanished the men breathed peacefully again. They had not liked him. He seemed too unreal for a horse. But they were not finished with him yet. When they carried Kobus into the stable yard at Wolwehoek the yellow horse was there, watching, his eyes inquisitive and strange. Not until they had taken the boy indoors did he turn and walk into his stall.

Hamel had finished playing. He had come to stand at the foot of Klaus's bed, wanting to talk. But Klaus was sleepy. Too much bed makes a man sluggish. But Hamel had a point to press.

"Will you ride that yellow horse of yours again?" he asked, kindly.

"I don't know," Klaus said. "The leg is bad. I am nearly seventy."

"I would buy the horse from you," Hamel said. "Any price that pleases you."

Klaus closed his eyes. Sell Kappa? Why, he had just been over the Pass with him, flying cloud-high with the ice-cold wind streaming. But how to answer Hamel's question courteously. He was such an old friend. Once before he had asked to buy the Michelangelo drawing and that request had been turned aside with a joke. Now Klaus pondered, and while he was pondering, the heavy diesel truck went lumbering past the house. Instantly Klaus was wide awake.

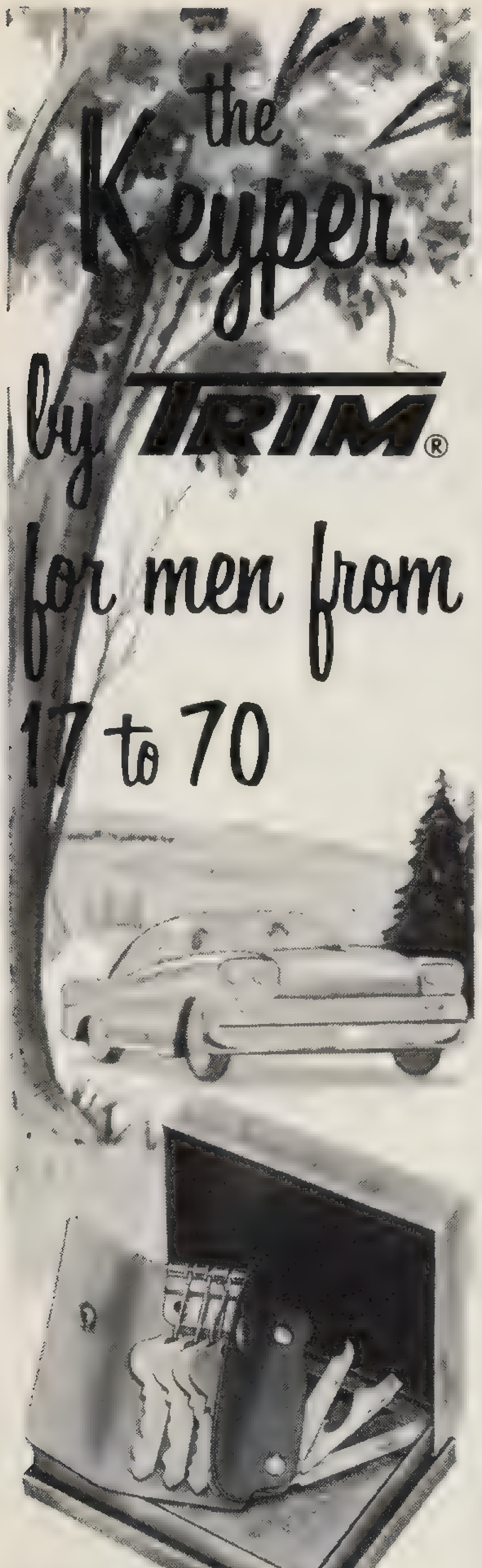
"Are we riding timber tonight?" he asked.

Hamel had no idea. He was thinking about the horse. "I would buy him—," he began to say.

Klaus was very alert now, and laughing. The flesh-folds of his face puckered humourously. His big head with its thatch of rusty hair came up, poking at Hamel like a tortoise's.

"My yellow horse," he said, and his lower lip twitched. "And my Hand of God!" He shook his head slowly at Hamel. "Never. When I die I shall ride that horse at the end up the Pass—up and up and up—almost to Heaven and that hand—," he nodded towards the Michelangelo drawing, "will reach out and pluck me to eternal life."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Kate Thompson, who lives within the sound of the sea at Wilderness, Cape Province, South Africa, is the author of many short stories as well as two novels,* Great House *and* Mandevilla, *published by Houghton Mifflin. Born in Durban, Natal, she comes from a family of Scottish settlers who arrived shortly before the Boer War. To a friend, she wrote that she has a lovely life, for Africa is full of interest and not advanced enough to eliminate a bit of pioneering—"We are still doing first things for the first time."*



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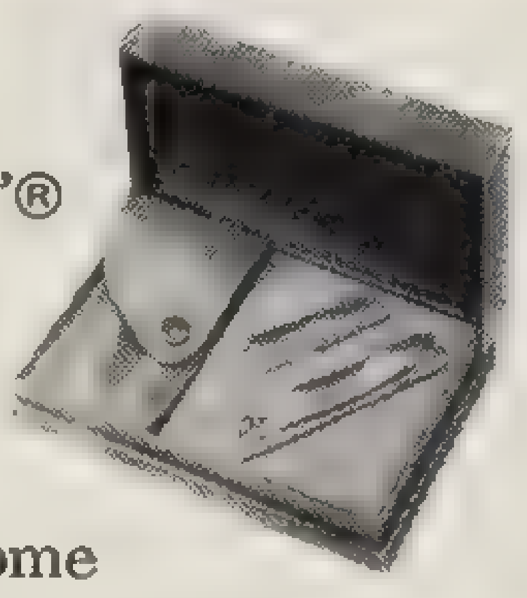

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WHAT I LOVE ABOUT BRITAIN

(Continued from page 85)

only do his work in a train, and who thus used to take long journeys from Oxford and back each week—not indeed as far as Aberdeen but sometimes as far as Carlisle—to write his weekly historical essay for his college tutor. When we had all left the university, attaining to what we supposed were riper years, we held further such dinners once a year, travelling in a private car from London to the seaside, at Brighton or Folkestone, and back in the evening; and during the depression of 1931 we made a more frugal journey, in day clothes, in a Pullman on the Metropolitan Railway, from Baker Street to Chorley Wood, in Outer Suburbia, and back again.

The trains I love best are those on the old Great Western, now nationalized but still retaining a certain individual rustic regional character. They serve the West Country, where people travel for pleasure, whereas to the North they travel too often for business.

The British Tropics

This West Country, whether of England or Scotland or Wales, is a land of contrasts. First there are the wind-swept wide open spaces of downs and moors and mountain ranges. I love to ride on a moorland pony over the fringe of Dartmoor, from the little hotel at Easton Court, near the village of Chagford, enjoying the warm hospitality of its American hostess and the eccentricities of its high-brow English guests; or to drive into the wilds of the moor, shivering a little at the frowning walls of Dartmoor prison, where men reside for life. Then I love to drive down some winding valley to the sea, into a different land where palm trees flourish and the air is soft and moist and balmy. Here and all around the western coasts of Britain is a girdle of lush subtropical vegetation, nourished by the Gulf Stream, with its mild currents.

I love tropical Cornwall, with its sheltered creeks, its fields of spring daffodils flowering soon after Christmas. its woods luxuriant with an undergrowth of blue hydrangeas, its gardens of magnolia and azalea and camellia, aspiring to rival the gardens of South Carolina.

I love to go north to the tropics of Wales, driving down from the rugged range of Snowdon to the warmer coast where Harlech Castle stands, and beyond it to the unpronounceable village of Penrhyndeudraeth. Here lies the little Italianate harbour of Portmeirion—in fact, a hotel with a campanile which soars above the pine trees like one at Amalfi, and a "village" of gay, colour-washed houses, each different from the other, where guests may enjoy all the privacy they need. All this was created, largely for his own entertainment, by a civilized Welsh country gentleman and architect, Clough Williams-Ellis. I love especially the fanciful tower, perched on a crag commanding his property, which was the gift of his fellow officers on his retirement from the Welsh Guards. They offered him some such conventional tribute as a canteen of silver. But he said he would prefer a "folly," and they were too polite to refuse it to him. Hence the tower, probably the last of the "follies" that this functional architectural age will see.

I love the subtropical gardens of Wales, especially the well-tended parterres and romantic ravines of Lord Aberconway at Bodnant and the woodlands wilder of Lord Anglesey at Plâs-Newydd, Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogeryccwyrn-drobwll-llantisiliogogogoch (mercifully called Llanfair P.G. for short) on the island of Anglesey. Its garden paths used to be heated with braziers by an eccentric Lord Anglesey who felt the cold, but on one occasion, feeling warm, discarded an expensive fur coat into one of them to be consumed by the flames. His ancestor was the Lord Anglesey who lost his leg at Waterloo, and on indicating the fact to the Duke of Wellington, beside him, received the terse reply, "So you have." I love all Wales and the solemn Eisteddfods of the soft-voiced, musical Welsh people, festivals of song and poetry at which mammoth choirs compete, and an annual bard is elected and crowned before thousands of Druids.

I love the Scottish tropics—the gentle Riviera of Galloway, with its gardens as softly luxuriant as those of Cornwall or Wales, and its relaxing climate, creating a breed of eccentric Scots squires who seldom leave, from one end of the year to the other, their crum-

(Continued on page 118)

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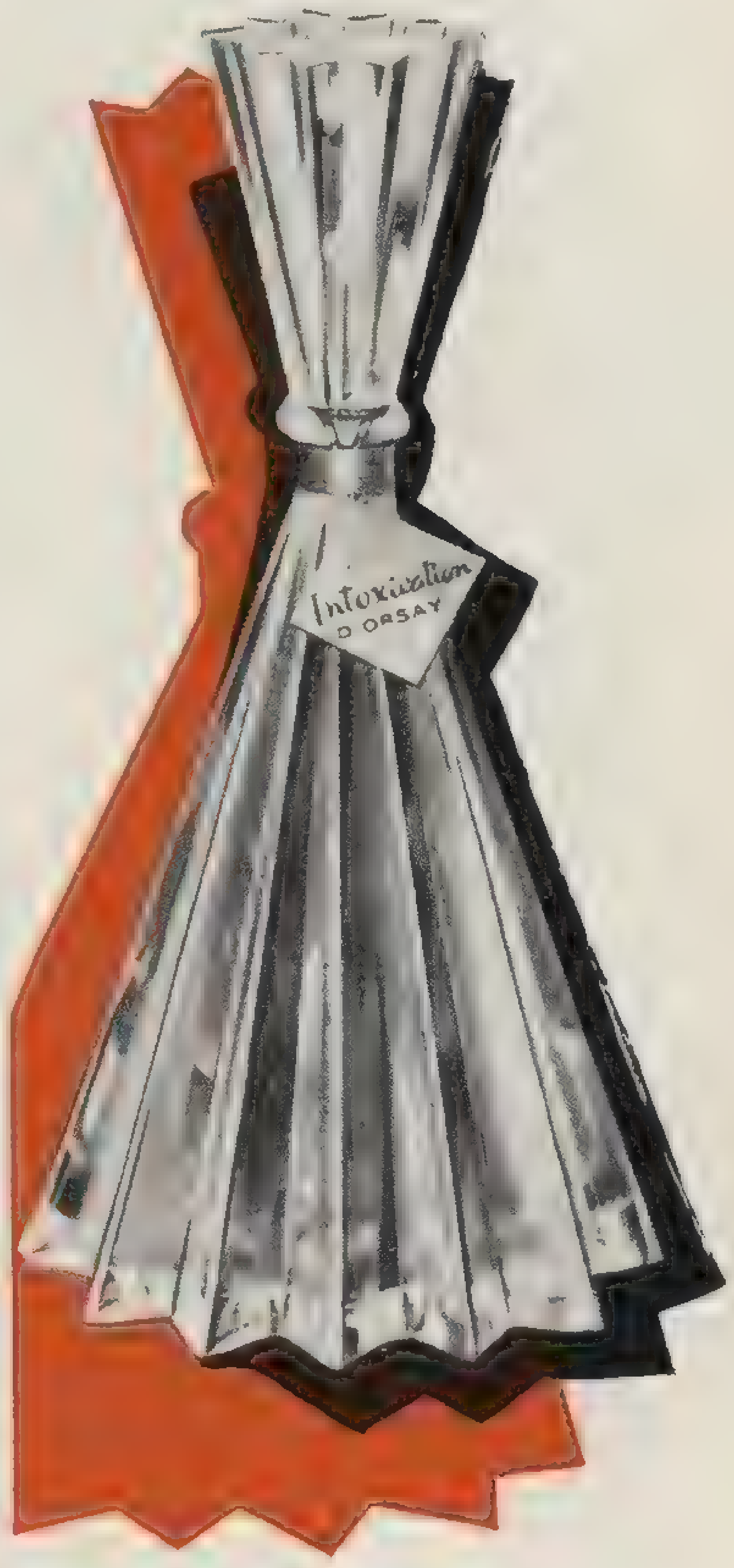

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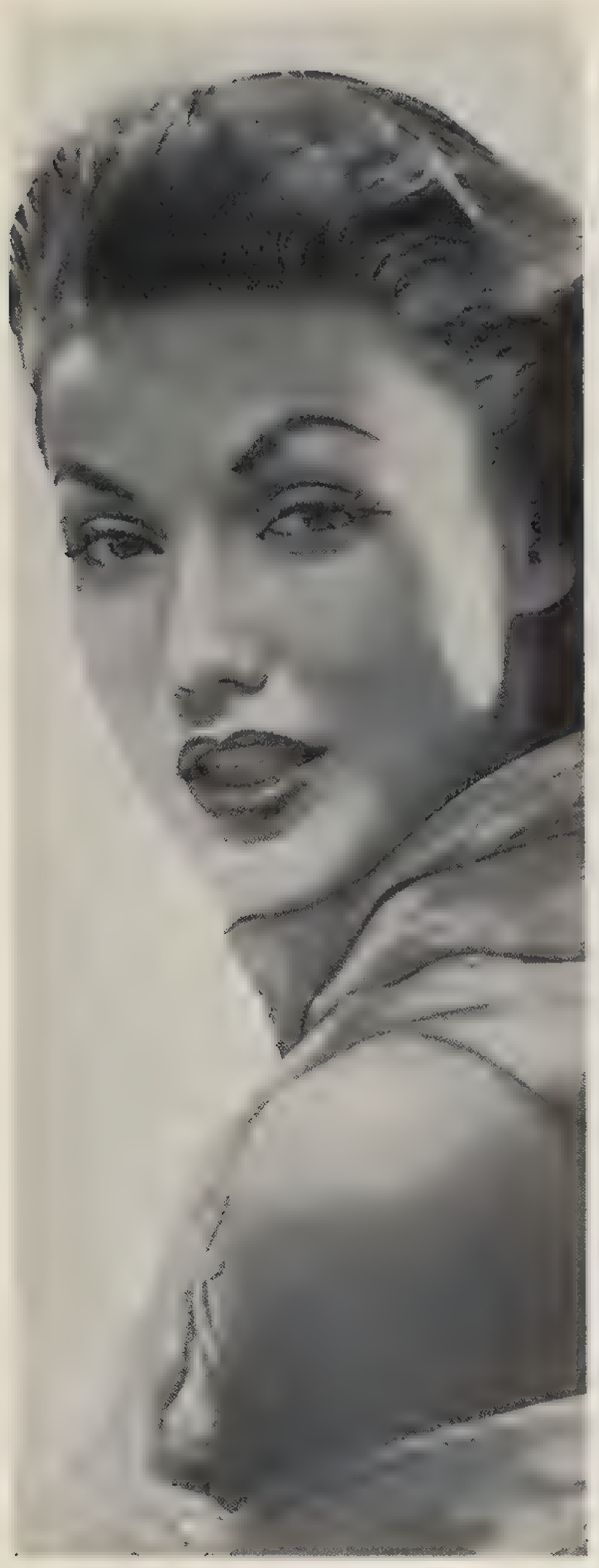

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WHAT I LOVE ABOUT BRITAIN

(Continued from page 117)

bling baronial mansions. In Ireland, on an island in the Kenmare River, the subtropical climate goes so far as to produce bananas. But I love especially the Western Highlands of Scotland, likewise blessed by the Gulf Stream, where the mountains sweep down into an aquamarine sea, its waves, slashed with crimson from the seaweed, breaking on beaches of ivory-white sand. I love the sea lochs, carving their way inland; the seals amusing themselves in their sheltered waters with aquatic sports like those of humans; the rich fuchsia hedges protecting the white stone cottages from the Atlantic winds; the archipelago of islands hopping far out into the Atlantic, and the sheep which graze fatly on their salt-sprayed emerald turf. I love especially the island of Iona, where the Celtic St. Columba landed, bringing Christianity to Britain, and his cathedral and monastery, lately rebuilt by the faithful hands of the Iona Community of the Church of Scotland.

I love even the Scotch mists, swiftly pouring over the mountains to throw a shroud over the landscape, just as the Pacific mists as suddenly enshroud the green hills of San Francisco and the subtropical sea coasts of Monterey.

The Seaside Resorts

No longer fashionable, thanks to the Rivieras and the Lidos and the Palm Beaches of other lands, but elegant still in their aspect as in the days when they provided diversions for monarchs. I love Brighton, the resort of George IV, with its fabulous Oriental Pavilion, its graceful Regency terraces, its narrow streets—"the Lanes"—where antique shops tempt the visitor. I love Weymouth, the resort of George III, like a more refined West Country Brighton; robust Margate and Southend-on-Sea, the Cockney resorts to which London spills out in the summer as New York does to Coney Island; lavish Blackpool and Morecambe, thronged by crowds from the industrial cities of the North. I love their whelk stalls and their honky-tonks, their rococo piers and baroque fairgrounds; the "Eiffel Tower" of Blackpool, with the "Wonderland of the World," like some fabulous mosque, beneath it; the illuminations of Morecambe, glittering far out to sea like the welcoming lights of New York.

I love the shops on the sea front with their racks of garishly-coloured comic post cards, Hogarthian in their vulgarity, Rabelaisian in their humour, Rubensian in the contours of their ladies. I love particularly the vintage cards of the octogenarian Donald McGill, a courtly old gentleman who invented this very English medium fifty years ago, and indeed even has claims to the invention of the picture post card itself. His is a world of hen-pecking wives, philandering husbands, accessible typists, half-witted servant girls, amorous window cleaners, and clergymen ignorant of the facts of life; a world where foreigners barely exist and Britannia, with a posterior as big as the globe, waves the Union Jack and declares herself, "British and proud of it!"

I love even the Butlin holiday camps at the seaside resorts; "Never Never Lands" of luxury and entertainment and sport, combining the amenities of Hollywood with those of an English public school, where communal holidays are provided at low cost for the millions—dubbed "Lads" and "Lasses," not "Ladies" and "Gents."

Middle-aged Britain

For if America belongs to youth, Britain belongs to middle age. With its slow elderly rhythm it is a country to relax in, rather than to run around. Life in Britain is life in the home and in the homes of others. Sociable as you may be, you can go through a whole year in London without entering a bar or a restaurant. And it is essentially, also, country life; nobody will spend a weekend in London who can spend it in the country, and in the city itself every back yard, be it ever so humble, becomes a much cherished garden.

It is thus a life in which the Hearth Goddess, the Earth Goddess, in any event, the middle-aged woman reigns supreme. I love these stalwart middle-aged women, our mothers and our sisters and our cousins and our aunts. I love to see them at home in their drawing rooms and at their tables,

(Continued on page 119)

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WHAT I LOVE ABOUT BRITAIN

(Continued from page 118)

and in these days in their kitchens, assimilating cookbooks, concocting sauces, sprinkling herbs to make English home cooking the best in Europe. I love to see them in the country, in gum boots and a weird assortment of rustic garments, feeding and killing their geese, grooming and riding their horses, digging and planting and cutting their herbaceous borders. I love to see them, still in their loose tweedy clothes, but with the addition of a flowery hat that might have been grown in the garden, up for a day's shopping in London. Here they come into their own at the Flower Show or the Dog Show, the Latin names of plants and the ramifications of pedigrees tripping easily off tongues otherwise frankly and refreshingly innocent of academic learning.

I love them in their favourite armchairs by the fireside, an assortment of work bags strewn around them as they work at their embroidery or at the darning, talking casually as they do so of the affairs of the farmyard, or the hunting field, or even the nation. I love them at all times. They are its backbone.

WHAT'S GOT TO GO . . .

(Continued from page 56)

To squelch: the idea spawned and supported by nursery schools that parents are really too complicated for children to adjust to. Anything newer and better?

Already late for oblivion: stories about the joys of being married to a Japanese wife. Newer and better: the gentle admission that American women are okay too. And in the words of the Nancy Walker song: baby, they can cook.

To die: the beauty routine that never varies. Hair and nails every Thursday at two, and that's it. Newer and better: experiment. Two women we know plunged deep into their thirties without ever having a facial, and when they did . . . well, they're staggered by the bliss of it all. A professional make-up lesson can have the same intoxicating effect, and may well be available just beyond that "other" door in your usual hair-and-nails place.

Got to go: bosomy drawings on the covers of books that are, in fact, about deep-sea diving or the stock market in 1928.

And: time-consuming patchwork on ragged fingernails. Newer, smarter: gelatine capsules to rehabilitate nails. Smart, too: a biggish pillbox to carry them.

1952 fur stoles have had it. Newer and zingier: shoestring boas.

We can dispense with: pop singers in the flamenco-hillbilly pattern with their hound dawg, bird dawg, scratch dawg, dead dawg lyrics, their satellite hips. And musical comedies based on one song.

The straight, unshaped dress is going. Newer and better: the same dress shaped up for 1958 with one of the new wide, crushy belts. Picture story, pages 94-95.

To go: absolute dedication to the six-glove wardrobe—three little pairs of white, three little pairs of black. New and refreshing: chamois-coloured gloves; brown gloves.

Also misguided: jewelled spectacles with sea-shell effects and the *écrasé* look of a juke box lit up. Newer, dashinger: big, impertinent spectacles with tortoisy frames, enormous round see-through lenses.

Bad: the pitch that goes like this—"Move to another city and become a major baseball club."

Got to go: The chum-bun school of writers whose theme is celebrities are just like the folks next door and go to their analysts five times a week just like you and me. Newer, harder to get: the old mystery-mad celebrities living in sable-carpeted retreats, remote, impenetrable.

whatever she wears... she loves to wear
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PACKED, BOTTLED AND SEALED IN FRANCE.

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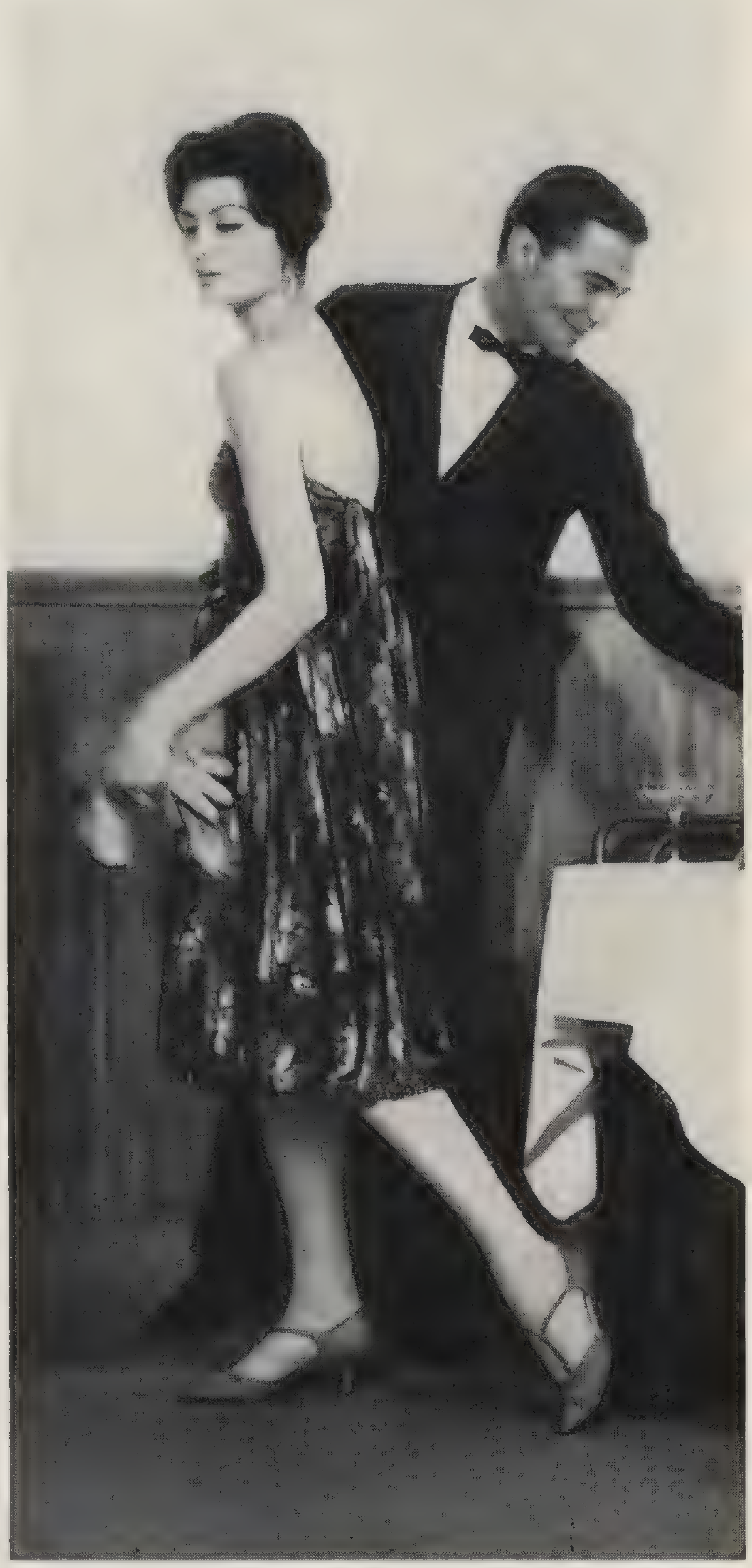
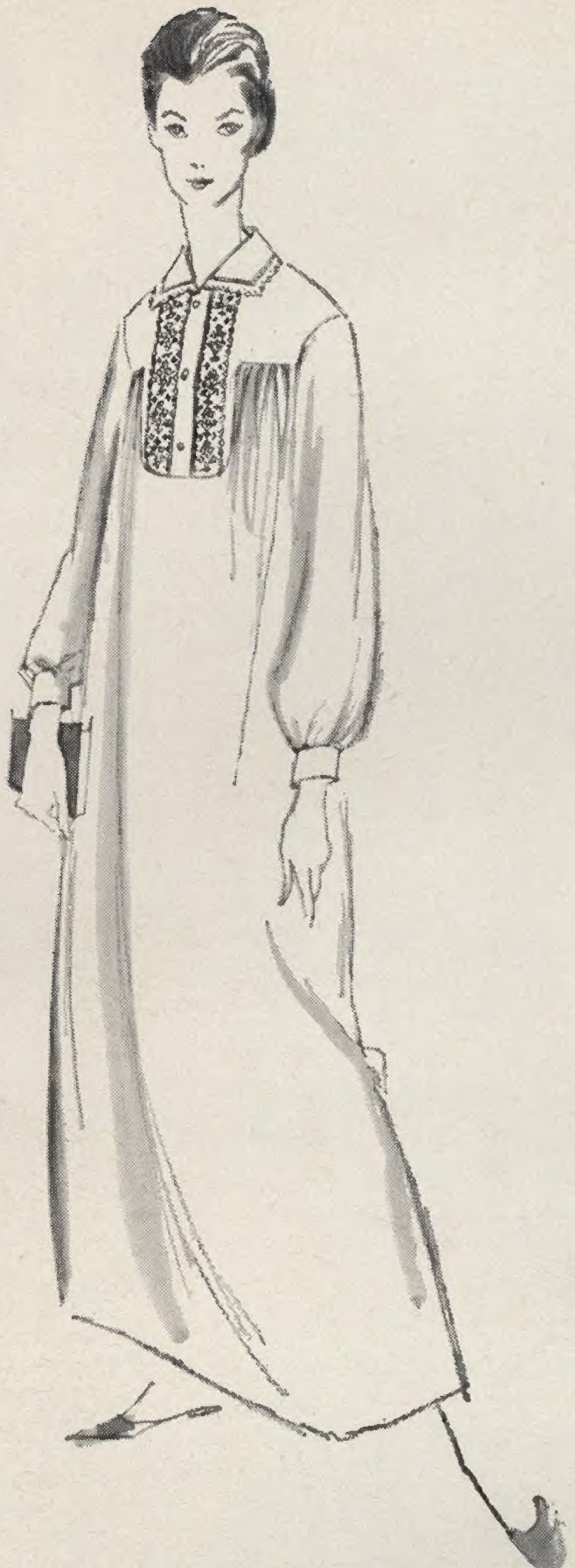
State quantity, price and shade of Gerania Cream wanted. Mail and phone orders filled on purchase of $3.01 or more excluding tax. Add 29¢ beyond truck delivery area. No C.O.D.'s. New York residents add 3% city tax.

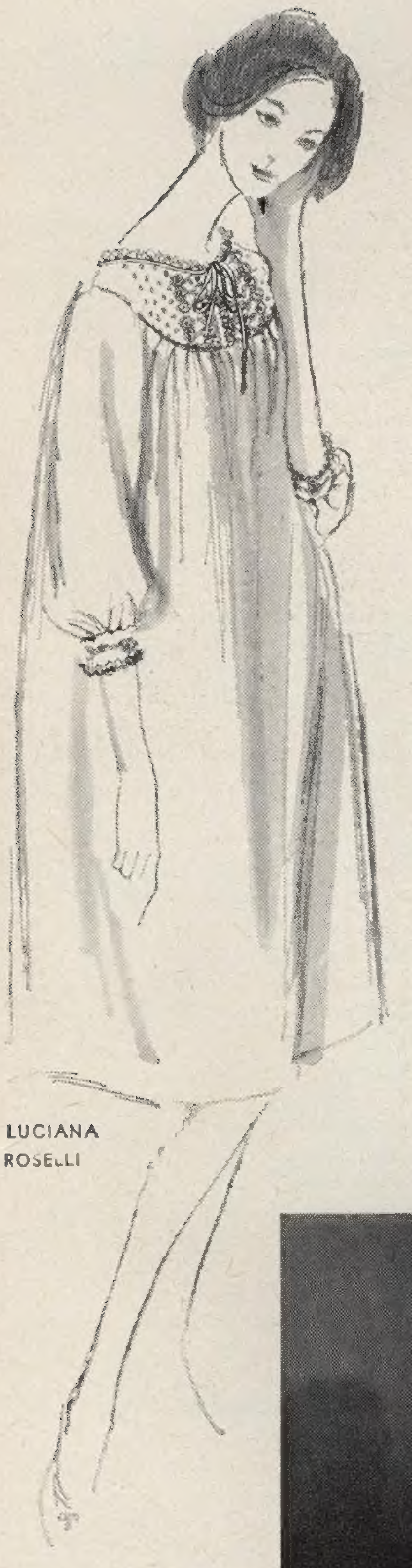
The little-evening life: a short look



A shoulder-baring pumpkin and black silk chiffon satin print,
here, that might start its fashion life any night now.
High point: the waistline, indicated by a self-tie.
At the back, there's a flow of panel from the top of the
bodice to the hem of the full harem skirt. By Nan Goodman;
about $250. Hattie Carnegie; Neiman-Marcus. Town & Country shoes.

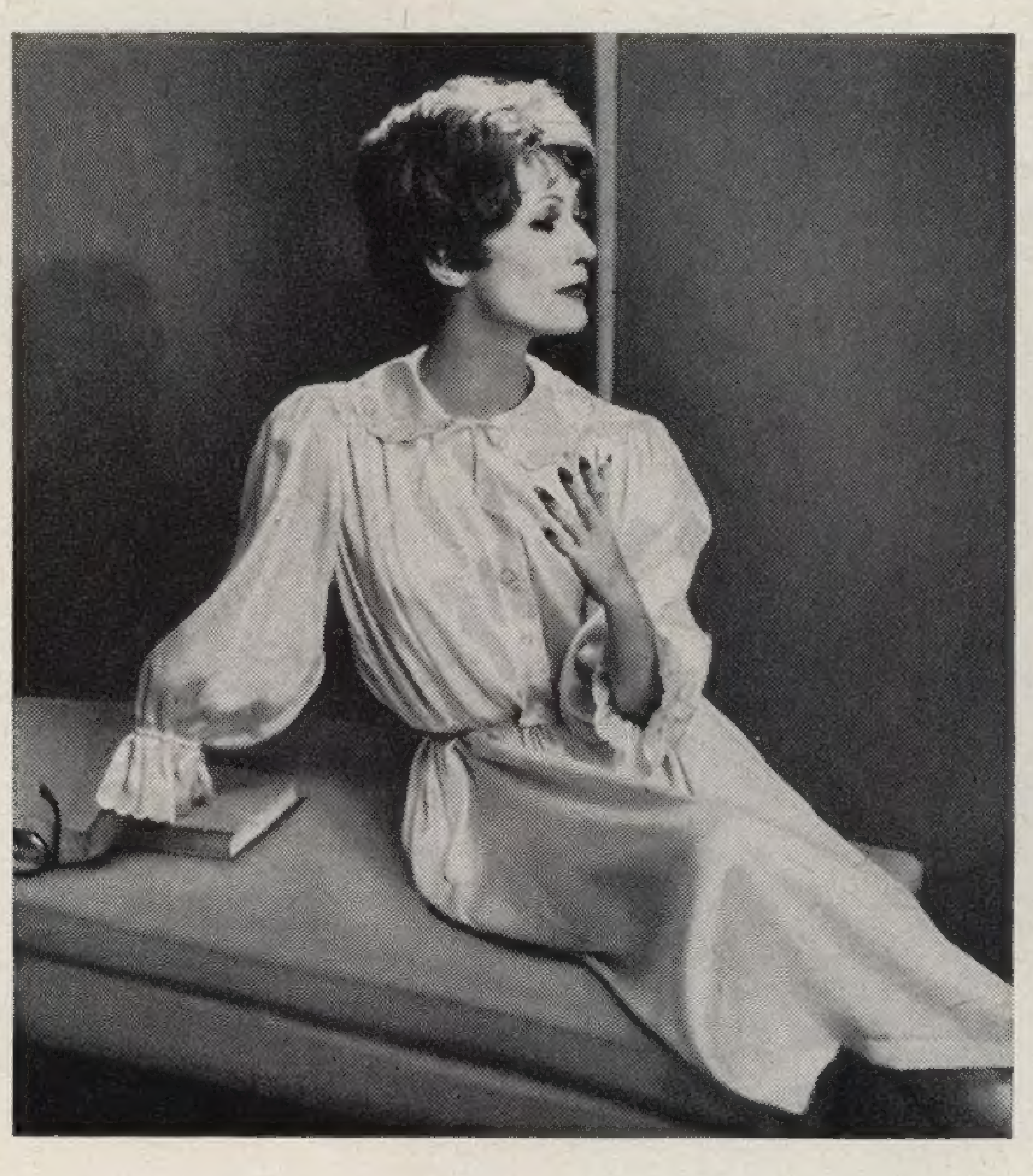
Four-poster nightdresses





LUCIANA ROSELLI

Above: A full-length nightgown of white brushed nylon tricot; the yoke, embroidered in blue. By Kickernick; $9. At Altman's. *Left:* Blue embroidery on a short nightdress in white georgette of Du Pont nylon. By Eve Stillman; $11. At Best & Co. *Below:* Calm and ruffled, a mint-coloured silk satin nightgown that buttons to the waist. By Fischer; $30. At Best & Co.



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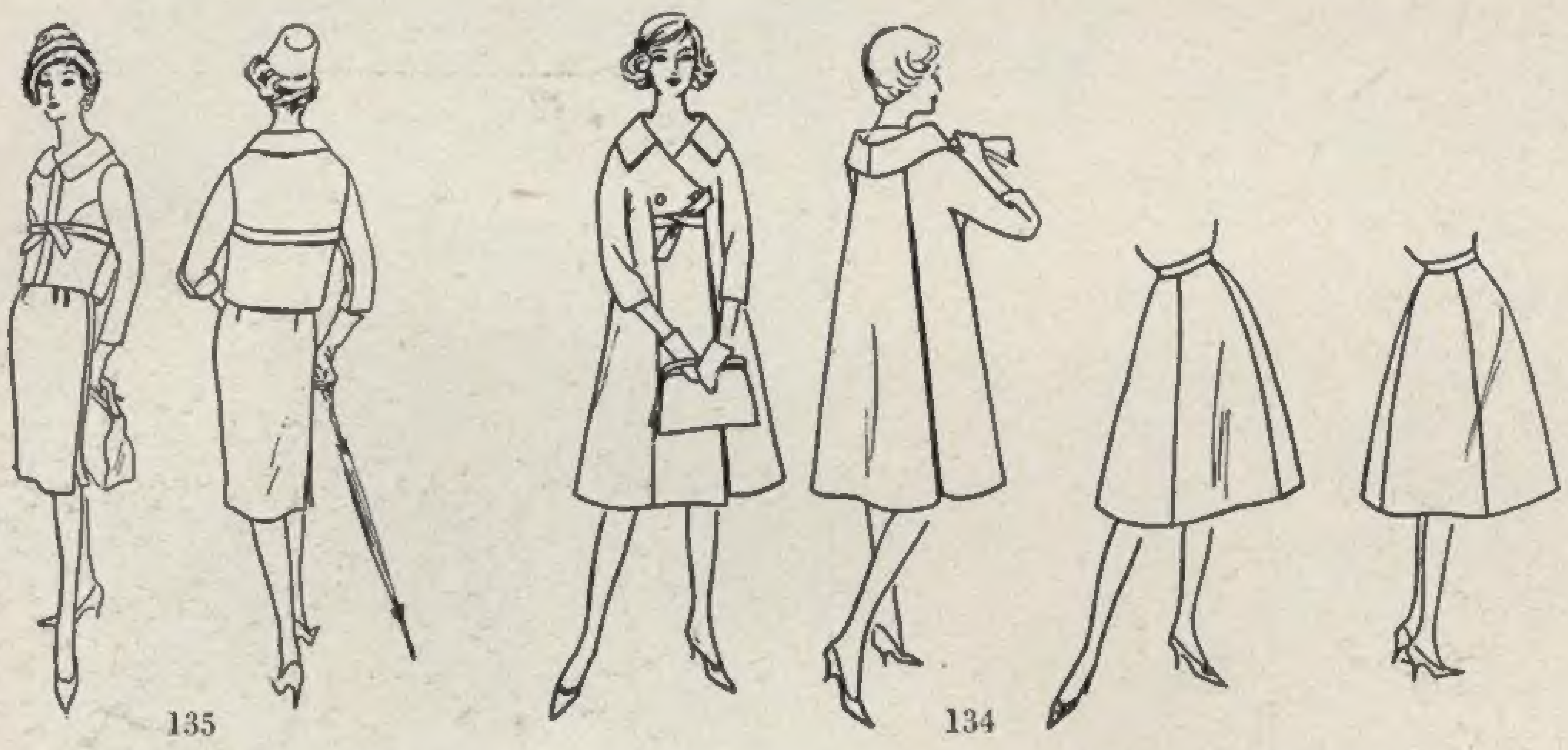
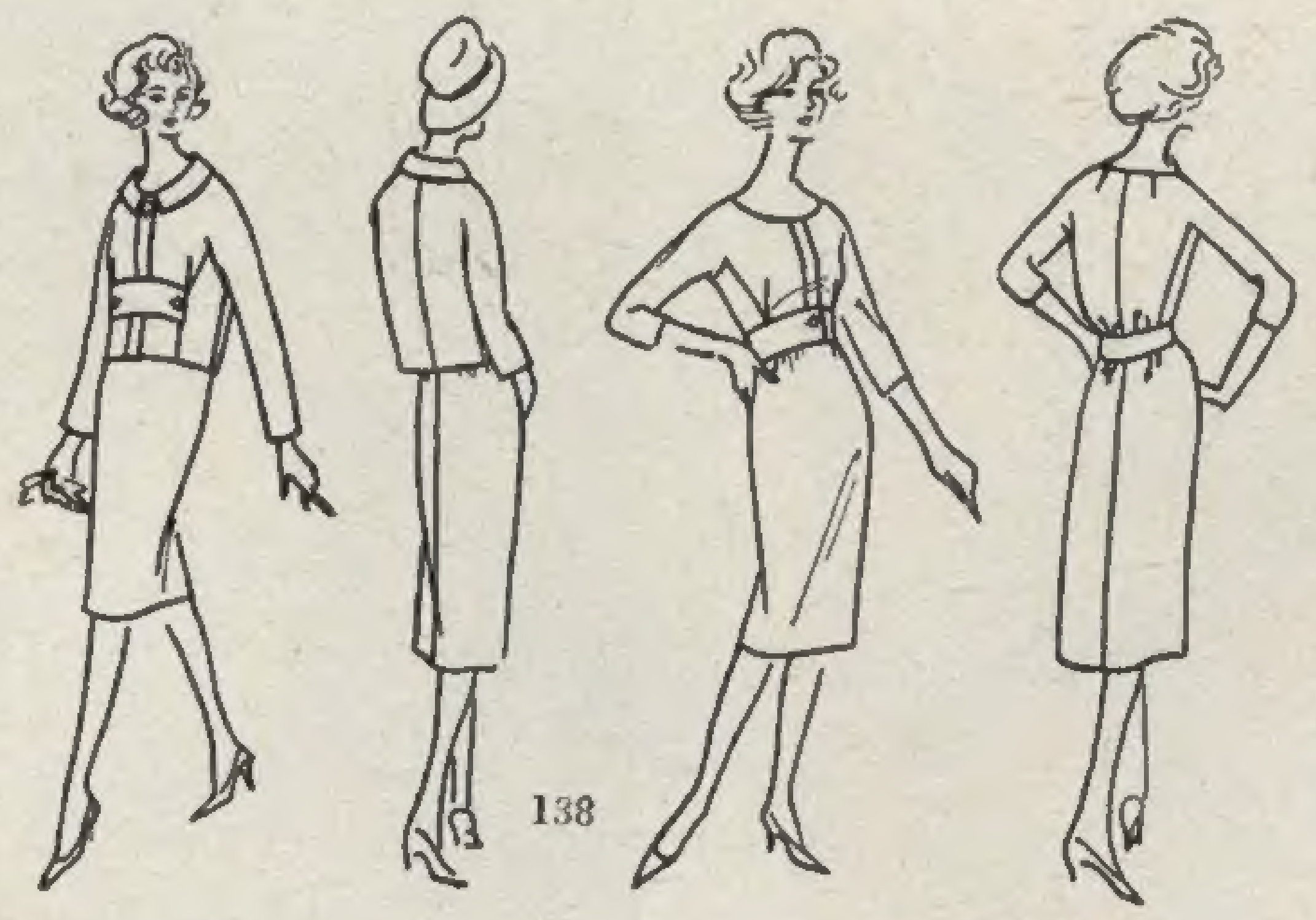
VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of Patterns shown on pages 96-97)



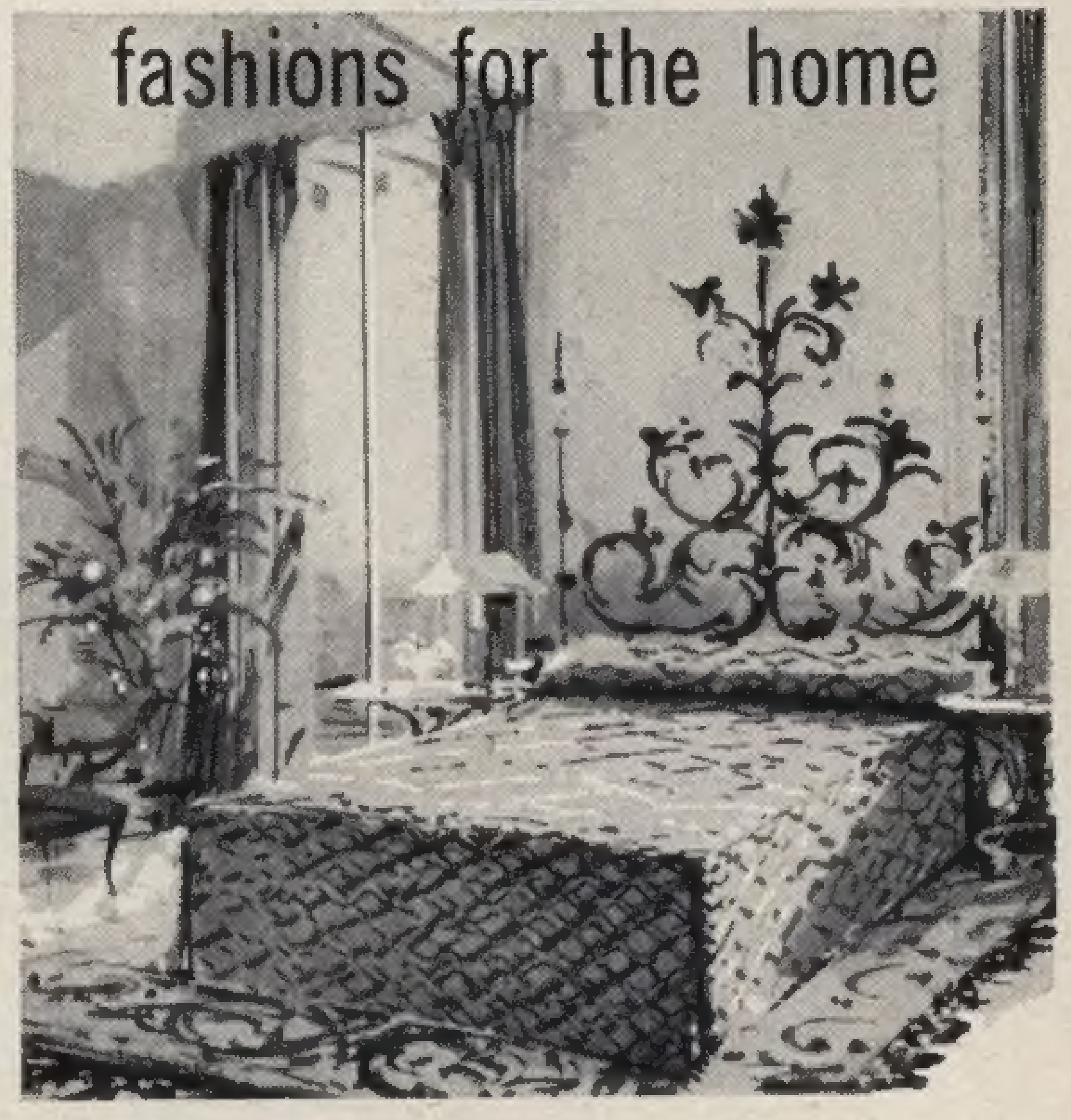
Above, two sketches at left: Empire suit, Vogue Pattern 135 in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). For size 14, 2⅝ yards of 54" fabric. $2. *Four sketches at right:* Empire coat, with triangular skirt; Vogue Pattern 134, in sizes 12 to 20 (32 to 40). For both parts in size 14, 6⅛ yards of 54" fabric with nap (5¾ yards without). $2.50.



Above, all views: Empire dress and jacket, Vogue Pattern 138, in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). For size 14, the dress requires 3 yards of 42" fabric; the jacket, 2⅜ yards of 42" fabric. Price, $2.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

Edsonart



The Edsonart bedroom ensemble of DuPont color-sealed acetate, shown on opposite page, may be bought at the fine stores listed below.

Alliance, Ohio, *Cope Furniture Company*
Ashland, Ky., *Parson's Furniture Store*
Berwyn, Ill., *Troy Department Store*
Cedar Rapids, Iowa, *Craemer's*
Champaign, Ill., *W. Lewis and Company*
Charleston, W. Va., *Woodrum's*
Chicago, Ill., *Archer Avenue Big Store*
Chicago, Ill., *Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*
Chicago, Ill., *Colonial Draperies*
Chicago, Ill., *Firestein Drapery*
Chicago, Ill., *Gateley's Peoples Store*
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Chicago, Ill., *John M. Smythe Co.*
Chicago, Ill., *Wieboldt's*
Chicago Heights, Ill., *The Rau Store*
Chillicothe, Ohio, *M. Schachne & Sons*
Cincinnati, Ohio, *John Shillito Co.*
Dayton, Ohio, *The Rike-Kumler Co.*
Decatur, Ill., *Linn & Scrugg's Co.*
Des Plaines, Ill., *Koeppens Fabric Fair*
Elgin, Ill., *Ackemann's*
Elmhurst, Ill., *John M. Smythe Co.*
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Evanston, Ill., *Wieboldt's*
Evansville, Ind., *Schear's Department Store*
Evergreen Park, Ill., *Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*
Fort Worth, Tex., *W. C. Stripling Co.*
Green Bay, Wis., *H. C. Prange Co.*
Hamilton, Ohio, *Wilmur's*
Hammond, Ind., *Edward C. Minas Co.*
Hillside, Ill., *Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*
Huntington, W. Va., *Bradshaw Diehl Co.*
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Lansing, Mich., *Arbaugh's*
Lexington, Ky., *Purcell's*
Louisville, Ky., *Kaufman-Straus Co.*
Marion, Ind., *Ball Store*
Muncie, Ind., *Ball Store*
New Philadelphia, Ohio, *Linn Hert Co.*
Oak Park, Ill., *Wm. Y. Gilmore & Sons*
Oak Park, Ill., *Wieboldt's*
Omaha, Neb., *Orchard & Wilhelm Co.*
Peoria, Ill., *Block & Kuhl Co.*
Philadelphia, Pa., *Wanamaker's*
Pontiac, Mich., *Moll's Inc.*
Richmond, Ind., *Bartel's Hoosier Store*
Rockford, Ill., *Chas. V. Weise Co.*
Saginaw, Mich., *A. A. Meyers & Sons*
St. Joseph, Mo., *Hirsch Bros.*
St. Louis, Mo., *Famous Barr Co. (Downtown)*
St. Paul, Minn., *The Emporium*
Skokie, Ill., *Skokie Sleep Shop*
Skokie, Ill., Old Orchard, *John M. Smythe Co.*
Spokane, Wash., *The Crescent*
Springfield, Ill., *The John Bressmer Co.*
Springfield, Ill., *Westenberger's*
Terre Haute, Ind., *Root Dry Goods Co.*
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Waterloo, Iowa, *Davidson Furniture Co.*
Wichita, Kan., *Innes*
Wilmette, Ill., *Old Colony Home Fashions*
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., *Johnson & Hill, Inc.*

Also at other leading stores throughout the country. If your city is not listed, write:

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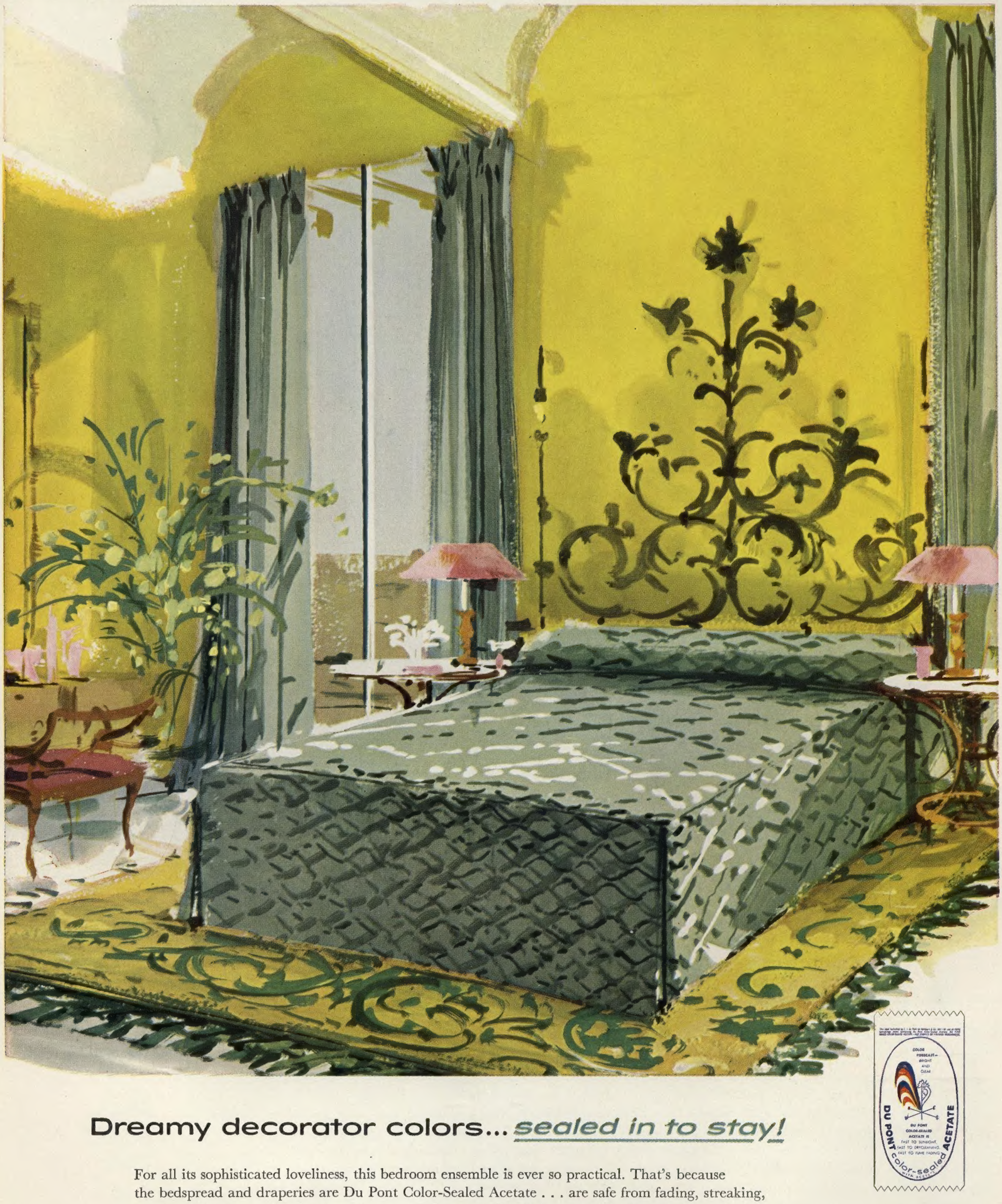
EDSONART uses Du Pont Color-Sealed Acetate to create this fashionable ensemble. Also available: coverlet with dust ruffle and café curtains. All in fern green, old gold, carnival pink, Persian blue, desert sand and white. For stores nearest you, see facing column. Du Pont makes fibers not the fabrics or bedroom ensembles shown.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